Collier's

March 29, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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I AM A Supermarket Detective

Political Zoo

Bill Mauldin In Tokyo

Glamor Gimmicks

SEE PAGES 52-53

BELLOWS
86 PROOF
BELLOWS
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS WHISKEY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
DISTILLED IN KENTUCKY
BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers and Wine Merchants
ESTABLISHED 1830
NEW YORK CITY
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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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Importers and Producers
NEW YORK CITY
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BELLOWS
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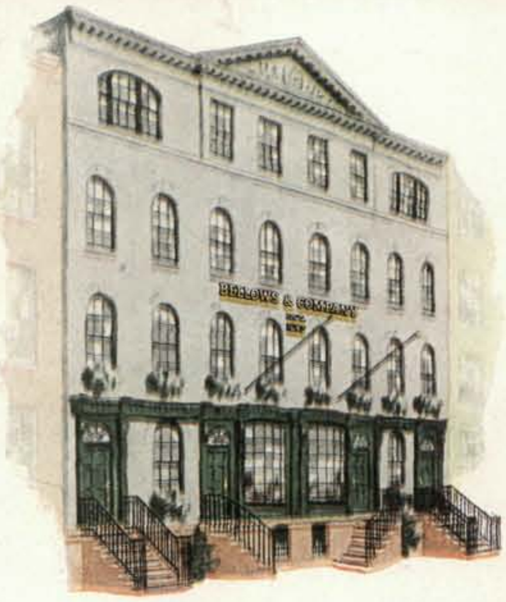
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Signal for Sarah

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Postman Tom Purvis looked at the return address on the envelope as he dropped it into Sarah Blake's letter-box and proceeded to honk the horn on his battered old sedan three times.

He had been delivering the mail on this route for many years, and he and Sarah Blake had long since worked out a set of signals designed to save her as much trouble as possible when the mail arrived.

For catalogs and the like—which she could pick up any time at her convenience—one toot. For personal letters and postcards which she might want to look at sooner, two toots. But for this one long envelope that came on the first of every month, three toots.

Sarah Blake went to the living-room window and waved her thanks to Tom Purvis as he started on down the road. Then she put on a knitted shawl that was hanging on the hall rack, walked slowly down the old brick walk and took the envelope from the mail-box. She knew what was inside it without looking—but she tore it open and looked anyway.

Back in her crowded, old-fashioned living-room, Sarah sat down and looked at the check again. It was not for a large amount, but to her it meant the continuance of life as she had known it for so many, many years. And Sarah wanted nothing to change—from the old clock ticking peacefully on the mantel to the gnarled wisteria vine outside the house.

She tried to remember how long these checks had been coming, regular as the ticking of the mantel clock. Twenty years? Twenty-five? She would have to go back and think for a minute...

As usual, Sarah began with the year 1897. That was the year she and Sam Blake were married—and it had come to serve as the mark in time before which or after which everything else in her life took place. They had been married thirty years when Sam died—so that would make it '97 plus thirty, or . . .

Yes, it was in 1927, then, that Mr. Williams, the insurance man, had come to see her. He explained how Sam had long been worried about what would happen to Sarah if he died, since they had no children or "family" to look after her. And he told her how, some years before, he had helped Sam work out his life insurance so that it would assure her of a small but steady income for as long as she might live . . .

Sarah put the envelope from New York Life on the stand beside her chair and leaned back and closed her eyes. Soon she drifted off to sleep just as she did every day at this time, with the same regularity as the old clock ticking away quietly and peacefully on the mantel over the fireplace.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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32—LOST AND FOUND

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March 29, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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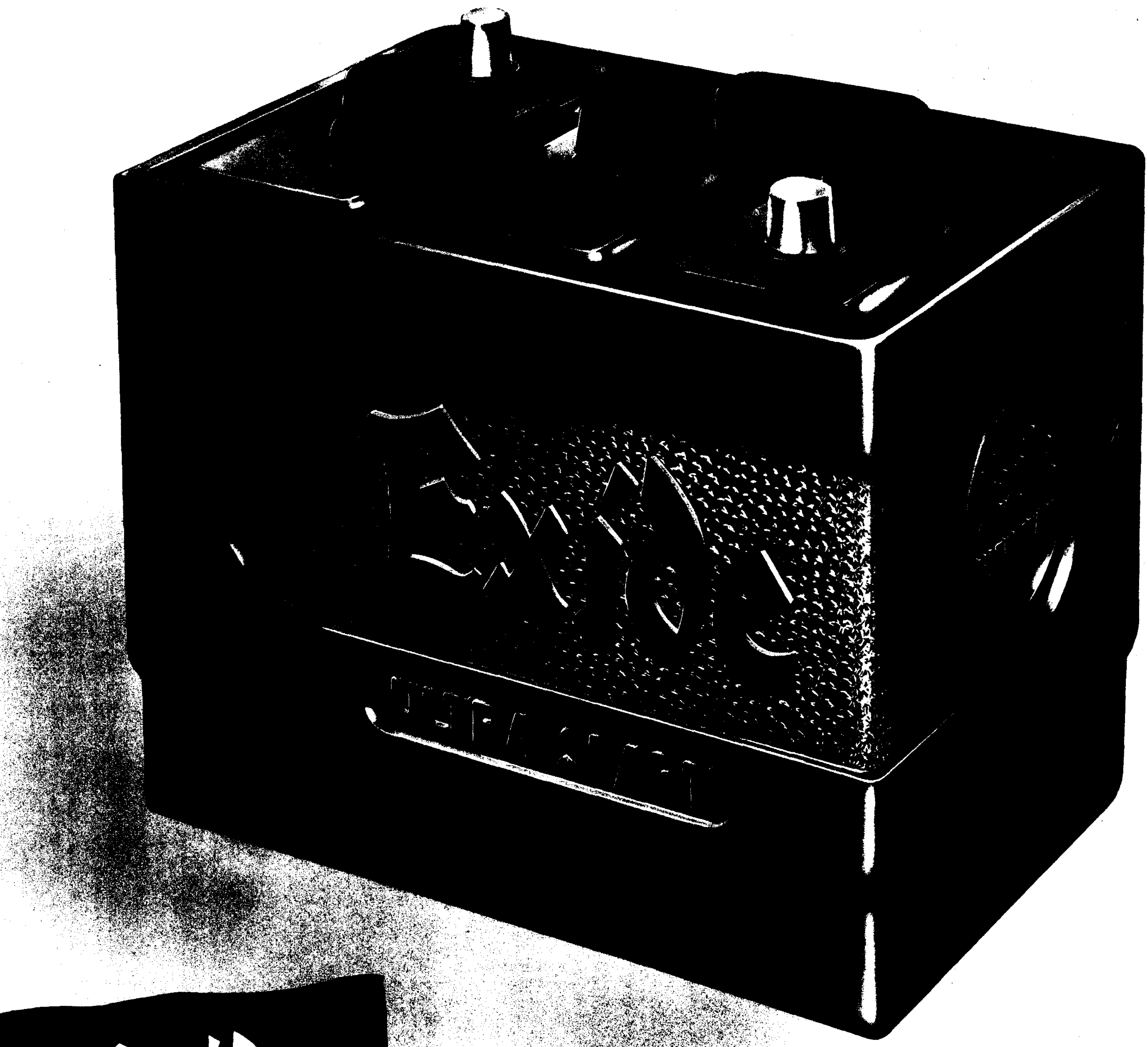

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The Cover

As any fashion-wise girl knows, glamor is what you add. By the change or strategic addition of a bracelet, a scarf or a flower, one basic dress can emerge in a variety of moods from sweet to svelte. Martha the Boss, twenty-one, a professional model, makes even burlap look good with the addition of the proper glamor gimmicks. For other examples of how burlap goes elegant under imaginative direction, see page 52.

Week's Mail

Canceled Stamp

Editor: In Week's Mail (Feb. 9th) the alert Mr. H. A. Nesbit, of Houston, commenting on O. Henry's The Gift of the Magi, is puzzled over the "sizes" of the coins, amounting to one dollar and 27 cents. The other 60 cents of Della's savings having been in pennies. You venture, "Maybe a buck, a quarter, and a two-cent stamp."

O. Henry must not be dismissed in such *fashion, for the simple and only possible* solution is found in the fact that, as long ago as 1864, the mint at Philadelphia coined two-cent pieces, and for several years thereafter. They are scarce, but by no means rarities today.

Of course, this coin was, of necessity, a part of Della's savings; and I suggest that the two-cent stamp idea, lightly proposed, may now be lightly canceled.

Burton H. Saxton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The Indispensable Straight Man

Editor: My thanks to you for your Hollywood's Exclusive Comedians' Club (Feb. 9th), assessed by Arthur Marx, a worthy son of a worthy sire (Groucho). Although I am no comedian, consciously that is, I am a founder and an active member of the Hillcrest Round Table.

No cult can exist by its priesthood alone. There have to be lay members, and every comic needs a straight man. Straight men at the Round Table—Norman Krasna, Irving Brecker, Sol Siegel, Sidney Langfield and myself, motion picture writers, producers and directors—are just as necessary to the table as its legs, or Otto, our waiter.

Apart from being straight men to the comedians, we are used professionally (without pay). We listen and advise on all new material. It took the combined efforts of Krasna, Brecker, Siegel and me to find the exact wording to put on a girl's panties, when Harpo cut off her skirt in a wild finale to his act. I have forgotten whether we decided on "Kilroy was here" or "Vote for Dewey."

Victor Saville,
Beverly Hills, Cal.

. . . Anent the Arthur Marx article, I wish to take exception to the line in the subheading: "And the gags are better than ever." If the examples given in the article were considered by the author to be outstanding, then he certainly belies his heritage as the son of the one member I always deemed a genuine natural-born comedian.

So far as I am concerned the club could retain its exclusiveness to the end of time. They appeal to the author more than to the general public. More than half the group appear neither on the screen, stage nor regular radio or television programs.

Norman Kaufmann, Baltimore, Md.

Water Front

Editor: I was most pleased to read the article by Lester Velie, Big Boss of the Big Port (Feb. 9th). When one reads that article, he cannot blame the workingman for going Communistic—it certainly cannot be worse than the rotten gangster bosses with whom they have to contend. What is worse is the fact that our own free government is willing to put up with such a deplorable condition. However, I suppose it is that the "politician" and his ilk need the graft.

It seems to me that a complaint or article or editorial by the staff of your magazine, so widely read, as well as articles by reputable newspapers, could clean out this bunch of gangsters. This campaign should be started with the *tops,* for a person who will associate with a known gangster is painted with the same brush.

J. P. Samuelson, Laguna Beach, Cal.

. . . Big Boss of the Big Port shows the strangle hold a few individuals have on the welfare of New York (and possibly *other states*), as well as *the connection of* political figures with these glorified gangsters.

But why doesn't Collier's publicize these affiliations before such politicians are voted into office, instead of *after* their election?

Milton E. Sussman, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Such affiliations do not necessarily exist before politicians are elected to office, nor are the facts—which take considerable digging out—always conveniently available for pre-election exposure.

Enviable Situation

Editor: A man's best friends are his dog and Collier's. This picture shows my husband's idea of perfect relaxation and pleasure with our dachshund, Fritzell, and your magazine.

Florence Angevine, Birmingham, Ala.

Collier's & the UN Flag

Editor: Just finished reading your editorial Flag or No, We Still Hail UN (Feb. 9th), concerning your use of the UN flag and insignia in the October 27, 1951, issue. Anyone protesting such use with those articles does not have the UN in his heart, and should not even be a member of it.

Leon J. Stevens, Flint, Mich.

. . . I started out a good deal the same as you folks did, convinced that the United Nations was, indeed, the "last great hope," or something of that sort. I regret very much indeed that along with a great many other citizens of this country I'm becoming extremely distrustful of the organization.

I am now told that our courts have held that certain of its regulations are binding upon us *even if in conflict with our Constitution*. Can this be so?

And, the impudent letter from one V.J.G. Stavridi, regarding your use of the UN emblem, caps the climax. What sort of monster are we nurturing with our money, our trust and our confidence?

E. C. Mills, Los Angeles, Cal.

According to our best information, a considerable body of judicial opinion, extending over the years, supports the

(Continued on page 10)

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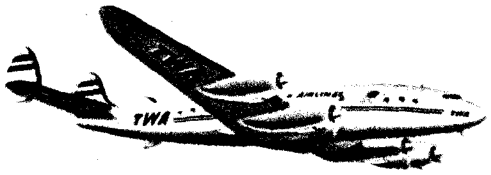

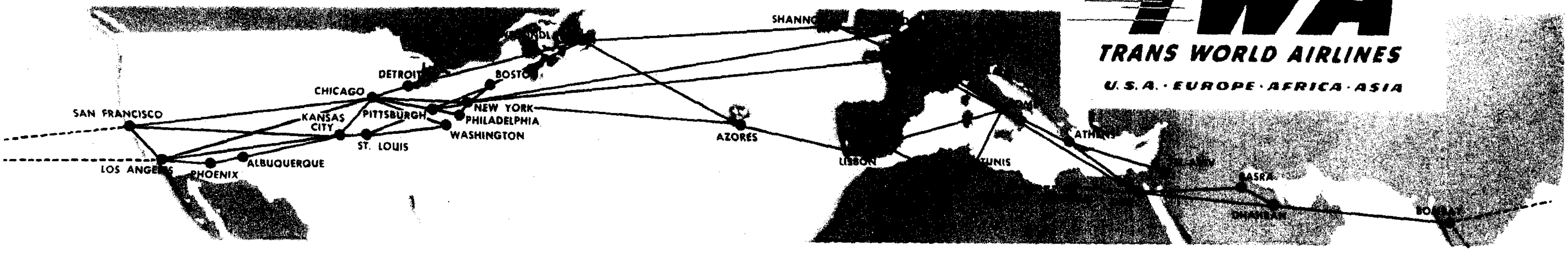
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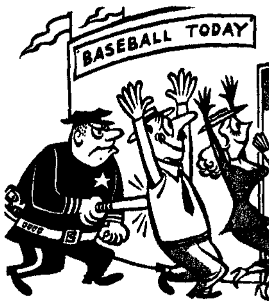
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Had anybody asked us, we'd have said that me-tooism had vanished from national politics. Wrong again. It's still with us. Merely changed sides. The Republicans are vowing they'll drive graft and grafters out of Washington. Also crime and criminals from all 48. Now the Democrats are crying me too. And that's what we get for reading a letter from Captain Bross Laramie, of Seattle, Washington.

★ ★ ★

Baseball, a game invented by a Russian named Abnerei Doubledayski, is now occupying the attention of millions of Americans. This we learn from Radio Moscow, which also informs us that attendance at the games is compulsory in America. Thus, says the Red network, the government of the United States tries without success to convince the world that the underpaid, half-starved, ill-clad, disease-ridden and unhoused American worker is happy. At baseball games—exhibitions from which the well-paid, overfed, luxuriously dressed, healthy and comfortably housed Russian worker long since turned away in disgust—the exploited slaves of the rich American warmongers are forced to murder (umpires), steal (bases), die (on second) and get robbed (of base hits). The parentheses are ours of course. But it just goes to show you a pretty horrible state of affairs here in America. And we may as well admit that there may be several club owners who sort of wish there was something to that compulsory attendance thing.



★ ★ ★

Every few weeks Mrs. Kate L. Keib, of Indianapolis, Indiana, reads something about forgotten valuables that somehow get stored away in attics. And she can't resist going into her attic and giving the place a darn' good frisk. Nothing valuable yet, but recently she did dig out a large 1948 election sign. It read: Vote For Truman and Barkley And Bring Down The Cost Of Living. She mailed it to the President.

★ ★ ★

A citizen in Milwaukee had just lost a 100 per cent argument with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Emerging, he paused at the elevators to read a couple of signs. One asked him to donate blood. The other told him that yonder the health department was prepared to X-ray his chest. He uttered the following lament: "First they take all the dough I've got. Then they ask me to give my blood. And then they want to X-ray me to see if I got anything left. Ah, well, what the hell!" And he trudged into the blood donor office.

★ ★ ★

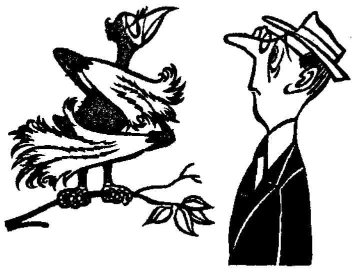
"People and governments are just alike," said the bartender in a tavern where one of our readers stopped for a sustaining glass. "Like two whackoos in here last night. I hadda call the cops. One of them says to the other, 'Do you like riddles?' and the other guy says he don't mind. So this guy says, 'How far can a guy walk into a woods before he begins to come out?' Neither of these guys is plastered," went on the bartender, "just sociable like. Like I was saying, people are just like governments. Whistleheads. Well, this other guy says a guy can go as far in the woods as he feels like before he comes out. And this first guy says no, a guy can only go halfway into the woods and after that he's coming out. Well, like I say, people are just like governments. This riddle starts an argument, one guy saying when you're halfway in the woods you can't go no farther in so you're coming out. The other guy makes a nasty crack about this guy's riddle and the next thing you know they're on the floor. I hadda call the cops. People are just like governments."

★ ★ ★

We now turn to Mr. James O. Tellofsen, of Sandusky, Ohio, who says that he listens to nine news broadcasts every day—two in the morning, two at noon and five in the evening. Mr. Tellofsen admits they're all pretty much the same and that he'd get very bored if it weren't for the commercials. "It's the commercials I'm after," says Mr. Tellofsen. "I don't know what I'd do without them. They're the only encouraging items in the broadcasts. Yours for less bad news and more commercials."

★ ★ ★

We've searched our files and racked our brains. The latter hurt some. We fail to find that this department of Collier's has ever said anything about bird feathers. Therefore we don't understand why Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Lutteral, of Providence, Rhode Island, should write indignantly: "Ignorant nonsense. The feathers on a birdie's body are not evenly distributed at all. They are placed so as to cover what otherwise might be nude or bare spots on the dear little creature's body. Please confine yourself to matters that concern you."



IRWIN CAPLAN

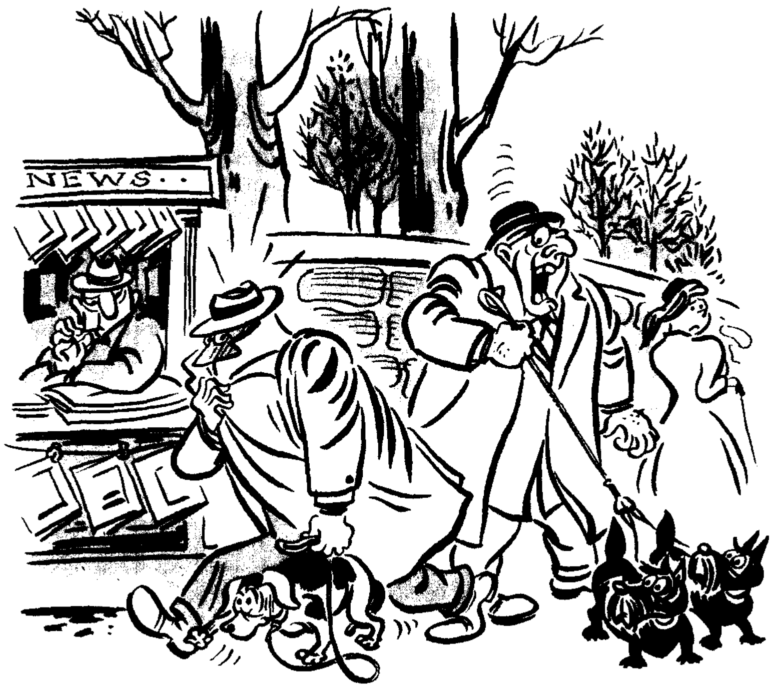
★ ★ ★

For a couple of months the Allied Scientists of the World, otherwise known as just the Alliance, seemed to be doing pretty well. Shoals of letters were going out from its Denver office to physicists and sundry scientists signed "Agnes Dobson, Secretary of the Alliance's Board of Regents." Letters asked the scientists to join in protesting the manufacture and use of atomic bombs. In fact, the scientists were told that they had already been elected to membership and that their annual dues, $25, were due. Many of the learned men were at work on top-secret government projects. So the FBI

(Continued on page 10)

Fido Is the Name

By DUANE DECKER



ED NOFZIGER

"You have a fine dog," he said. "But with a name like *that*..."

LAST Christmas I gave my wife a beagle puppy which she promptly named Fido. This was a relief to me, because I had feared that she might give the puppy one of those cute, undoglike names. Possibly even a name like Muffin or DeLancey or Gigi or Snowflake. Fido is blessed with the look of a dog's dog and it seemed so exactly right that he'd come into such a real dog's name.

The first day he joined our family, I quite proudly took him for a walk around the park where we live, and met a neighbor who exclaimed over Fido with great admiration.

"Wonderful-looking dog," he said. "What's his name?"

"Fido," I said.

His jaw seemed to drop and hang for a moment. He made a reproachful, clucking sound. "Come off it," he said. "What *is* the dog's name?"

"Fido," I repeated firmly.

As he continued on his way, he looked back accusingly and made a parting shot. "How cute can you get?" he asked.

A little farther along our maiden voyage, Fido and I bumped into a stranger who had two Scotties straining at the end of a double leash.

"Nice pup," the Scottie man said. "How old?"

"Six months. We just got him today."

"Named him yet?"

I nodded. "Fido is the name."

The man's face went blank. "No!" he said, aghast.

"Yes!" I said, almost belligerently.

"Now look, friend," the man said, "you've got a mighty fine dog there. But a name like *that*—well, I've had dogs all my life and believe me, I know if you don't give them a first-rate name, you'll regret it later on. Give it a little more thought."

The man moved away, looking as though he carried all the burdens of dogdom upon his shoulders. I called after him: "What are *your* dogs named?"

"Nip," he called back in a voice that sounded all clogged up with quiet pride. "and Tuck."

A couple of minutes later I stopped at Mike's newsstand to get the evening paper. Mike looked at Fido. "Your dog?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"A fine little fellow," Mike said. "What do you call him?"

"Fido is the name," I said, chipping off each syllable like tiny slivers of ice.

"Well," Mike said, ruefully, "what difference does it make what they're called, as long as they're healthy? Besides, if you and the missus decided it, there's nothing for the poor little puppy to do but learn to answer to it."

Fido and I had had enough. We made a beeline back to our house. As we reached it, however, my wife rushed out. "Lucille just phoned," she said, "and guess what? They have a new dog too."

Now, finally, it was our turn—Fido's and mine. "And what did they name it?" I asked.

"You won't believe it," my wife replied in a pained voice. "Smidgeon! They've actually named the poor dog *Smidgeon!*"

"No!" I blurted.

"It's not fair to the dog," my wife said, "and it's not fair to Lucille. She'll have to explain such a name to everyone she sees. I'm going over right now—it may not be too late to talk her out of this horrible mistake."

I handed her the leash. "Why don't you take Fido along to meet old Smidgeon?" I suggested.

She took the leash eagerly and set sail down the street. I watched. I knew she wouldn't get far without being stopped.

An elderly woman halted her and gave Fido a few pats. Words were exchanged. I was too far away to hear the conversation, but suddenly I knew exactly what my wife was saying. By the rigid set to her shoulders, the odd thrust to her chin, the tight set to her mouth, I knew that my wife had uttered a simple declarative statement and then had been forced to repeat it: "Fido is the name."

And I also knew that she would utter the same statement several times to several people before she'd reach Lucille's house for her brave try to save old Smidgeon from a fate presumably worse than Fido's. ▲▲▲

How we retired with $250 a month

HERE WE are, living in Southern California. We've a little house just a few minutes' walk from the beach, with flowers and sunshine all year. For, you see, I've retired. We're getting a check for $250 a month that will keep us financially independent as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Then somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire." Probably the reason I read it through was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to put anything aside for our future.

Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard. What then?

Now this ad sounded as if it might have the answer. It told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

Twenty years slide by mighty fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our $250 a month will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851
PHOENIX MUTUAL
Retirement Income Plan
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR WOMEN

PLAN FOR MEN

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
895 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Retirement Income Plans for Women."

Name________________________
Date of Birth________________________
Business Address________________________
Home Address________________________

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
895 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.

Name________________________
Date of Birth________________________
Business Address________________________
Home Address________________________

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is your car here?

These cars are all at least three years old this spring. *Every* car deserves Motor Rythm, *but these cars need* Motor Rythm *now*. You pour it in . . . and out goes last winter's accumulation of gum, carbon and sludge. Quickly, economically, you get new power, new pickup . . . and your car knows it's spring again! Try Whiz Motor Rythm in *your* car when you change from winter oil!

MORE POWER TO YOU
Pour in
CARBURETOR,
CRANKCASE
or GAS TANK
MOTOR RYTHM®
is one of the famous
Whiz
products of the world's leading
Whiz
MOTOR RYTHM
KEEPS MOTOR CLEAN
INCREASES GAS MILEAGE
ADDS POWER AND PEP
GIVES MOTOR LONGER LIFE
85¢

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

belief and practice which holds that no treaty can take precedence over the Constitution of the United States.

. . . So the United Nations slapped your wrist about their emblem. I'm so sorry—so sorry that it didn't happen sooner, that is. Perhaps now you realize what is going to happen in a big way, and soon, unless Collier's and the other deluded sheets that have been plugging for UN quit giving it its fictitious power.

Throughout the world, nationalism is being built up—as it should. But here in this country fools seem to be vying with one another to throw our and its freedoms away.

AUGUST K. ECCLES, Milltown, N.J.

. . . I would like to express my feelings about the situation that has arisen over your use of the UN emblem in your issue on The War We Do Not Want. I say, yes, of course you should have used it. For if just such a world situation should arise it would or should be the UN which would or should rise up to stop it.

The UN emblem, or rather what it stands for, is the symbol for the hope of the world in the struggle for a lasting peace.

RICHARD COONEY, San Diego, Cal.

. . . I agree wholeheartedly with your views as expressed in Flag or No, We Still Hail UN. It is amazing to me that the leaders of our world governments today can find *the time to belittle themselves* as Mr. Stavridi did in writing you about using UN emblems without authority.

EDGAR F. BRAUN, Cannelton, Ind.

Late Entry

EDITOR: Please pardon this late reply to your letter—not too late, I hope, to be useful to you in connection with the symposium to be published in Collier's as a contribution to Brotherhood Week (Feb. 23d).

As might be expected, perhaps, when I think of verses from the Bible, my mind turns often to Proverbs iv. 7-13 and these words: "Wisdom is the principal thing; *therefore get wisdom: and with all thy get*ting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee . . . When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble. Take fast hold of instructions; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life."

ROBERT SPROUL, President,
The University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Dr. Sproul's reply *was* too late, but we are happy now to add it to the Brotherhood Week collection of favorite passages from the Scriptures.

Shell Seekers

EDITOR: Now *that's* what we Floridians like to see! A layout such as Carroll Seghers' Sea Shell Island (Feb. 9th) we take unto our bosoms with possessive personal pride. We shout about it from the housetops, and we give friends a buzz by phone and say, "Lookit Collier's on page 16."

Perhaps because we too are among the millions of shell seekers, Seghers' pictures make us feel the warm sun on our backs, the sand and water round our feet. We feel, too, the optimistic glint of hope in our eyes—*that we shall find the shell of shells!*

DOROTHY WILLS PRICE, Tallahassee, Fla.

. . . I enjoyed your article on Sea Shell Island. Just to prove that people really read such articles, I would like to call your attention to the name you give to one shell in the lower left-hand picture. What you call a helmet shell appears to be Turbo canaliculatus Herman (formerly Turbo Spenglerianus Gmelin). The helmet shells are mostly of the family Cassididae.

JOHN FENLON DONNELLY, Holland, Mich.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

got busy. Called on Miss Dobson. But gone was Miss Dobson. Gone was the Alliance. Might have been a racket. Might have been something more sinister. We don't know. Anyway, there's another mystery you don't have to worry about.

★ ★ ★

Some troublemaker told Mr. John H. Thwacking, in Louisville, Kentucky, that within 10 years virtually all these 48 states will have reduced the voting age from twenty-one to eighteen. Mr. Thwacking took this somewhat doubtful intelligence up with four other middle-aged guys. They unanimously agreed that the idea was outrageous because boys and girls of eighteen had not informed themselves thoroughly about their government and therefore wouldn't know what they were doing. So they decided to write a letter of protest to their congressmen. And they would have done it, too, had it not been that none knew the name of his congressman.

★ ★ ★

Naturally you remember that article our Tom Meany wrote about pitcher Floyd (Bill) Bevens last July. And if you know anything about baseball, you'll remember that Bevens, pitching for the Yankees, came within one hit of a no-hit, no-run victory over the Dodgers in 1947. (If it hadn't been for that Cookie Lavagetto and his double in the ninth!) Well, Bevens dropped to Class C ball after that and was hurling for Salem, Oregon, when Tom went to see him and wrote that article. And now, look. Bevens is back in the majors, drafted by Cincinnati. He gives credit to Meany. He says that Meany saw him pitch on the Coast, came to him and told him he was good again. And that, Bevens declares, gave him confidence and courage.

★ ★ ★

And to whom it may concern, Mrs. T. Edmund Pipeway, of Richmond, Virginia, is getting pretty tired of all this outcry against those gambling devices commonly known as one-arm bandits. "Let's concentrate," says she, vigorously underlining every word, "on getting a few human slot machines out of Washington."

★ ★ ★

Just got an invitation from an Iowa insurance company to take one of their policies. We almost grabbed at it. Sounded great. Then we came to the paragraph that said the policy was offered only to those who are engaged in a "nonhazardous occupation." And that let us out. Every time a new batch of mail arrives, we duck.

★ ★ ★

Got a letter here from a gentleman in Rock Springs, Wyoming. Can't make it out. Looks as if he wrote it with a pencil and corrected it with the typewriter. But the postscript is clear enough: "Excuse typing. She's sick today."

The new 160 horsepower DE SOTO

FIREDOME 8

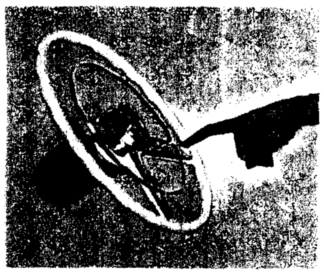
With this sensational new engine and with Power Steering, it's the Car of the Year!

It's the car of the year for performance, with the biggest engine advance in a generation! De Soto's new FireDome engine has the much talked-about dome-shaped combustion chambers. You get more energy from every drop of gas . . . tremendous reserve power for hills, passing, and straightaways . . . *on regular fuel.* And famous Tip-Toe Shift with Fluid Drive lets you drive all day without shifting!

It's the car of the year for safety and comfort features! Thrilling new Power Steering lets you turn the wheel with one finger . . . hydraulic power does the work for you. De Soto also offers Power Braking . . . push-button Electric Window Lifts . . . Solex Heat-Resistant Glass . . . and the unique Air-Vent Hood (*it directs a stream of cool air to the carburetor . . . for greater power*). See this great new De Soto—*today!*

DE SOTO DIVISION • CHRYSLER CORPORATION

FireDome 8
DESOTO



POWER STEERING is easy as dialing a telephone. You can turn the wheel with one finger. Parking is easy . . . at last!

White sidewall tires, when available, are optional equipment.

DESOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present GROUCHO MARX in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION...NBC networks.

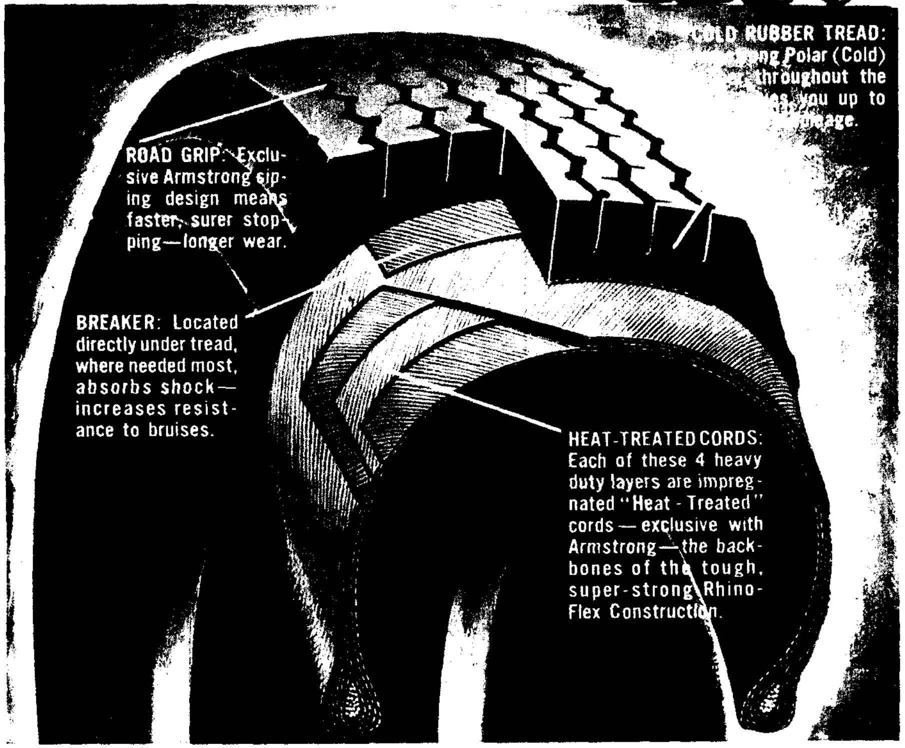
Never before has any famous tire protected you so completely

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

FOR the greatest driving protection ever offered by a great name in tires—look to ARMSTRONG with its *18 Month Unconditional Guarantee.* Rugged Armstrong Rhino-Flex Tires give you exclusive safety features against all road hazards—withstand shock and rough wear. Special treads of Polar Rubber assure 30% more mileage. Remember these life-saving, money-saving facts!

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR 18 MONTHS against all road hazards

AVOID THE MOMENT YOU DREAD. Let your Armstrong dealer check your tires *now*. Armstrong's moderate prices plus liberal trade-in plan save you big money. No other tire offers such complete protection.



COLD RUBBER TREAD: [illegible] Polar (Cold) [illegible] throughout the [illegible] you up to [illegible] mileage.

ROAD GRIP: Exclusive Armstrong siping design means faster, surer stopping—longer wear.

BREAKER: Located directly under tread, where needed most, absorbs shock—increases resistance to bruises.

HEAT-TREATED CORDS: Each of these 4 heavy duty layers are impregnated "Heat-Treated" cords—exclusive with Armstrong—the backbones of the tough, super-strong Rhino-Flex Construction.

ARMSTRONG'S DEVIL'S CAUSEWAY! At terrific speeds, 1,000 miles a day, over sizzling concrete and hole-gutted roads—Armstrong Rhino-Flex Tires pass the torture test . . . for proved safety, comfort, long wear.

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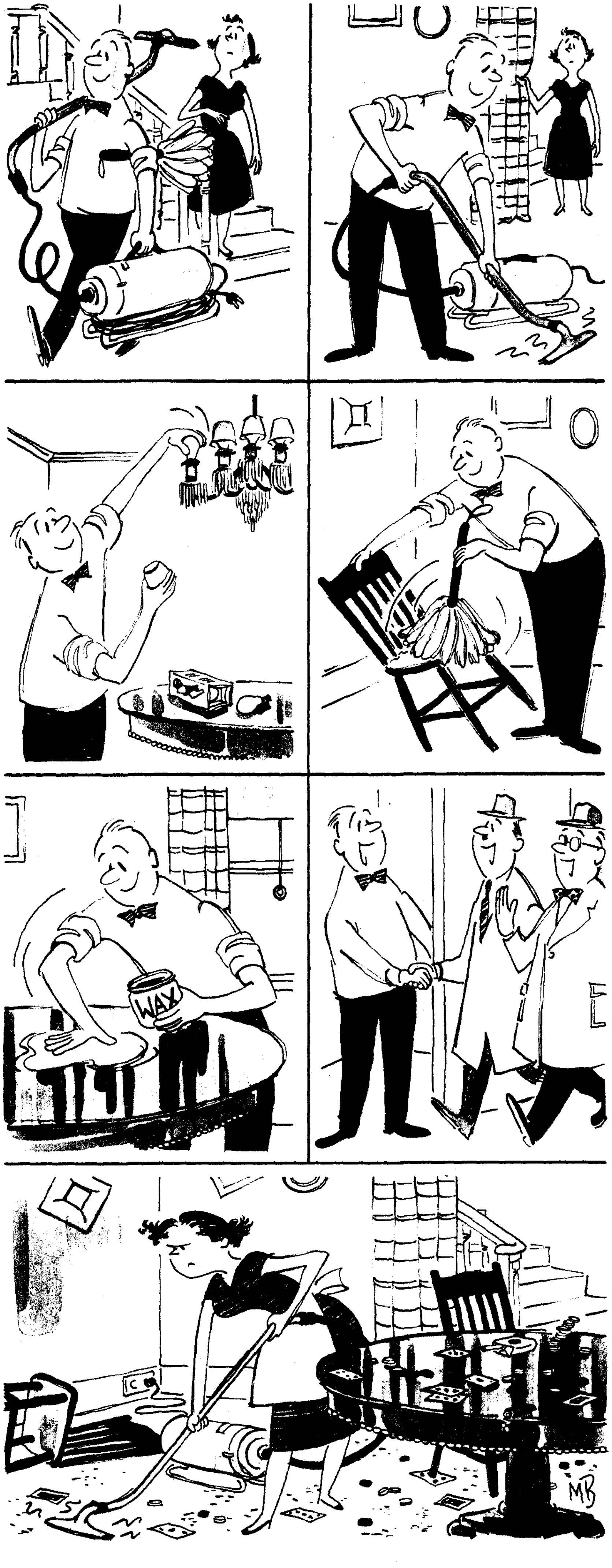
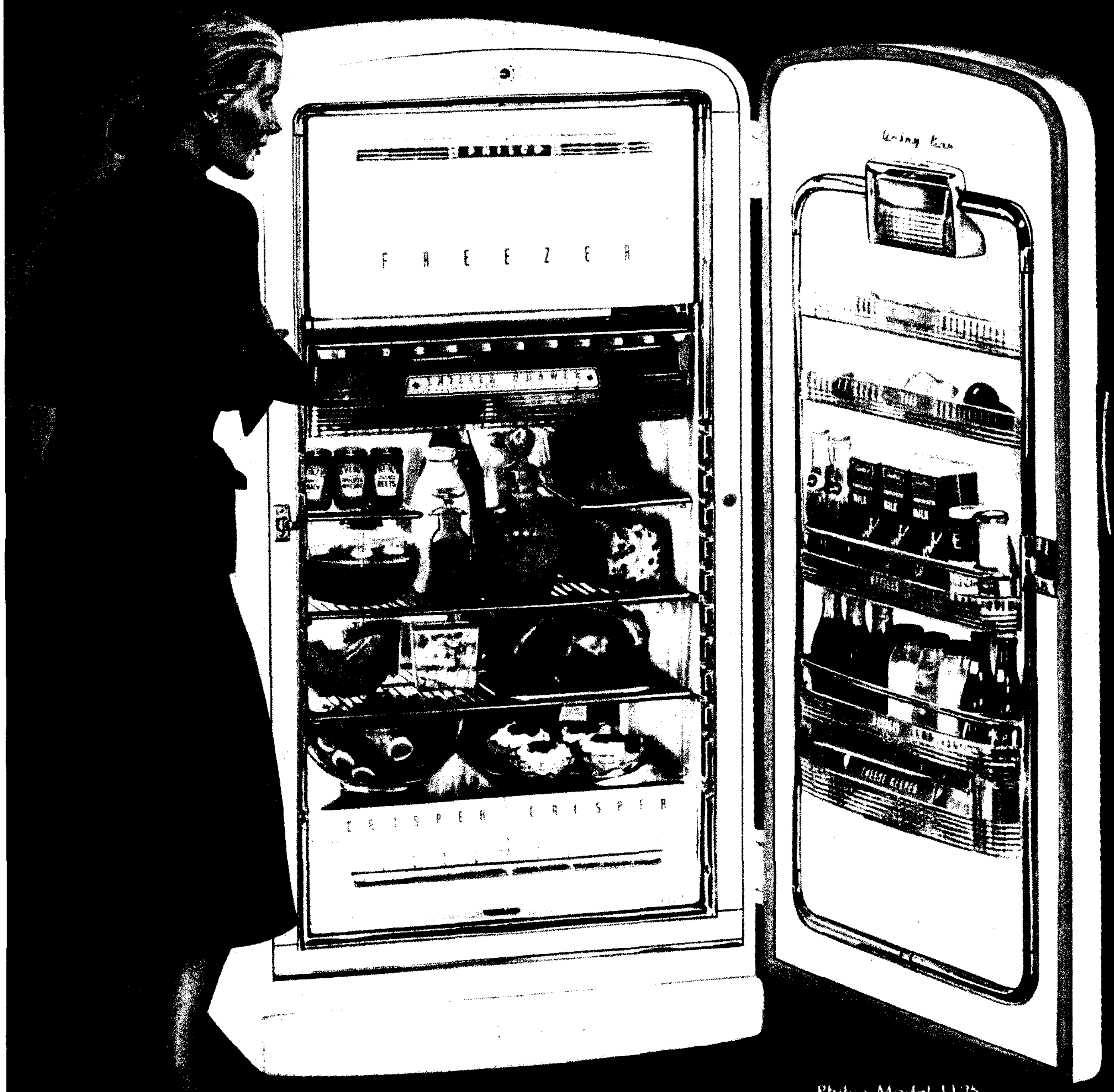
PARTY

By MARTHA BLANCHARD

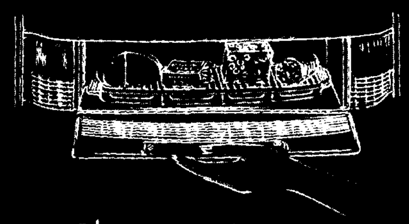




Philco Model 1125

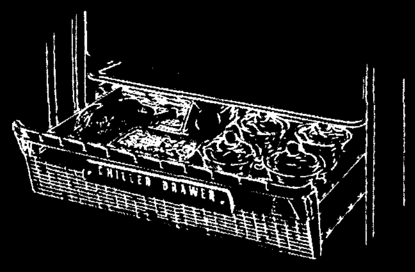
Exclusive Dairy Bar

Foods used most often now fingertip handy!



Cheese Keeper

Keeps cheese fresh for weeks!



Full-width Chiller Drawer

Extra deep! Stores meat, chills salads, desserts, beverages, etc.

For '52—new 'Color Cool' PHILCO *with sensational 'Dairy Bar'!*

Greatest refrigerators ever made! Packed with luxury features found only in Philco: Dairy Bar . . . Cheese Keeper . . . adjustable shelves . . . exciting new Philco-created "Key Largo" color. Plus fully enclosed zero zone freezer . . . twin porcelain crispers . . . quality values that make Philco first and finest for you! Sizes: 7, 9 and 11 cu. ft. $209.95 to $369.95 (Also 1952 2-door Philcos with automatic defrost, up to $100 less than other 2-door refrigerators.)

REVOLUTIONARY 1952 PHILCO ELECTRIC RANGE

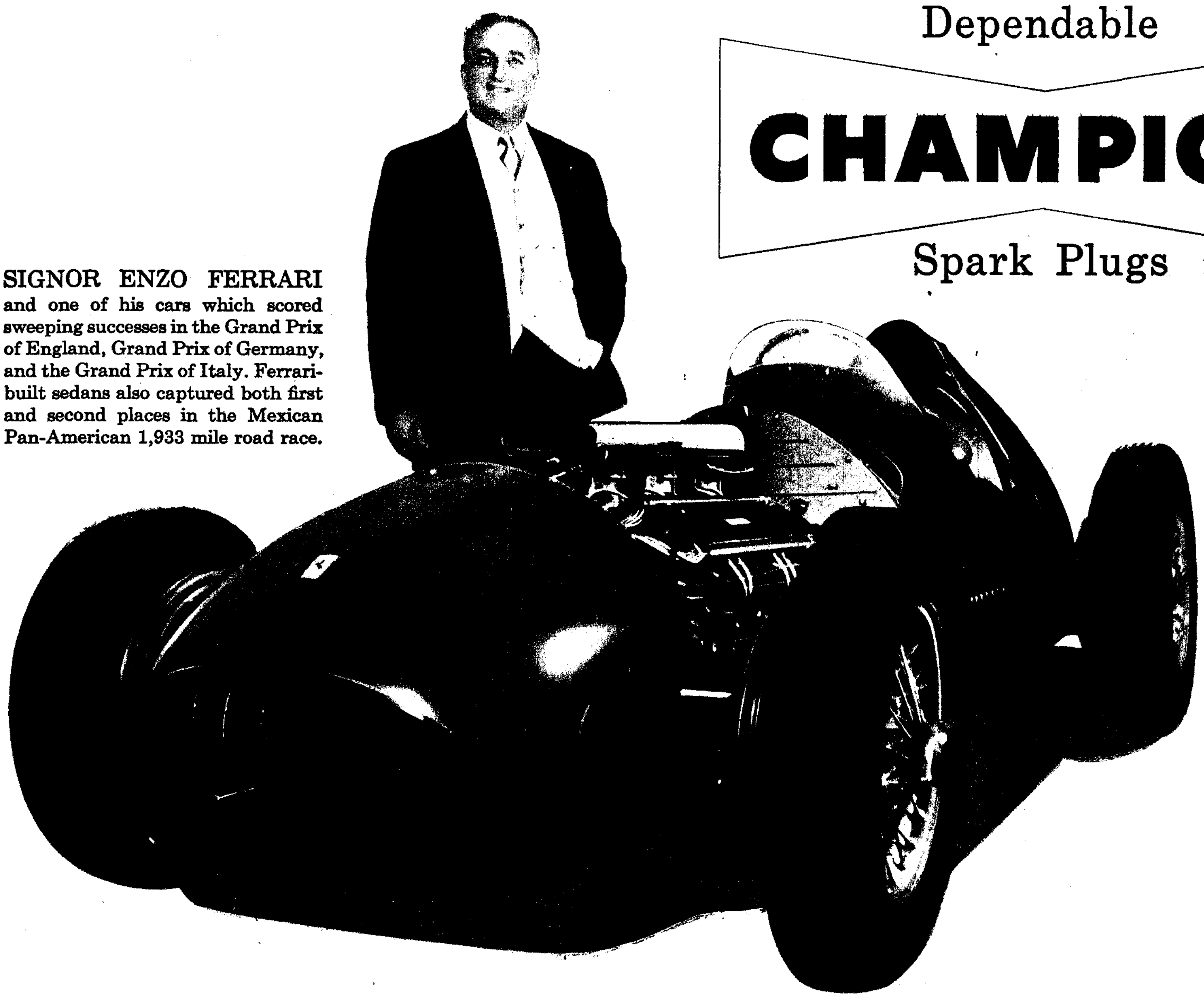
Philco 428. Quick Set Automatic Timer . . . Jiffy Griddle . . . Broil Under Glass

Brilliant Italian Race Car Manufacturer Pays Tribute

Dependable

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs



SIGNOR ENZO FERRARI and one of his cars which scored sweeping successes in the Grand Prix of England, Grand Prix of Germany, and the Grand Prix of Italy. Ferrari-built sedans also captured both first and second places in the Mexican Pan-American 1,933 mile road race.

"The victory of Alberto Ascari in one of our Ferrari cars in the 22nd Grand Prix of Italy at 115.547 miles per hour average, established new all-time records for the Monza track, and also established the highest speed attained in European circuits. This 4½ litre 12-cylinder Grand Prix Ferrari was equipped with 24 Champion Spark Plugs which withstood perfectly the uninterrupted strain of instantaneous acceleration and equally instantaneous deceleration demanded by European type of racing tracks. At Monza, as on most European race courses, sharp turns and severe braking alternate with straight stretches where flat out speed is possible. We attribute a great deal of the merit of our success in the Grand Prix of England, Grand Prix of Germany, Grand Prix of Italy and the Mexican Pan-American Race to the magnificent performance and unfailing dependability of Champion Spark Plugs."

ENZO FERRARI

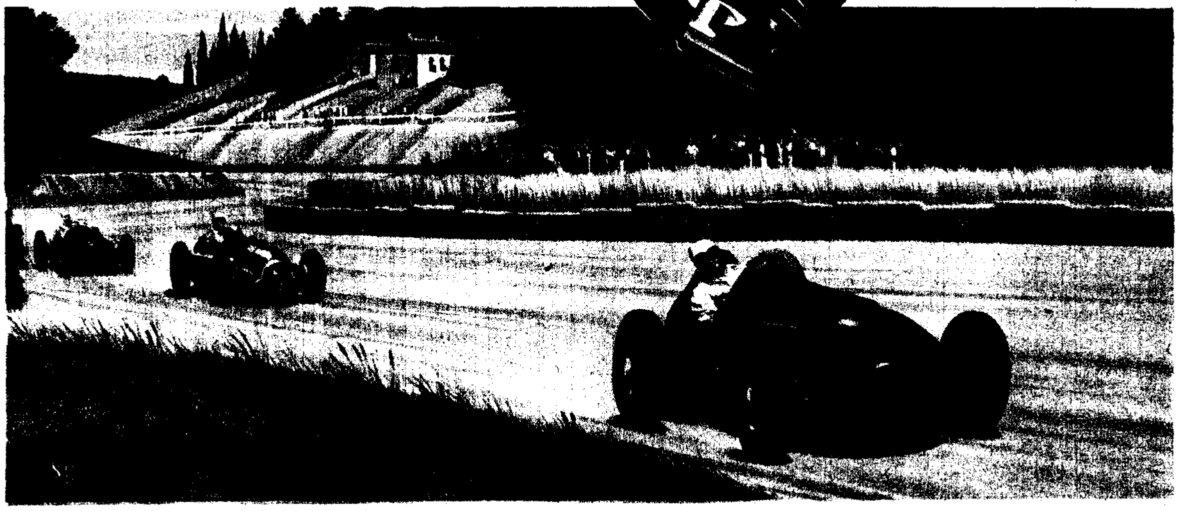
FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

AMERICA'S FAVORITE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS
SOLD HERE

The Sign of Dependable Service!

Alberto Ascari in front with the winning Ferrari in the Grand Prix of Germany.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

STOPOVER IN TOKYO

By **BILL MAULDIN** ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

An ex-dogface, Korea bound as a war correspondent, discovers Japan—a curious land where an unsuspecting visitor may get his toes scorched and the coffee stirs itself

Dear Willie:

There's a downstairs bar in the belly of these big clipper airplanes. They're built on what looks like a B-29 chassis, and I guess if the war gets bigger they'll pull the beverages out and put the block-busters back in.

Anyhow, all the way across the Pacific I sat down there in that upholstered bomb bay thinking about all the advantages of being a war correspondent and figuring ways to work the empties in on my expense account.

At the Tokyo airport they put all the passengers in a room marked Quarantine. I sat on my new portable typewriter and got ready to sweat it out with all the other suspected bug importers, but pretty soon an official-type Japanese stuck his head in.

"Military and diplomatic personnel will come first, please," he said, and I knew I wasn't diplomatic and I sure wasn't military, but I figured a war correspondent might be something in between, and anyway, this seemed like a good time to test the powers of my new job. Sure enough, they shot me right through customs, only taking a long look at my typewriter, but when they saw what kind it was they lost interest. I guess they're not copying that kind this year.

Out at the taxi stand I expected to find an old Maxwell burning seaweed, or something like that, but it turned out to be a brand-new Ford. This place is full of American cars, and on the way into Tokyo, when you'd look down one of those winding, rickety, little old side streets with the houses on both sides made of paper and glass and flimsy wood, with people and bicycles and carts crowding around, and then you'd see one of those big Detroit locomotives with the fish-tail fenders come charging through, all you could think of was a bull in a china shop.

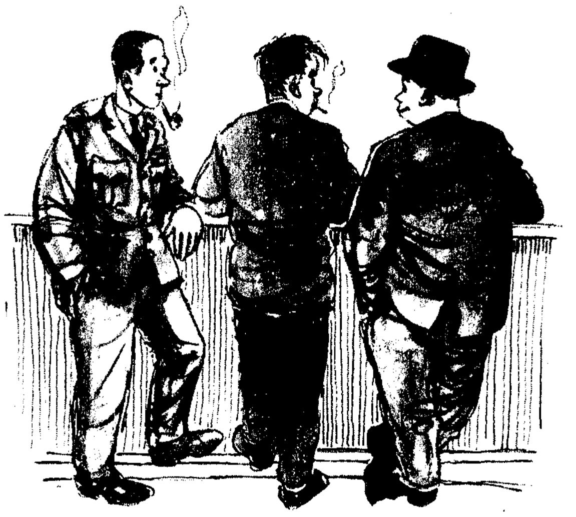
Japanese drivers are pretty generous with the horns, and they like these big bugles we build into cars. Every time my boy would lean on the button you could see the paper walls shake. But that was about all the action he got. He'd come up behind a bicycle cart and cut loose with an awful blast right down the rider's neck, but the bicycle guy wouldn't budge and in the end we'd go around him. If traffic was coming the other way, that was just too bad.

Willie, you know that game some crazy high-school kids play with cars, where they head for each other and the first one that gets out of the way is called chicken? Well, chicken is a national sport here. All in all, I had a bad case of fantods on this ride. A little card behind the driver said We Spoke Englis and I asked him if many people get killed this way.

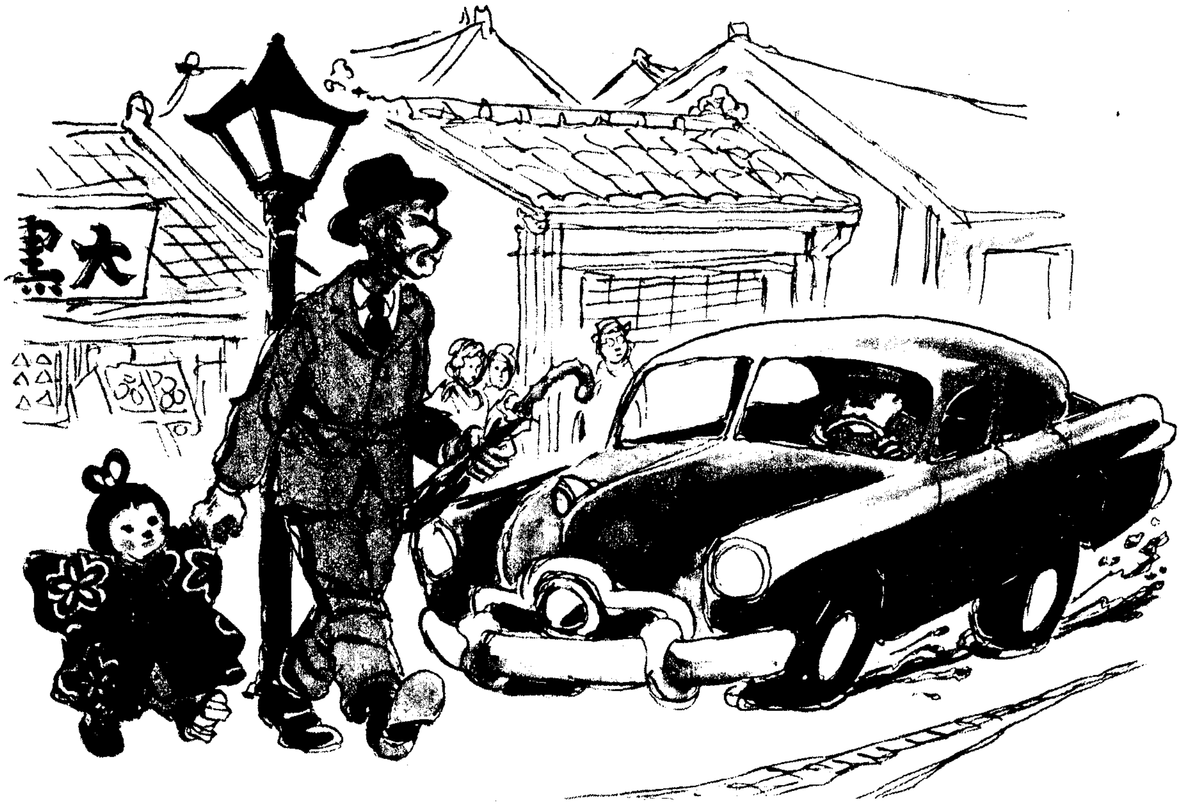
"Oh, yes," he said, "not so many."

While you work that one out, I will explain that these are very polite people, except in traffic, and I swear you can't get a Japanese to say no, for fear he will be disagreeable. They don't take to snappy answers and rowdy actions. I guess in a country so little and crowded that if you slap a friend on the back you will knock two strangers down, that's the way it has to be. Even in a store, you ask if they have got something, and they say yes, we're all out of it.

Well anyway, about halfway to town I got the worst scare of the ride. An old wrinkled man on foot, with a cute little kid about two years old, all done up in a kimono like a doll, acted like he was going to step out across the street right in front of us. The driver hit the horn, and the old man looked at us, nodded politely, and stepped right out in front of us, dragging the kid with him. The driver hit the brake and I hit the deck, feeling awful sick and wishing I had stayed home. Well, we got stopped a couple of inches from them and they went on across calm as you please, and then the driver explained everything to me. "When Japanese auto honk horn," he said, "man on feet now aware auto see him. He then feel secure in knowing auto will describe passage around him."



"War correspondents carry the honorary rank of captain, so I was drinking with my peers"



Tokyo jaywalking is a sport governed by strict rules requiring driver and pedestrian to pay as little attention to each other as possible. Accidents? "Oh, yes; not so many . . ."

* * *

Even just riding in a car, Willie, you feel like you're on another planet. I guess people who have been here a while get used to it, but you sure notice things when you are new. You know how you read about a place and then get there and it was a lot of poop put out for tourists. Well, except for these cars, this place is right out of the picture books. The people dress just like you've heard about, the women in bright kimonos with their hair piled up and walking on wooden clodhoppers with two-inch stilts under them. And I can't get over the kids. Every one of them looks just like a doll.

We went down this wide street by the emperor's palace and I was so busy looking I didn't notice whether the driver took off his hat or bowed or anything. The palace has one of those canals that's not going anyplace, called a moat, around it, and a garden full of trees that look manicured. These people love trees and flowers. We'd pass bus and streetcar stops with benches, and there would be potted plants right there on the bench. I guess if some busy commuter knocks one off they throw him in the moat. They prune trees this way and that over the years and make the trunks do everything but tie themselves in knots. If a man liked to sit in a certain place in his back yard, he could train a tree 40 feet away to come over and shade him.

On the other side of the street a little way down is the Dai Ichi building, where that five-star general what's-his-name used to do business, and I guess they must have another general in there now, because out in front were the two prettiest MPs you ever saw, just like they'd been poured out of a Jello mold. That reminds me, I'm going to find out this new general's name. War correspondents ought to know that kind

(Continued on page 73)

I Am a SUPERMARKET

"*My job is to catch foodlifters, and in our 150 Chicago stores I helped nab 698 last*

IT'S funny what some people will steal. Two months ago, I arrested a Chicago policeman. He had walked out of a super food market, just around the corner from his station, with two sponges tucked under his blouse. The sponges were worth 38 cents. Next afternoon, same supermarket, I stopped a mailman whose cap wasn't on straight. No wonder. When I accidentally-on-purpose bumped his cap off, I discovered a half-pound package of ham (49 cents) covering his bald spot like a toupee.

Then the blonde came in. She was a knockout. I'd have kept an eye on her even if she hadn't slipped the can of crab meat (83 cents) into her purse. When I took her into the manager's office for questioning, she admitted her husband was an executive in a big Chicago bank.

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Eleven months ago, when I went to work as a supermarket detective, I had no idea that a cop would steal a sponge, or that a banker's wife would lift a can of crab meat. Frankly, I thought my job would consist mostly of discouraging kleptomaniacs (the mentally sick who can't control their impulse to steal) and desperately poor people without enough money to pay for their purchases.

But I was almost 100 per cent wrong. Among the 698 foodlifters apprehended in our company's 150 Chicago stores during the past year, only one was a kleptomaniac. Even more surprising, only two of the foodlifters were hardship cases—both mothers with children. The other 695 foodlifters were plain, ordinary customers—housewives, mostly—who couldn't pass up a chance to take something for nothing.

An analysis of those 695 foodlifting cases revealed two significant facts. First, the foodlifters invariably had enough money to pay for the items they tried to steal. Secondly, the foodlifters concentrated on small, expensive items—butter, packaged luncheon meats, fancy cheeses, canned sea foods, cigarettes, cosmetics and toilet articles (shaving cream, tooth paste).

Frankly, I felt sorry for the two impoverished mothers we picked up. They were genuine hardship cases: dead broke and desperate. One of them, I remember, slipped three cans of baby food into her purse. She was nursing a sick nine-month-old daughter in a cold-water flat. Our company took pretty good care of that mother. We sent her home loaded with damaged but edible merchandise (dented canned goods, smashed package items, spotted fruits and vegetables). Later, we gave her a job washing down shelves at 75 cents an hour.

Of course, we weren't quite so hospitable to the blonde who swiped the crab meat. We arrested her, charged her with petty larceny, and obtained a 30-day suspended sentence in Chicago women's court. We kept it quiet. Her husband doesn't know yet that his wife was picked up. But Blondie has a police record now. If she's caught again, she'll do 30 days in the workhouse.

Maybe that sounds like rough treatment for a popular young married woman who sings in the church choir and is secretary of the Women's Club in an exclusive Chicago suburb, but I didn't feel sorry for Blondie, even when she cried and begged me not to take her down to the precinct station. She had $4.98 in her purse. She could have paid for the crab meat.

When I mentioned Blondie's story to a lawyer friend of mine, he said: "I can't understand why a multimillion-dollar company like yours makes so much fuss over an 83-cent can of crab meat."

My lawyer friend didn't know that the company I work for (a typical food chain) has recently been operating on a one per cent margin of profit. Con-

A favorite male foodlifting trick is to slip an item into hat and wear it from store. Model shows how to steal a 98¢ package of ham

In the double shopping bag gambit, customer places food between two layers. This demonstration shows a pound of bacon being concealed

DETECTIVE as told to BILL FAY

year. Only two were in need"

sequently, the loss of Blondie's 83-cent can of crab meat represents our profit on $83 total sales. We've got to sell $1 worth of food to make up for every penny stolen by foodlifters.

Last year, cash registers in the nation's 15,300 supermarkets rang an average of 250 million times a week, adding up a grand total of $11 billion in sales. Numerically, supermarkets represent only 5 per cent of U.S. food stores, but they account for approximately 38 per cent of all food-store sales. Nobody knows exactly how much food was stolen from supermarket shelves last year. However, if we estimate the amount conservatively at one fifth of one per cent of total sales, the figure comes to a whopping $22,000,000.

Naturally, that amount must be absorbed as a cost of doing business, so it goes on the honest shoppers' bills in the form of higher prices. In effect, foodlifters levy an invisible sales tax on every supermarket customer.

My company—one of the 18 major national chains—was the first supermarket organization to crack down on foodlifters. Something had to be done. Between 1946 and '51, supermarket sales volumes in my chain increased 100 per cent—and foodlifting losses skyrocketed proportionately.

Assigned to a Distasteful Task

Even so, I didn't want the job when my boss asked me to head up an experimental all-out drive against foodlifters in the Chicago area. I've been in the food business 15 years. I started out chopping lettuce as a produce helper, worked up to store manager, and was a district supervisor over 12 supermarkets last March when the boss said:

"Look, our store managers can't control these foodlifters. The managers are too busy. Besides, if they do catch a lifter and turn her over to the cops, you know what happens. The lifter gets a lawyer, and when the case comes up in court, the lawyer says his client is sick and asks for a continuance. That can happen two or three times before the case gets tried, and your manager might end up wasting four mornings in court to recover one pound of butter. Then he has to spend four nights at the store catching up on the work he didn't get done while he was in court."

"Right," I agreed. "If a manager catches five lifters a month, he spends half his time in court. But if he lets the lifters off with just a warning, they're back the next day taking everything in sight."

"Well," the boss said, "we're going to try to stop that by taking the responsibility for arresting lifters off the managers. Instead, we're going to put some detectives to work full time—let them catch the lifters and follow through with the prosecution. Naturally, we don't expect to catch all the lifters, but if we can hang some suspended sentences on the worst ones, they'll think twice before they work our stores again. Another thing, we've decided to put you in charge of the detectives."

That's how it happened. I didn't want it to happen at all. Maybe there's glamor and excitement in some kinds of police work—like nabbing jewel thieves. But there's nothing glamorous about catching a housewife with a pound of butter in her purse. She cries. She's ashamed. She doesn't want her family or her friends to know she's been arrested. Take it from me, it isn't the kind of work that would interest Sam Spade.

Of course, I've had tougher jobs than arresting foodlifters. Two years ago, for example, when I was a district manager over 12 stores, I had to check out a manager who was one of my best friends. That means, I audited his books, inventoried his stock and fired him. He had two nice kids. It was three weeks before Christmas. But his inventories had been *(Continued on page 34)*

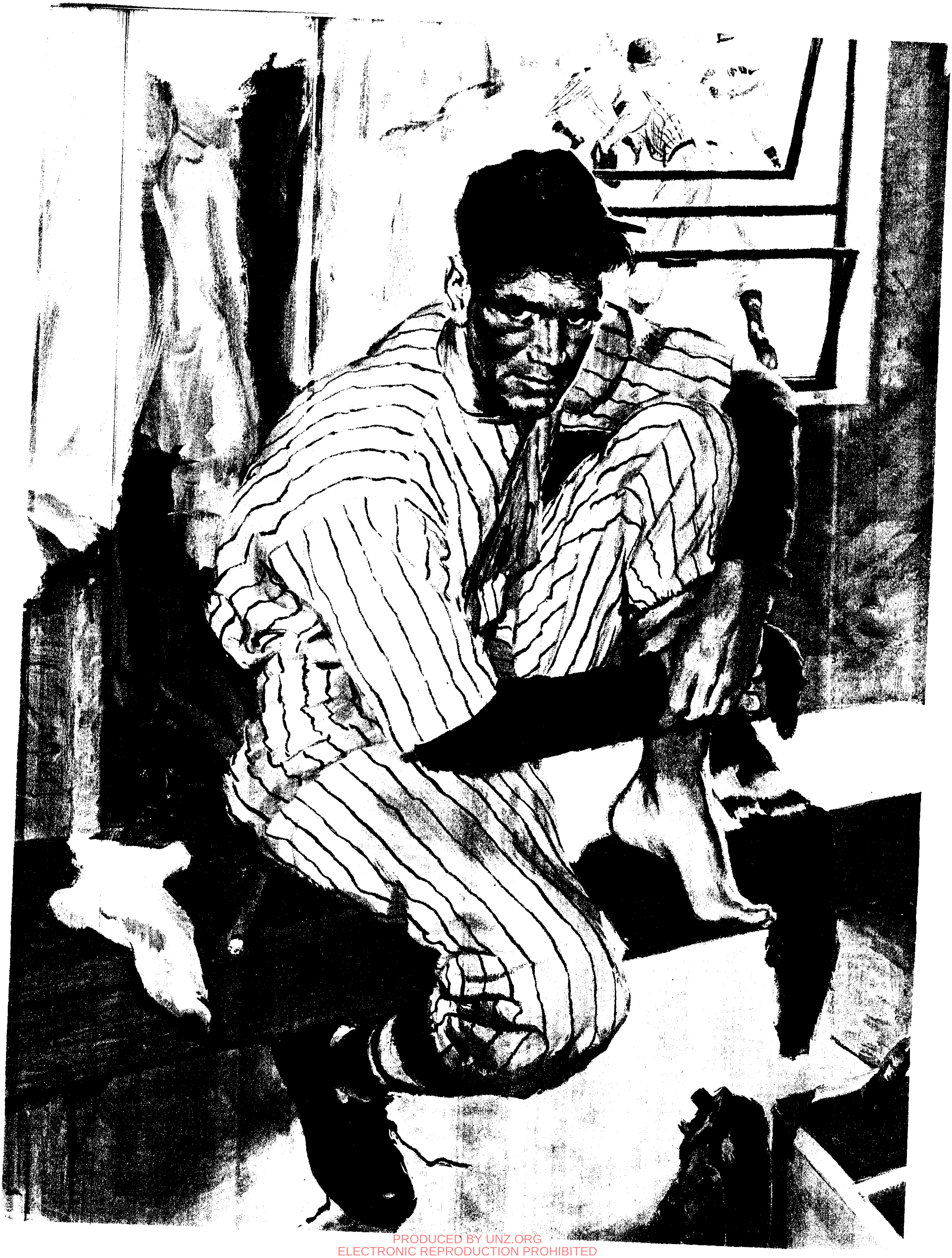
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROCCO PADULO AND JOHN MENDICINO

Posed by professional models

Starting her foodlifting spree, the customer (here a professional model) slips a pound of butter (92¢) into bag, then (r.) puts canned ham ($2.27) under arm beneath coat. She . . .

. . . takes and hides other merchandise, and innocently pays the cashier for a few actual purchases. But detectives who watched through peephole accost her on the street and . . .

. . . take her to manager's office. All items on desk had been stolen, among them cheese, bacon, sardines, pepper. Employing these methods, an actual customer took $9.63 worth



LAST TIME AROUND

By FRANK O'ROURKE

He had played a lot of baseball, but now he was washed up. He could still teach a lot of kids a lot of tricks, though—if someone would only give him a chance

KIT MORGAN came out of the office and sat on the spike-chewed bench in front of his locker, staring vaguely at clothing and extra shoes and undershirts. Angsman, the young outfielder, clattered across the concrete veranda and dug for a Coke in the box, and the lunch man brought the big trays of sandwiches and bottled milk to the equipment trunks outside. Ruxton, the pitching coach, was lecturing the rookie pitchers in the bull pen just beyond the trainer's open window, and Doc Miles was working on Kirby's sore thigh muscles, kneading the leg with strong fingers, laughing at something spoken between them.

A faucet dripped unevenly in the shower room, and the smell of rubbing fluid and sweat carried through the clubhouse. Training was in the last days, and the team was taking shape under Hanson's hand, but Kit Morgan did not hear the outside sounds or smell the smells that had become an inseparable part of his life for sixteen years. He looked down upon the traitors who were taking him away—his scarred, thick legs—and shook his head with a small, private gesture of acceptance. The end had to come—everyone knew that—but it was difficult to admit the truth.

He had gone through the past season with a decent record, playing sixty games at second base and filling in later when the younger men needed rest. He was thirty-three then, and his legs felt strong, and his reflexes were still the catlike movements fans would remember years after he was gone; and with this feeling of confidence in his body, with ten years of major-league ball behind him, he had spent the winter in their Florida east coast home, playing golf and running on the beach, keeping himself in shape. Thinking back now, he knew that Flora had suspected the beginning of the end, but she was too wise to say so. Even the girls had known, but they believed in him.

He knew the truth now. He had been a trifle slow to his right last summer—nothing to worry about—but this spring, in the first infield workout, he was a full step slow, admitted it inwardly, and hated the knowledge. He worked doubly hard then, pushed himself to the limit, took off five pounds, ran extra laps, hit every possible chance in the cage; and today, in the Yannigan infield workout with the other utility men, he faced the truth.

Rusty Evans was batting infield, and Rusty hit them just one way, hard and fast, the only way an infield could profit. Kit was on second with Channing at short, Glenn at first and young Carloski at third. Evans fed them hot, handle-high hoppers the first round, and they threw the ball around fast, talked it up, and felt good under the sun; and then Evans aimed for the holes, down the lines, extending them, making them move and stretch for every ball.

On the first double-play round, Kit went over in the hole for a grass-skimmer and found himself bending, making the squeeze, and watching the ball skate on past into right field. He lifted his head and laughed, as he always did when he booted one, and trotted back for his second try; but he knew then, and so did Rusty, for the next grounder was handmade, to his right on the big hop, an easy scoop and underhanded flip to Channing, coming over the bag. They all knew it then, had to, and some of the day's brightness was gone forever.

Morgan shook his head with a small, private gesture of acceptance. The end had come—everyone knew that—but it was difficult and painful to break down and admit the truth

He finished infield practice and came off with Channing, licking salt from his lips and squinting at the early customers filing into the grandstand for today's grapefruit game with the Red Sox. Channing veered off to talk with Angsman, and Halliday, the young and truly fine shortstop, met Kit under the press box and said, "Hot as hell, Kit," and went on by with a warm, kind smile that hurt him worse than harsh words. If only, he thought, Halliday was cruel and cocky about taking his job, it would have been much easier. But Halliday was kind and liked him; Kit had helped Halliday the last two seasons, revealing all the tricks and secrets, wanting Halliday to make good.

He saw Hanson, the manager, inside the office, a little distance from the open door, and when Hanson waved him in, he knew it was the time. He turned off the grass and entered the small room, and Hanson closed the door. The manager was sweating beneath a red nylon warmup jacket, his bald head gleaming with tiny beads of water. Hanson offered him a cigar and said, "Well, Kit, I guess there's no use making a speech."

"Don't try to," Kit said. "Just give it to me straight, Dutch."

Hanson sat down heavily in a folding chair, crossed one leg over the other and rubbed his foot slowly. "I want you to know we tried everything. I figured the Reds or Cards might go for a sale, but nothing came up. I think it was the salary most of all. We asked waivers, and nobody offered. The only thing to do is make you a free agent, give you the outright release. Maybe you can make a deal for yourself. Is that all right?"

"Has to be," Kit said. "I knew it two weeks ago, Dutch. I'm that big step slow. It was bound to come." He looked at the cigar smoking between his fingers, in the hands that were big and fast, best in the league for ten long years and now betrayed by time. "Funny thing, Dutch. You never think it'll happen to you. Is that strange?"

"We're all like that," Hanson said. "A man feels he can go on forever, and one day time catches up. If there was any way I could keep you, I'd do it. But I can't. The young ones are too good. That's where sentiment and business go down different streets."

"Well," Kit said, "that's it, Dutch. Thanks. Thanks for everything. Do you mind if I hang around and try to make a deal?"

"Anything you want, Kit," Hanson said. "I'll have the release for you at the hotel."

He said, "Okay, Dutch," and went through the inside door to the clubhouse, to his locker; and now he sat in front of it and tried to rationalize and found it impossible. He untied his shoes and kicked them off, slipped out of his pants and socks, and pulled his shirt and undershirt from his wide, thick body. He lifted the cigar gently from the bench and drew a deep puff. In the trainer's room, Kirby, the veteran center fielder, was sitting up, stretching his sore leg cautiously, talking to Doc Miles. Kit Morgan dropped his wet undershirt and went to the smaller room and boosted himself on to the side table. Kirby chewed a dead cigar and glanced at him carefully.

"How's the leg?" Kit asked.

"Sore," Kirby said. "Always sore in the spring, Kit. Why can't I get in shape easy?"

Kirby was talking to fill the silence between them, for Kirby was thirty-four this spring, a veteran of eleven years, and he, too, felt the leg aches and body warnings of the last time around. Kit drew on a cigar and said, "Well, I'm on my way."

Doc Miles turned from the medicine shelf and pushed at his glasses. Kirby stared mildly at the white wall; in this moment, there was an old, set routine to follow, known to them all, in which the man going down had to maintain his sense of humor while his teammates accepted his going with a minimum of outward sympathy. For sympathy had no place in their life, and he would be hurt far deeper by kind words. Kirby nodded and said, "Anybody take waivers?"

"No," Kit said. "They all passed."

"I thought the Reds might," Doc Miles said. "Here, put this on that lip."

Kit took the jar of white ointment and rubbed some over his sunburned lower lip. He said, "Thanks, Doc. Damned thing always gets sunburned. No, they didn't bite."

"Done any phoning?" Kirby asked.

"Not yet," Kit said.

PAT MALONE, the big catcher, came padding from the clubhouse and stood beside the whirlpool machine, pulling at the towel around his middle, his rough, dark face impassive, only his thick fingers picking up the towel betraying his feeling. Lefty Culver hurried in and jumped on the table, stripped off his rubber jacket and shirt, and extended his arm to Doc Miles for a pregame rub.

Malone spoke, as if he had been in on the conversation from the start: "You tried the Coast League?"

"No," Kit said. "Don't know much about it."

Doc Miles said, "Loosen up, Lefty," and began stretching Culver's left shoulder. The smell of rubbing oil was sharp against the odor of sweat. Kit Morgan leaned back on the side table and rested his shoulders against the wall.

"Watch that money arm, Doc," he said. "Old Lefty may not last the month of May."

Lefty grinned. "I'll get by, fathead."

"I was talkin' with Candeny," Malone said. "He says they pay good on the Coast."

"They do," Lefty said suddenly. "I was out there in '42."

"You won twenty-six that year, didn't you?" Kit Morgan said.

"By grace of God," Lefty said. "The Coast club paid us one check, the front office another. Some of the guys were making twelve hundred a month. That's pretty good, Kit."

"I'll give it a try," Kit said. "You catching today, Pat?"

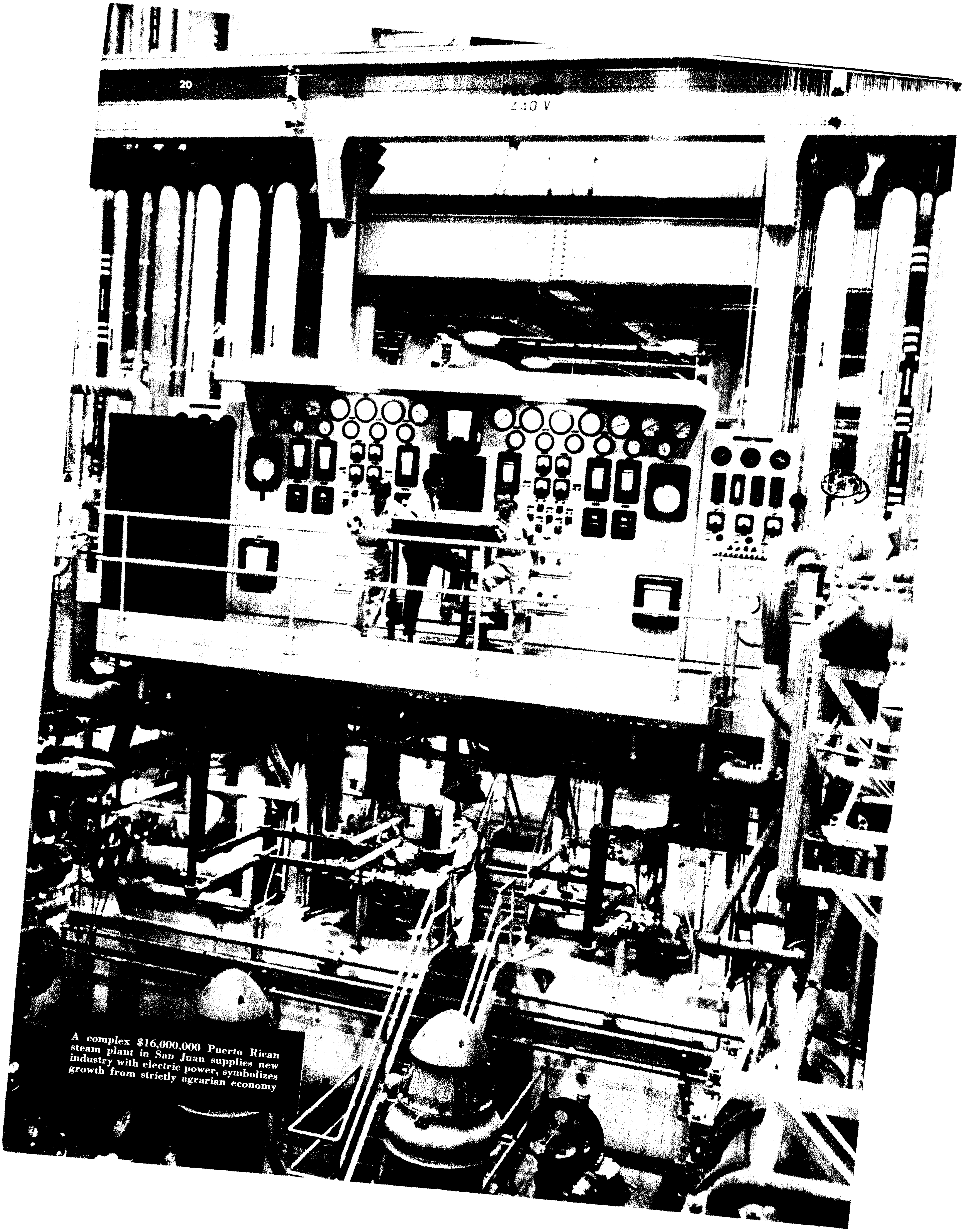
"Rube starts," Malone said. "I think Stone'll work the last three. Where you want to eat tonight?"

"I'll see you at the hotel," Kit said.

No one spoke for a moment. They sat awkwardly, searching for words. Outside, the noise increased as the team came in for water and a breather while the Red Sox started batting practice. The clubhouse silence was broken, and they heard Rube Jensen kidding a Boston player near the front door. Pesky and Stephens entered the room, and Kirby said, "Hello, strangers," and Pesky shook hands all around, looked critically at Kirby, and said, "You're fat as a hog." Malone turned on the whirlpool, and steam rose in thin tapers from the aluminum tank. Stephens said, "Got a piece of tape,

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



A complex $16,000,000 Puerto Rican steam plant in San Juan supplies new industry with electric power, symbolizes growth from strictly agrarian economy

One historic view of Puerto Rico does not change. Guarding entrance to harbor at San Juan is fort of San Felipe del Morro, built in 1539

Operation Bootstrap

By HOWARD COHN

A great industrialization program in Puerto Rico is aimed at giving 2,200,000 traditionally impoverished Americans the chance to live decently in the future

FOR most Americans "industrial revolution" is a half-forgotten term buried deep in the history textbooks and vaguely associated with the eighteenth century, cotton gins and steam engines. But, for more than 2,000,000 Americans on the island of Puerto Rico, the words are as charged with meaning as today's headlines. Puerto Rico, 459 years after it was discovered by Columbus, has finally got hold of its bootstraps.

The sunny, 100-by-35-mile strip of land in the Caribbean was, until recent years, a picture-post-card-come-to-life of tropical splendor, but it hid great misery and squalor. Today over 80,000 tourists a year, bearing Yankee dollars, find nature's handsome handiwork garnished with the good industrial works of energetic men. Ultramodern factories dot the island from east to west and from San Juan on the north to Ponce on the south. Puerto Rico has become the profit-sharing host to branches or subsidiaries of such bustling U.S. firms as Textron Southern, Inc.; Joyce, Inc. (shoes); and the St. Regis Paper Company. Native labor is producing in quantity such varied things as cement, iron castings, candy, pottery, radio and television sets, and brassières. Old slums are coming down and new houses are going up. The land of rum and molasses is at last heading up the long, hard road to milk and honey.

No sudden awakening, this growth of industry in Puerto Rico is a carefully planned, post-World War II development. Although the island has been under the U.S. flag since 1898—it officially becomes a commonwealth when its newly drawn-up constitution is ratified by the U.S. Congress—its standard of living always has lagged far behind that of the mainland. Because of the mountainous interior and large areas of eroded land, only about half of the island is arable. Yet almost all of its people have had to scratch for a living in the soil, while thousands of acres unsuitable for farming remained beautiful, but economically useless.

Though Puerto Ricans are American citizens, their per capita income little more than a year ago averaged $294 compared to $1,586 in the States. And a population exceeding 2,200,000 jams the island with more than 640 people per square mile, making it one of the most densely inhabited regions on earth (U.S. density: 50.7 per square mile). Statistics like these have characterized Puerto Rico as Uncle Sam's neglected stepchild. But the child has come of age, and island leaders—with the hearty endorsement of the U.S. federal government—are bringing a modern "industrial revolution" to pass. They pray and believe that with it little P. R. will eventually solve its multiple economic problems.

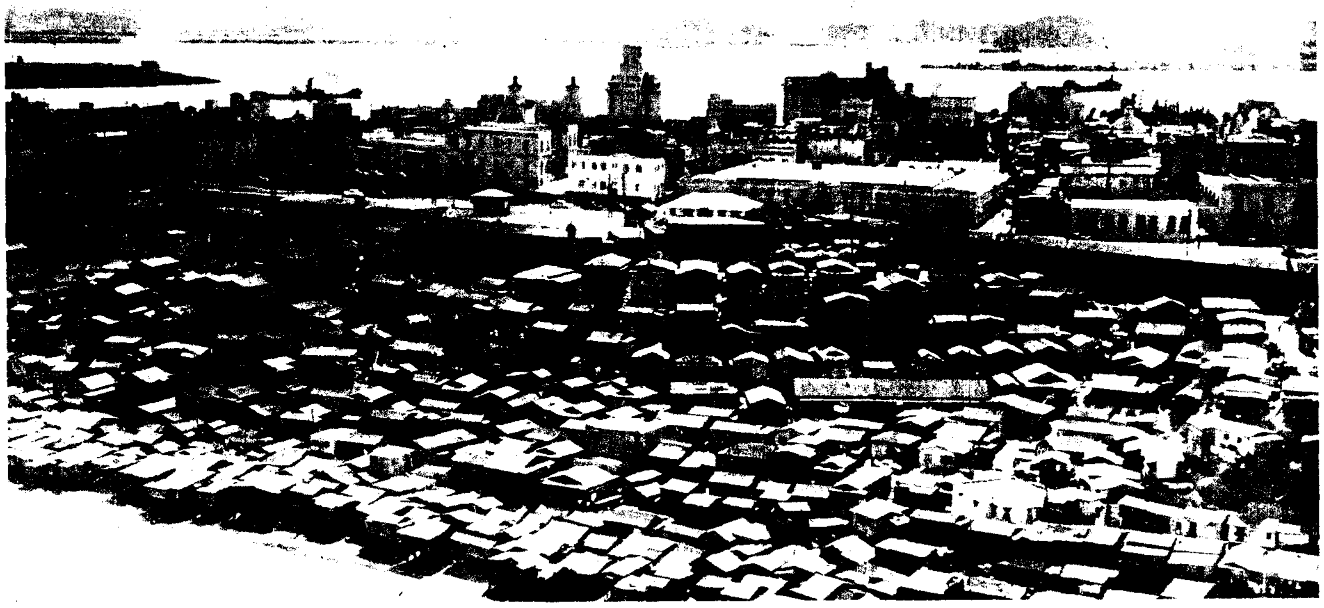
Dubbed, in the best Yankee fashion, "Operation Bootstrap," the revolution is a concerted effort to free the island from its historic one- and two-crop economy by inviting expanding U.S. businesses to establish their new plants in Puerto Rico. Instead of being able to offer the average Puerto Rican worker only five or six months' labor a year on a sugar plantation, the government dream is to give him a wide choice of industrial and agricultural jobs at living wages with no seasonal unemployment. New and more job opportunities will not only absorb the ever-increasing Puerto Rican labor force—the island's population is growing at a rate of 70,000 a year—but also will help create a numerically strong and educated middle class to replace the historic population division between the very many poor and the very few wealthy.

While Bootstrap was started in 1942 during the administration of Rexford Guy Tugwell, the last mainland-born governor appointed by a U.S. President, the outbreak of World War II and Puerto Rico's involvement kept the program from getting fully under way until 1947, when the first industry-attracting laws were passed by the legislature. Since then the face of the island has been transformed by building activity. Last February, as Puerto Rico entered the fifth year of Bootstrap, the Univis Lens Company's huge new factory at Guayama was dedicated, the 150th plant to be opened since the program began. And there is no slowdown in sight.

Industrial expansion and the government's correlated efforts in such other fields as education

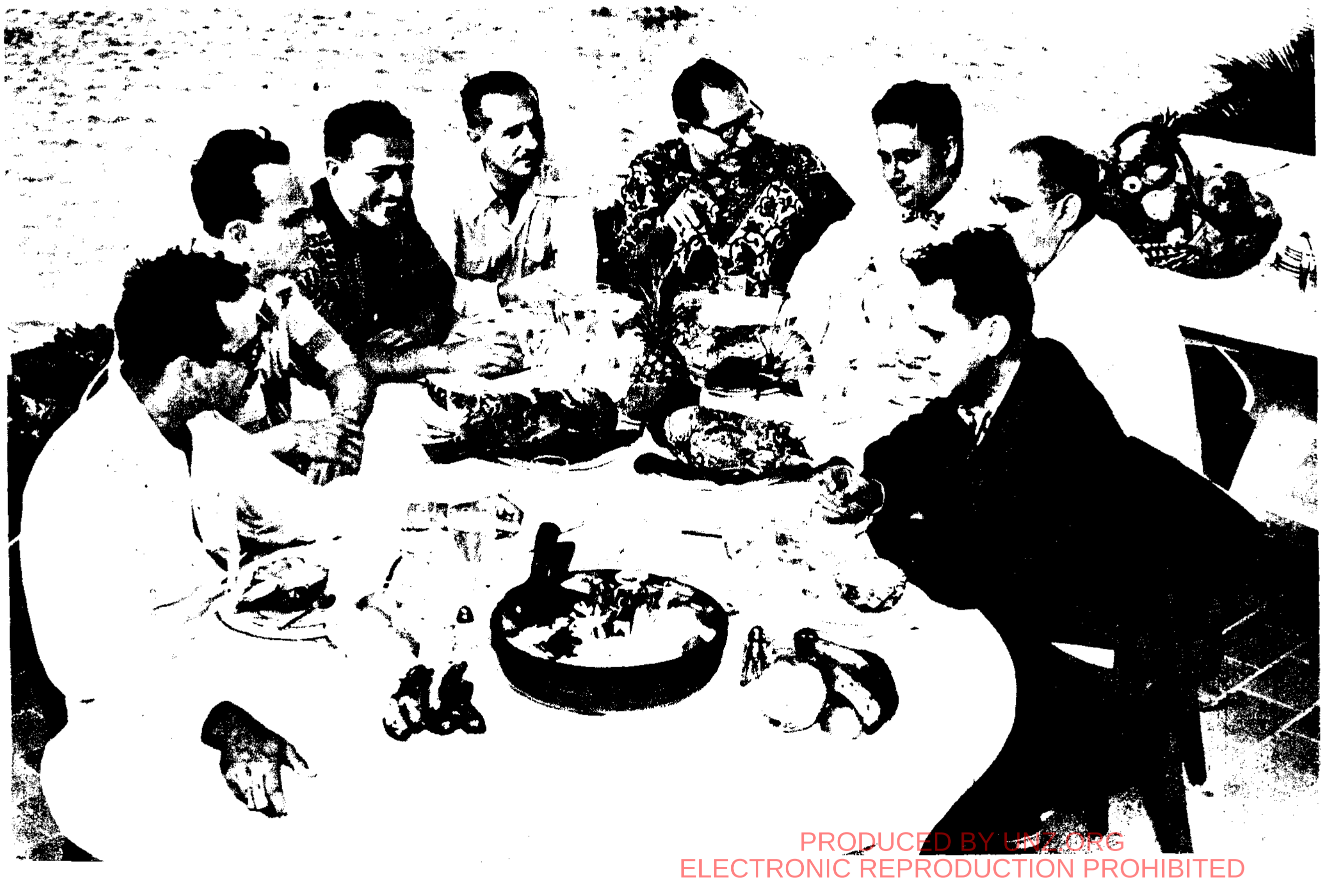
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Cares of changing an economy are put aside temporarily as Governor Luis Muñoz-Marin relaxes at official residence with wife, Doña Inez Maria, daughters Melo and Vivian, and dog Amber



In the shadow of the capital these slums show that much remains to be done to erase history of poverty in Puerto Rico. New average factory salary of $16 a week is record island high

Key men of the governor's administrative team lunch at the Caribe Hilton Hotel. L. to r.: Guillermo Rodriguez, Mariano Villaronga, planning board chairman Rafael Picó, Sol Descartes, economic development chief Teodoro Moscoso, Roberto DeJesus, Rafael Buscaglia, Salvador Tío



and social welfare have boosted the morale of almost every resident of Puerto Rico. Economically, it has been like a sack of feed set in front of a starving chick. In 1940, for example, 512,000 people had jobs. Average employment now is near 700,000. Ten years ago the island's net income (total earned by its residents and corporations after taxes and depreciation) was $359,000,000. By the last fiscal year it had risen to an impressive $747,000,000.

The population also has benefited in a variety of other ways. To ensure a well-trained labor supply, 11 vocational schools have been established by local officials, and over one third of the island's total budget now is set aside for education. There are still many slums, but new low-cost housing developments are already taking care of 6,200 families, and other projects under way will hold 10,000 families more. And agriculture on the island no longer is just a synonym for sugar. More than 50 per cent of all Puerto Rican agricultural workers still farm sugar cane, but pineapple, tobacco and coffee have become increasingly important.

Yet despite these impressive advances, Puerto Rican officials refuse to get overly enthusiastic about the progress made thus far. "We are just getting started," says Teodoro Moscoso, chief of the island's Economic Development Administration (known in Spanish as *Fomento,* meaning simply "development") and the man directly in charge of industrialization aspects of Bootstrap.

"Our biggest handicap has been the fact that until recently we were not getting our industrial message across to American business. We are correcting this with a well-organized public-relations approach. In 1947, I saw maybe two or three business firms in the year. Now, each month, we have 10 contact men making an average of 400 calls on U.S. industry, and we answer 200 to 225 unsolicited requests for information about what's going on here."

But better public relations is only one of several reasons for increased U.S. interest. When Puerto Rico's Bootstrap was first conceived, the men who authored it realized that dollar-minded American corporations would not invest large sums of money an ocean trip away from major markets just because a few million islanders needed new industries. To help bring them over, laws were passed which grant acceptable businesses complete exemption from Puerto Rican income and property taxes until 1959, and partial exemption for the following three years. With these tax benefits comes a promise of complete co-operation from insular government officials. As taxes go up in the States and government regulations become more stringent, Puerto Rico's attractiveness to U.S. investors grows each year.

Corporations which have opened businesses on the island have not always found conditions as bright as anticipated, but virtually all have retained a hearty respect for Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz-Marin and the men around him.

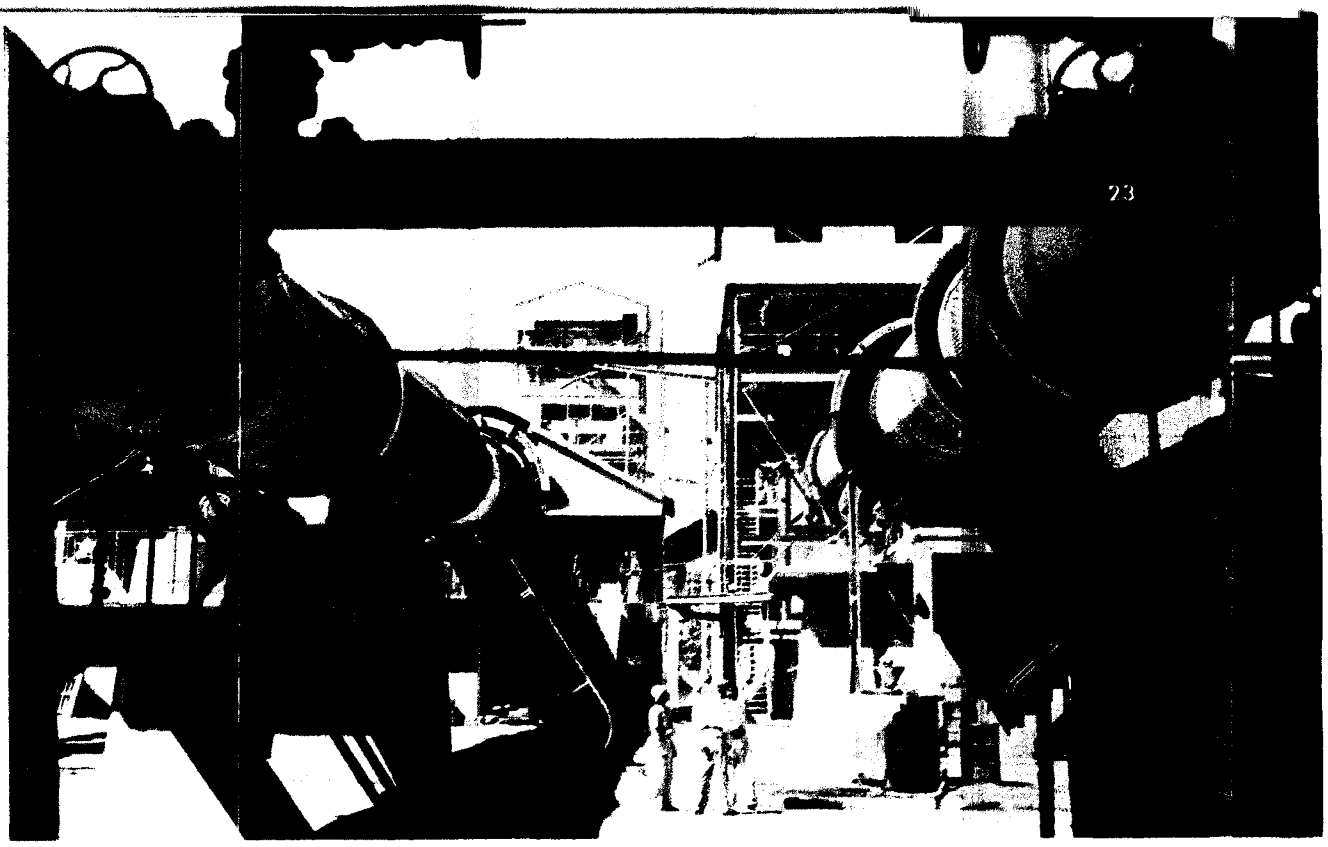
Muñoz-Marin, once an inspiring poet in New York City and the son of a great Puerto Rican patriot, took office as the island's first elected chief executive in 1949. His key aids in the program to make over the island economically are Rafael Picó, chairman of the Planning Board, who co-ordinates all phases of the island's activity, and Moscoso, a graduate of the University of Michigan, class of 1932.

Their task is made somewhat easier by much bipartisan support in the Congress of the United States. One big reason for this is that the island, to a great extent, is going it alone and has received proportionately small federal grants-in-aid.

Today, even after four years of progress, Bootstrap has a long way to go to help Puerto Ricans live, rather than just exist. The goal is a $2,000,000,000 net income by 1960—a figure well over twice what it is today. The fact that plant workers in Puerto Rico averaged only $16.01 per week in wages last year—and this was an all-time high—indicates even more graphically the scope of the struggle that lies ahead.

Development head Moscoso once said: "Our greatest asset is the wonderful fact that, with no resources to speak of, a people who should be desperate have great hope." With each new factory, with every payday, Puerto Rico is coming closer to eventual success—thereby giving every other "backward nation" cause for courage. ▲▲▲

Girls package sweets at Ponce Candy Industries, which markets in U.S. through [illegible]ms Sales Co.



Huge pipes dwarf workers at the Ponce Cement Company. Government-run at a profit for eight years, plant helped prove industry could succeed, was bought by island's wealthy Ferré family

Puerto Rico Iron Works, also controlled by the Ferré interests, makes much-needed machinery

Textile manufacturing has become a bustling industry. David Reyes works for Puerto Rico Rayon Mills, Inc.

Future hotel dishes are shaped at Caribe China's plant in Vega Baja

New shoes are checked by W. A. Harker (l.) and Jacobo Calder, of Joyce Shoes' P. R. subsidiary

Homes gradually are replacing shacks across the island. Here Eduardo Marcano, his wife (in chair), godchildren and a neighbor sit on porch of his $5,000, 5-room house near San Juan

SOMEONE *Gallant and Gay*

How could Helen fight her—this ghostly girl, this lovely wraith who was never tired or cross, always calm and sweet?

By JOAN AUCOURT

THE minute the bird flew down the chimney, she knew the country house would be unlucky. If a dog follows you home, well and good; if a cat, the best of fortune; but a bird—that's the end. It's common knowledge.

This particular bird, lighting on the Haverfords' new, ashless hearth with a frenzied whirring of wings, gave a wild glance around, and started flying with all its strength at the windows. There were six of them: two—skylights—were large and immovable. Time and again the swallow hurtled through the shocked living-room air, crashed against the cold glass, and fell to the floor. Each time, after a moment of stunned silence, it rose again. At first she just stood there, with her hands over her ears. Then she began to try to open the four movable windows, quietly, rapidly, without frightening the poor creature more.

The children heard the commotion and ran in. She screamed at them: "Stay where you are! Don't move, or I'll spank you both!" Neither of them had been spanked for years. They stood there—a knock-kneed, towheaded boy of eight and a pig-tailed little girl of six—quiet as mice and utterly horrified as they watched the two distraught creatures—the bird and the woman—race and blunder about the room.

Suddenly Bobbie screamed: "It's blind!" and put her face in her hands.

"No it isn't," said Michael. "It just doesn't know what glass is. Shut up."

The bird, exhausted, rested on the hearthstone. Helen, her own heart tolling like bells in a tower, thought she could almost see the bird's small heart breaking with effort against the small feathered breast. If the children had not been there, she knew she could not have ridden the waves of hysteria which rose in the room like heat.

Then, suddenly, amazingly, the bird glanced at the open half of a double window in the far end of the room. Without warning, it rose and flew, low and straight as an arrow, through the center of the small free space and into the blessed air, the enormous, untrammeled world outside.

Everybody kissed everybody and fell in a puddle to the floor.

By the time Fred came home for dinner, it had become a simple sort of adventure so far as the children were concerned. But Helen had been really shaken. Perhaps, she thought afterward, because she had had qualms about moving to the country in any case (all the old questions: Would Fred mind commuting? Would the house cost too much more than they could afford? Would the children like public school? Would I be lonely all day alone in the house? *Would* I be lonely?), she seized upon this absurd bad omen and then, when it began to frighten her in earnest, could not free herself of it.

But, that first evening, she was still confident enough to say casually, after the children had gone to bed, "You don't think it's bad luck, do you?"

Fred stared at her. "Honestly, Helen, for a college graduate— Words fail me. What an old wives' tale!"

Helen had not expected him to take her seriously; it confirmed her very worst suspicions. "I'm part Irish," she countered weakly.

Fred shook his head. "Look, this was a barn. The poor beast was probably a barn swallow. It's all perfectly logical—please." They were both still dog-tired from the moving that had taken place just a week before, and on the verge of a shouting fight.

"It wasn't a *beast.* I'm sorry."

Fred smiled the infuriating smile of the sociology major tolerating a bit of popular mythology. "I tell you what," he said. "We'll build a big fire and send a lot of soot roaring up the chimney. That'll fix 'em."

Did barn swallows dislike the smell? Or were they afraid of getting their feathers dirty? Helen wondered, but she didn't dare ask. In any case, though it was a fine, warm September evening, the Haverfords built an enormous fire, their first in the new house. An uncertain peace descended on them. The chimney drew beautifully, sparks flew upward, and no disheveled bird disturbed the ashes the next day, or indeed any day all winter long.

SO AT least one thing went right—or as right as it could go, after that first disaster. But everything else went wrong, wrong, wrong. The furnace didn't work properly. Both children caught the flu and were sicker than they had been since infancy. The nice new plaster cracked. The paint chipped. The bills descended on them with the cold weather, unanswerable as snow. Fred decided he had to catch earlier and earlier trains to the city, and later and later ones home at night.

Often they rose before dawn, freezing, as the moon set reluctantly behind the bare butternut trees in which a bevy of squirrels had once delighted the children, a long time ago.

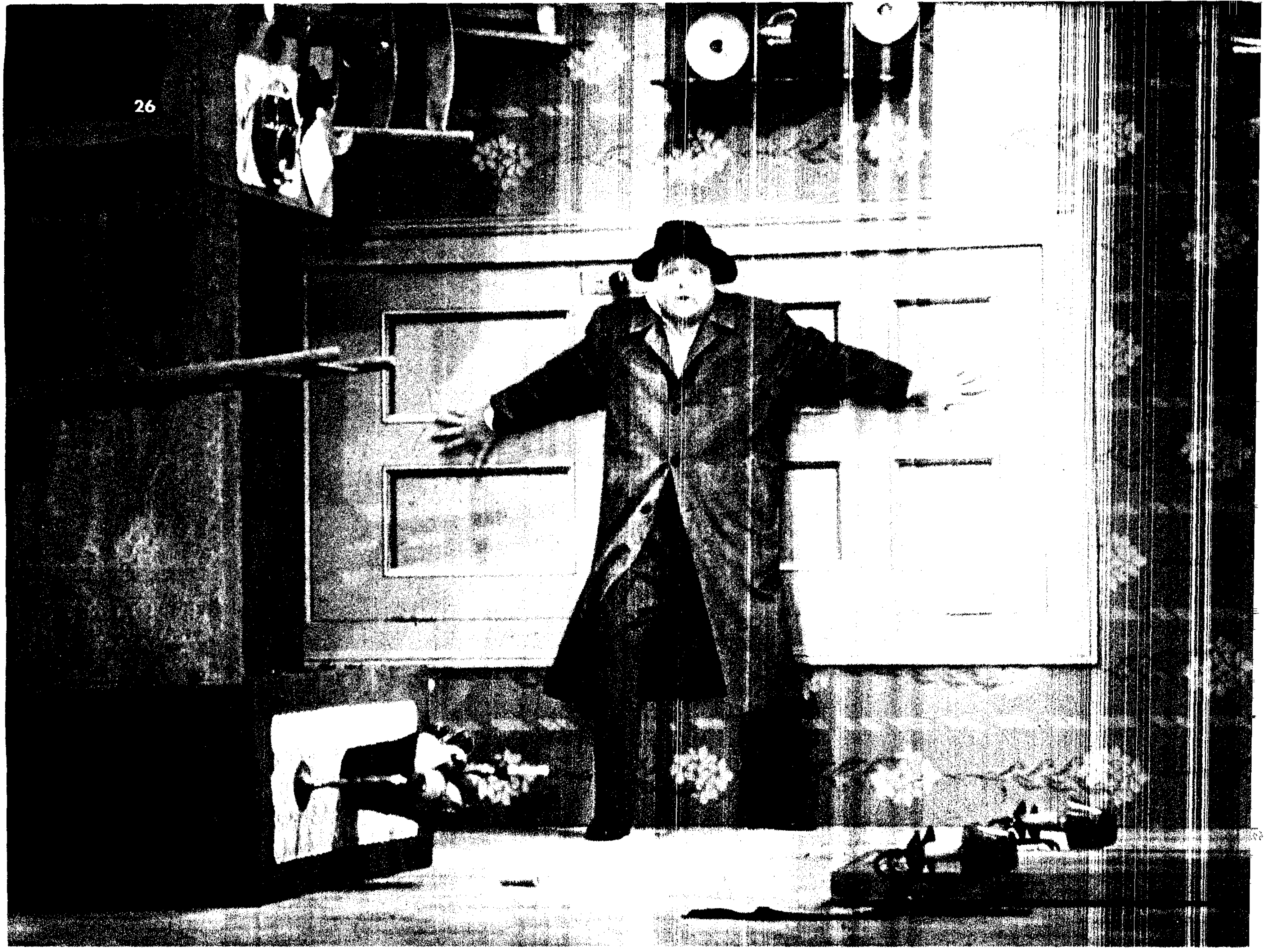
Helen had privately decided that spring was not going to come. She didn't mention this to Fred, because, after all, she had no facts to go on. It was just a dark suspicion. It was, in fact, one of many dark suspicions. The barn, a large and ancient building, surrounded her, calmly enduring the invasion of the Haverfords, as it might endure a particularly troublesome infestation of mice and ants. Its cold was utterly indomitable; driven into odd corners when the furnace worked properly, the invisible, glacial tide flowed back the moment the machinery faltered. The children wore heavy underwear and two sets of sweaters inside the house.

They did not particularly like the local school.

Worst of all, Helen and *(Continued on page 46)*

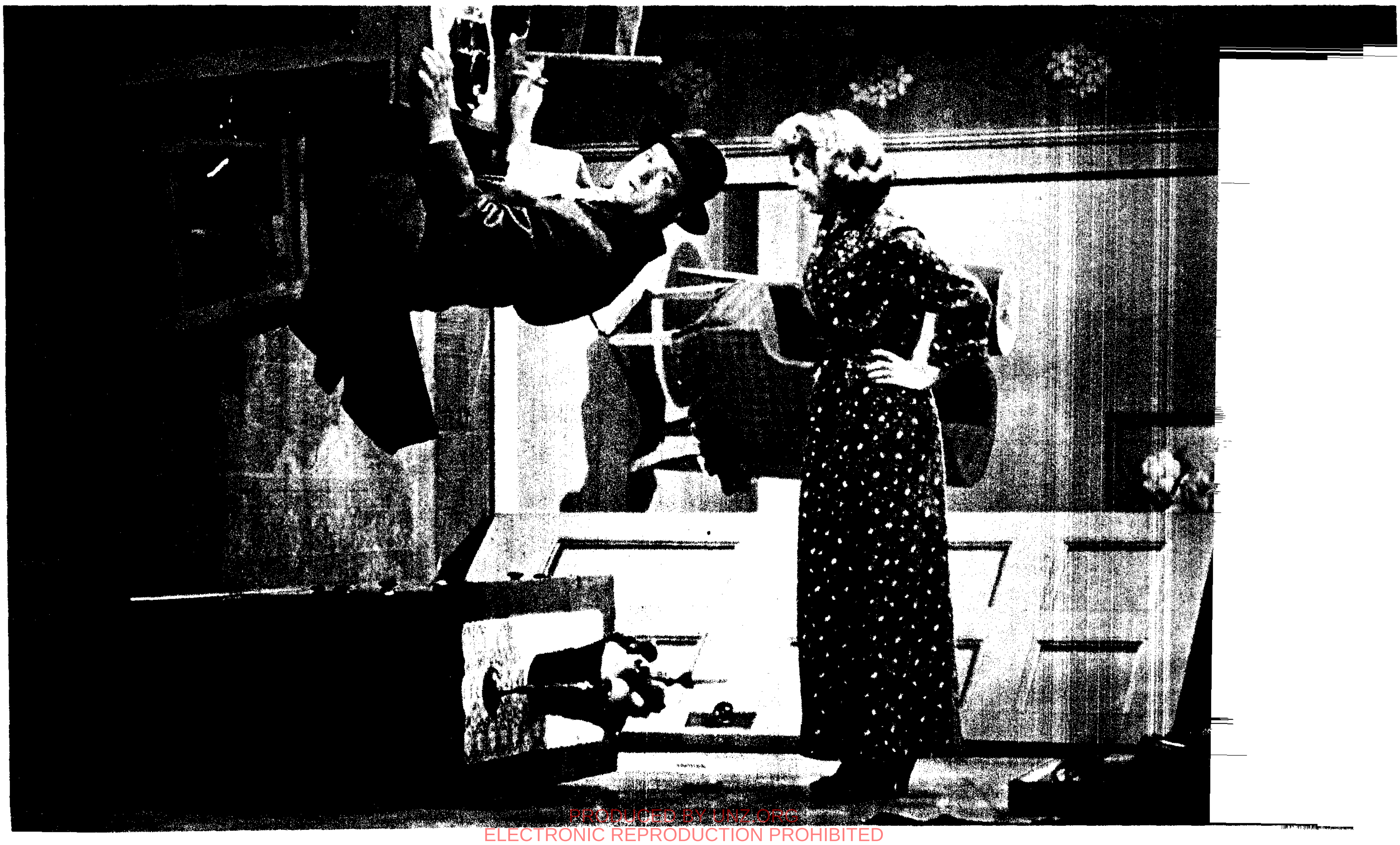
Lifting the lid of the expensive box, gazing at the waxen blossoms, she had a terrible feeling that they weren't really meant for her

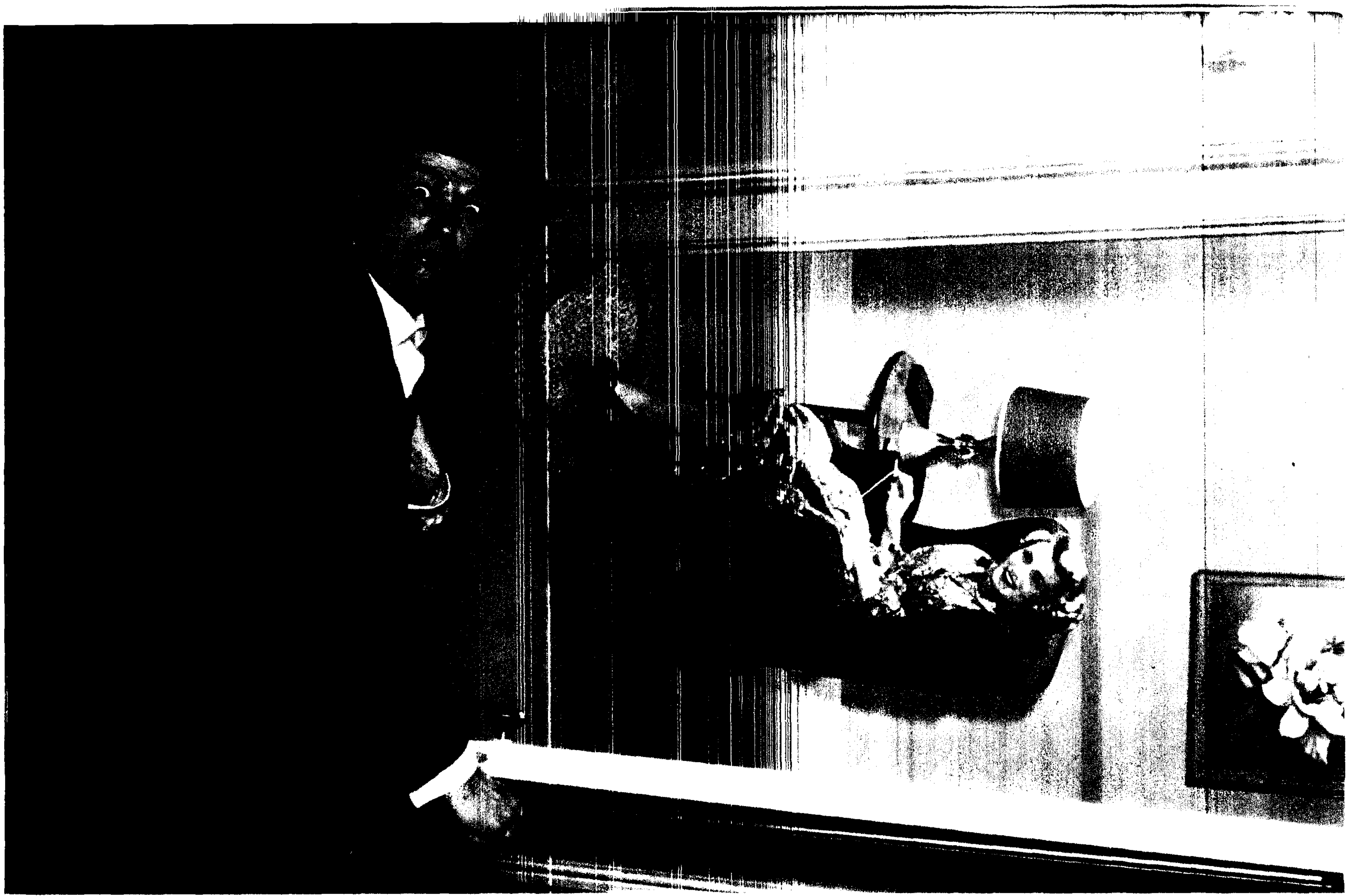
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



In debut of classic comedy skit, TV's Red Skelton, playing befuddled Willie Lump Lump, finds himself standing on wall of

Urged to have coffee by wife, who planned room to perplex him, Willie sits at table. Falling coattail shows which way is really down





Overcome by turned-over room, overwrought Skelton opens turned-over door, finds tipped-over wife, does TV's most awed double-take

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

HELTER SKELTON

RED SKELTON, who for the past six months has been having the time of his entertainment life as a television comedian, is no simple patter and pun humorist. A thirty-eight-year-old circus-bred son of a clown, who has just won the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences "best comedian" award, he is a funnyman of the old school: a cap-and-bells comic in the tradition of the court jester, a punchinello, a buffoon, a mimic, a pantomimist; a helter-skelter, rubber-faced, agile-limbed, nimble-witted classicist in the art of making people laugh.

Every Sunday night over NBC-TV he moves further away from the line-for-line comic chatter of radio, comes closer to total situation comedy. Already his television audiences are turning from the vocal shenanigans of his "mean widdle kid," and looking forward to his finely wrought comic playlets, which depend on sight and action for their laughs. Ever aware that television is here to be seen as well as heard, Skelton is working on the premise that visual humor is often nothing more than an innocent thought pushed to a logical conclusion. By taking a simple situation and giving it free rein he is, according to TV reviewers, creating comedy of the highest order.

Typical of Skelton's latest television technique is a widely praised skit he presented a few weeks ago. Starring one of his favorite incarnations—Willie Lump Lump, a 100-proof, aged-in-the-glass gentlemen—it was based on the simple idea that a character who's had a few too many can't tell which way is up. Following the thought to its inevitable end, Skelton and his writers, production men and set designers built a room in which the "floor" was perpendicular to the ground. Anyone entering it therefore had to walk on the "walls."

The plot of the tale was simple: to teach wayward Willie a lesson, his wife (played by Shirley Mitchell) has a carpenter rearrange her living room to give Willie the impression that it is topsy-turvy. Lump Lump wakes up in this room one morning-after-the-night-before and finds himself lying on a wall. He crawls, scrambles, tumbles and falls about the room, discovering with increasing bewilderment and consternation that nothing seems amiss to his wife. She walks about the wall-papered floor as if nothing at all had happened to set poor Willie's world at right angles to his fuddled brain.

In the entire skit, only 16 lines were spoken. But by the time the show was over, millions of viewers from coast to coast were convulsed with sympathetic laughter. Within an hour 350 phone calls had jammed NBC's Hollywood switchboard, a man had wired inquiring after the sobriety of the cameramen, nine wives of homebred Lump Lumps had asked for blueprints of the diabolical room. By the end of a week 2,860 letters of congratulations were on Skelton's desk. He had brought off one of those rare things—a classic of comedy. And though he claims it took him two hours to become reorientated to the world of normal ups and downs, he's planning to do the topsy-turvy skit again.

SEY CHASSLER

Skelton discusses skit on set with his four writers. Sitting, John Fenton Murray, Red and Marty Rackin. Against "floor" is Jack Douglas. Ben Freedman is in the trick chair

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

She Spells Opportunity

Miss Wil Lou, vigorous and busy at 68, is teacher, mother and social arbiter to 200 students

Miss Wil Lou Gray tracks dow

THERE is a school in South Carolina that prides itself on having a student body which it claims no other school in the country would accept. Grandfathers and their grandchildren, mothers and their children, veterans and their whole families have boarded there and gone to classes together. This year, its members include a Turk who works during the day in a glue factory, a Latvian portrait painter, a handful of preachers, a department-store buyer, an ex-professional baseball player, an old Army man who is interested in making pottery, and an independent businessman worth more than $50,000.

It is the Opportunity School of South Carolina, near Columbia, the only state-supported, general-education boarding school for adults in the country. Its students, who range in age from 14 to 70, come to earn high-school certificates, to learn to read and write, or just to increase their education.

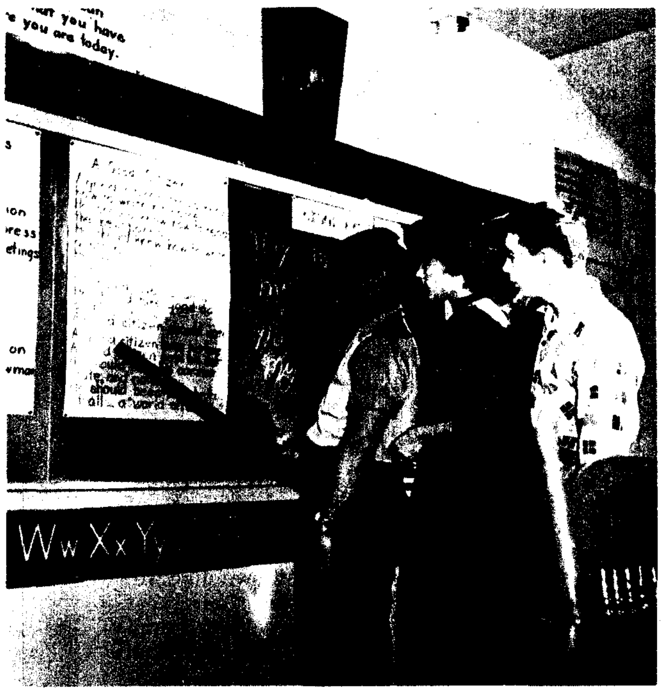
The staff of the Opportunity School, unimpressed with the uniqueness of the 200-odd members in the current student body, reminisces wistfully about the alumni. There was the countrywoman who wore ravelings from a sugar sack around her ankles to keep the aches and pains away; the mountain boy who turned off the dormitory lights by unscrewing the bulbs and putting them in a drawer; the student who had to be persuaded for three weeks before he would turn in his pistol.

Not long ago, a young woman, astonished at what education had done to her helpmeet, came to the school and said, "I want to see the lady who changed my husband's insides. He's different now, and I want to see the lady who did it."

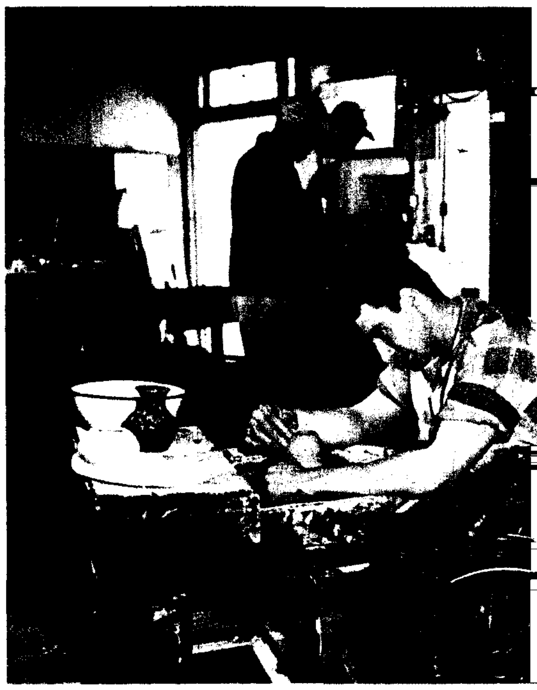
She was introduced to Miss Wil Lou Gray, the director of the Opportunity School.

Miss Gray, called Miss Wil Lou all over South

Helen Pearce (l.), Gerald Boatwright and Barbara Brown in class. Helen is from Canada; Gerald is short-order cook, did 14 months' work in one semester



Many students at the school are just getting started on primary education. Woodrow Lee (l.), Gladys Banks and Jack Hester study "Good Citizenship" chart in a classroom. Note basic writing exercise on blackboard



Marvin Baker (in the wheel chair) and former Sergeant Cecil Burden make pottery in ceramics shop. School offers academic and vocational courses; these men divide the time, taking both

with Three R's

By WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.

olks in need of education and teaches 'em everything from the alphabet to table manners

Carolina, would feel unemployed if she couldn't be mother, Dutch uncle, teacher and sometimes warden to as odd an assortment of students as was ever gathered under one roof. A rotund, white-haired woman of sixty-eight with impudent blue eyes, she rules the school in a gusty, humorous voice, like a matriarch, until everybody has gone to bed. Then she retires into her small, cluttered office and schemes about getting one more adult out of a swamp or off the side of a mountain for a second chance at education.

During her 49 years as an educator, Miss Wil Lou has never been interested in just doing what she calls "poking book learning into folks." She is intent on seeing that her students make a good life for themselves.

As a result of his very brief encounter with Miss Wil Lou's sort of schooling, one mountain man, determined to improve his way of living, boarded up a hole in the kitchen floor that his wife had been walking around for years. The wife wrote a thank-you letter—she said she was still walking around that place, but she'd be grateful when she got used to it.

Miss Wil Lou has never counted on people coming after an education; she has gone after them. In the early days, she walked or drove an open buggy. Now, she drives a car. Recently, Miss Wil Lou and a preacher were driving along, and she inadvertently went through a red light. Two policemen halted them. Before she let the officers get away, she made one of them promise he would go back and finish high school.

Her co-workers say that Miss Gray is incurably optimistic about people, that once she decides a man is worth educating, she is as stubborn as a mule about giving up on him. The whole staff of the Opportunity School, with the exception of Miss Wil Lou, voted unanimously 18 times to expel one student. She refused to hear of it. He got himself straightened out; now, she proudly points out, he is the chief clerk in one of the big hotels in a large Eastern city.

It doesn't always work out that way, of course. Once, over everybody's objections, Miss Wil Lou had a boy paroled from the penitentiary to the Opportunity School. He promptly ran off with the cashbox. A Columbia newspaperman, who had always felt that her humanity was a little excessive, heard about this. Not long after, there was a local prison break, and he wryly checked her house to see if she was harboring any fugitives.

No Trouble with Rugged Students

Miss Wil Lou gets along as effortlessly with the hard-bitten male students as she does with the members of the Methodist Missionary Society. This last Christmas season, she wandered into a class of grown men in the night school, a group that she has much more limited contact with than the boarding students, and told them she wanted them to sing a few holiday songs. "You all miss a lot of the life of the school, and I worry about it," she said. "Let's sing Jingle Bells."

The rugged-looking bunch—which included an auto mechanic, a floor sander, a mill hand, a bus driver and a hospital cook, among others—fell right into Jingle Bells. Miss Wil Lou leaned back against one of the classroom windows with her hands in her coat pockets, as relaxed as Huckleberry Finn. When the song was over, she nodded abruptly. "Better than the day school," she announced with satisfaction, and left.

Miss Wil Lou is interested in the alumni, all 7,000 of them. She worries about the ones who have what she calls "the walking fits" (periodic desertion of wife and family); about the ones with extravagant wives who buy expensive appliances before she thinks they can afford to; and about the ones whose children disappoint them. Worries like this have plagued her for 30 years.

The Opportunity School grew out of an experiment that Miss Wil Lou conducted in 1921, when she was State Supervisor of Adult Schools for South Carolina. In that year, she established a month-long vacation boarding school in the little mountain community of Tamassee. The Daughters of the American Revolution provided the building, and the State Department of Education paid the teacher.

The total operating capital of the school consisted of a case of salmon, a barrel of flour and $140—all donations.

The tuition was $1 or the equivalent. Throughout the session, the floor was gritty with sugar that had leaked out of the sacks brought by students who couldn't afford the dollar. Seventeen young women below the fifth-grade level in education boarded, and 19 young men attended at night. During the session, the well went dry; a neighborhood mountain feud almost brought about a killing in the yard; and the food nearly gave out. But the experiment was a success.

The school at Tamassee was the beginning of Miss Wil Lou's most beloved project, but has been only one of her many ventures in education.

Wil Lou Gray was born in Laurens, South Carolina, August 29, 1883. In spite of the fact that her family belonged to the well-to-do planter aristocracy, and that she came

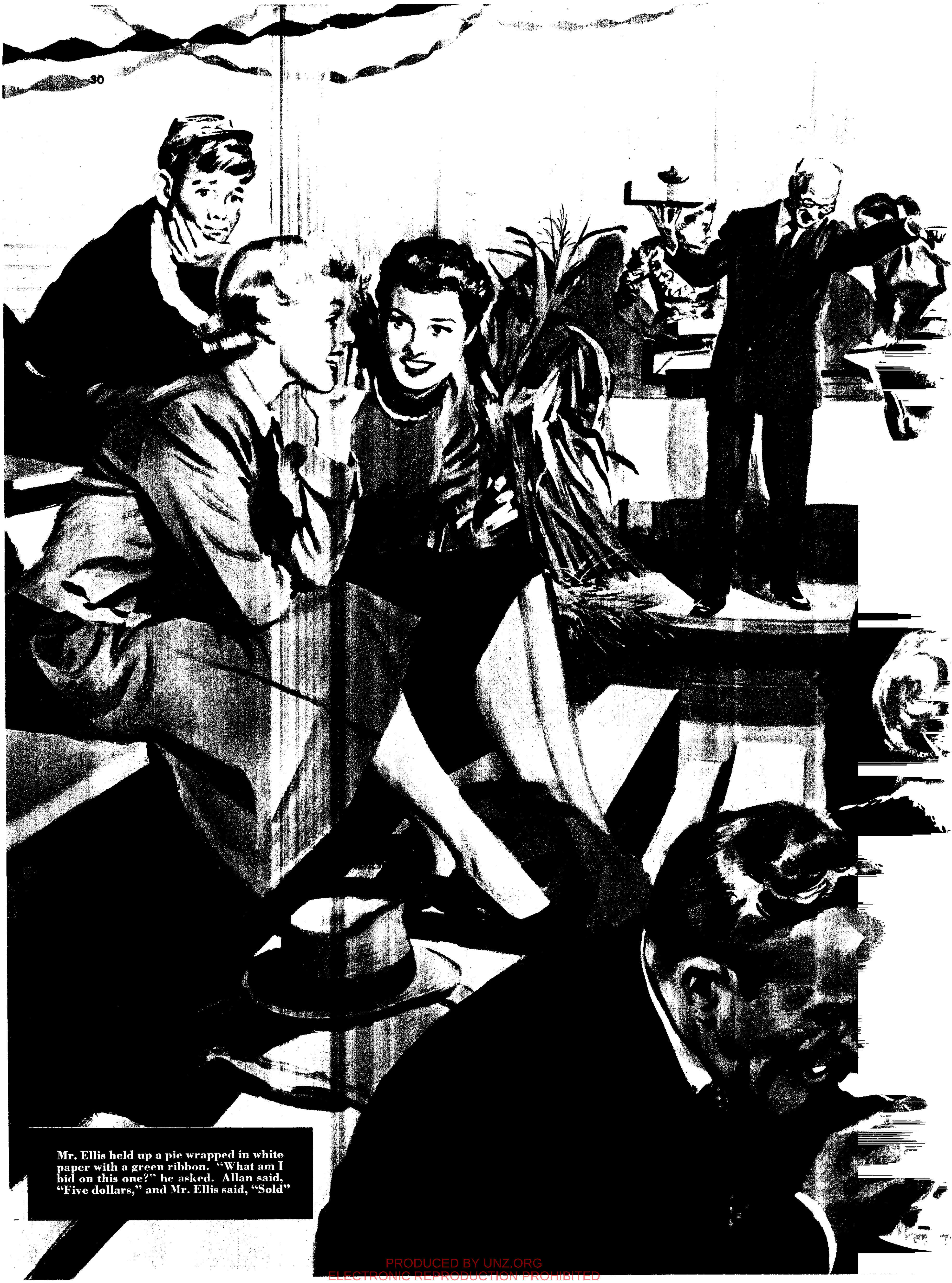
(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

Students live in pleasant rooms like this one. Ann Price (l.), shown chatting with Jacqueline McDaniel, is deaf; she's taking typing. School cooperates with state speech and hearing program

Ida Major (l.) was student, now teaches. Lloyd Nolan (kneeling) quit school as kid; Margaret Bruce missed 10 years by illness. Now they're catching up. Ober Causey (r.) lost legs in war, needs schooling for job

Children of students and teachers attend nursery school, get same instruction in table manners as older folks. Here they say grace before eating the midday meal



Mr. Ellis held up a pie wrapped in white paper with a green ribbon. "What am I bid on this one?" he asked. Allan said, "Five dollars," and Mr. Ellis said, "Sold"

The Town That Remembered

Ever since my brother Allan came home from Korea, he'd been acting this funny way—soreheaded, Mr. Ellis called it—and none of us could figure out why. It was breaking Mom's heart

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

IT WAS eight minutes to four last Thursday afternoon when Tuffy Hicks shot me with a spitball for the last time in his life. Unless he's a liar. And the next to last time if he is.

Miss Wilson was reading Huckleberry Finn to us. She always reads for the last fifteen minutes of the day, and it's okay; it's fifteen minutes when you can let your brain rest. But it's also fifteen minutes when Tuffy Hicks gets away with murder in there. A lot of stuff goes on in that seventh grade any time that Miss Wilson never notices, and the last couple of weeks it seemed like she was getting more absent-minded. Staring out the window a lot, chewing her lip, looking kind of sad. And sometimes I'd catch her looking at me with a funny expression. Why me? It was Tuffy she should of been watching. What did *I* do, except get spitballed until it was making a nervous wreck out of me?

I don't mess with girls like some of them guys in the eighth grade, but if I did, I'd mess with one like Miss Wilson. My brother Allan went with her before he got called back into the Army, but something went phht with them, I guess. Don't ask me. Anyway, Miss Wilson is blonde and not very big, with brown eyes and the nicest smile you ever saw. But she made me nervous, just the same, watching me.

Well, last Thursday the north wind was rattling the windowpanes, and I was worrying about having seventy-three papers to deliver in the cold after school. Allan used to deliver the Chronicle before he got promoted to sports editor. That's how I got the job, I guess. Influence. I wanted to start out as sports editor, but Mr. Ellis said you got to start at the bottom and work up. That's the bottom all right, delivering seventy-three weekly papers on a day like last Thursday.

So I looked at the clock, just as Tuffy got me in the neck—*whap!* Boy, I was sick of that stuff. I turned around and looked at him. "Cut it out," I said, whispering. "Watch that stuff, boy!"

"Who, me?" he said, acting innocent. "Me, Fatso?"

Fatso! That burned me. I scowled at him, thinking of all the things I'd like to do to him, and he said: "It must of been two other guys, Puss-gut. Two guys named Glibbleflinger."

"Keep on, boy," I said. "You're gonna get it, boy."

"I already got it, Puss-gut," he said. "I got it for Christmas."

That's how it always was. He outtalked me, and all I could do was scowl at him and wish I could get even and know I couldn't. Funny Miss Wilson couldn't catch Tuffy sometime. I thought about tipping her off, but I didn't. I got no use for a stool pigeon. If you want to look at it from another angle, Tuffy ain't got no use for a stool pigeon, either.

About a million times a week I'd been thinking: Heck, getting it in the neck with a spitball never stunted nobody's growth. But this time I had enough. I wasn't going to put up with no more of it. I imagined myself walking up to him. "Take this, boy," I'd say, and I'd paralyze him with a left. "From now on, boy," I'd say, "you call me Mister Kelly. No more Puss-gut, or Fatso, or Blubber-gut. Mister Kelly, see, boy?" I looked out the window at the trees shivering in the wind, and I thought: That's what Allan would do, probably.

Well, everybody knew Allan was hot-tempered. And I guess everybody knew I was cold-tempered, too. Besides, Allan just got back from Korea, where he was wounded in the leg. Fist fighting would seem easy to him. He was used to fighting with guns and knives.

THE bell rang while I was sitting there, with my mind torturing Tuffy. Everybody made a break for the door. Not me. I thought: No more spitballs. And I went up the aisle to Miss Wilson's desk, feeling hot under the collar. "Yes, David?" she said, and I said: "I got to change seats. I got to move."

"Why?" she said, and I nearly told her, but then I just said: "I guess the light hurts my eyes. It glares on the blackboard where I sit."

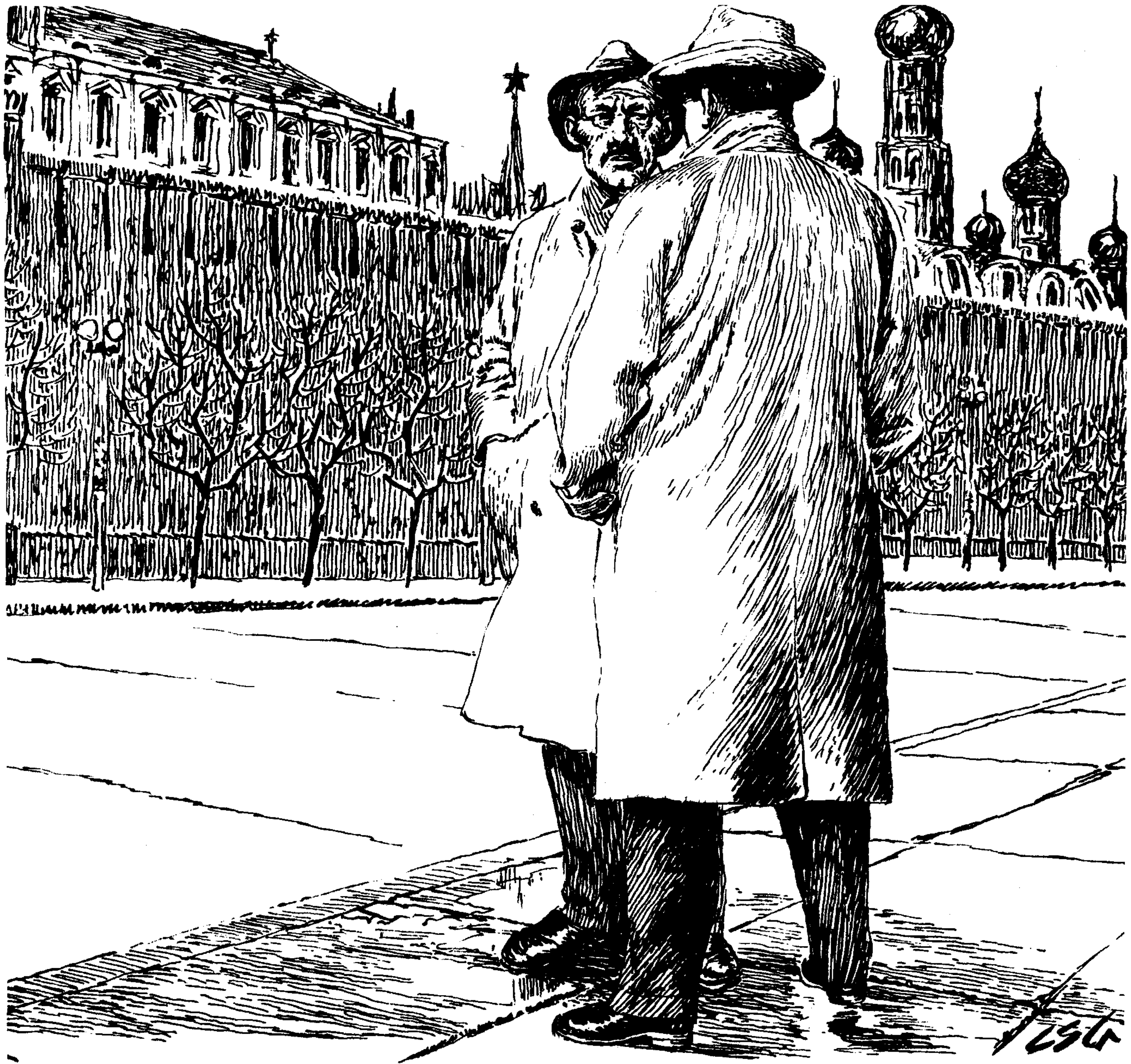
"I'm not sure that's a valid excuse," she said, "but I see no reason why you shouldn't move if you like. Take any of the empty seats you happen to develop a yen for." She smiled then. "By the way, if you're going downtown, I'll give you a lift to the Chronicle office."

Well, that was a break. I helped carry her stuff out to the car, and Tuffy and a couple of guys were standing around across the street like they were fixing to dry-gulch somebody, and I didn't have to guess who.

Miss Wilson shivered and said it was cold, and I agreed, and she said: "Speaking of cold, how is Allan?" That makes sense?

"Who, Allan?" I said. "Okay, I guess," and she said, "I haven't seen him around." Well, I could of told her, if she went to the pool hall she'd *(Continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Hambrick was almost too surprised to reply. "Hello," he said, finally. "You speak English?"

The Kremlin Walls

By W. L. HEATH

ROBERT HAMBRICK stood at the corner of Gorky Street and Mokhovaya and looked across the wet expanse of pavement toward the Kremlin. The high, mustard-colored walls rose forbiddingly against the winter sky, and there were traces of snow among the towers and battlements.

The American Embassy was less than a block away, to his right, but he had decided earlier to take the long walk around the Kremlin for the sake of exercise. He was in no particular hurry. When the light changed, he crossed Mokhovaya and walked past the Moskva Hotel and up the low hill toward Red Square. It was late afternoon, and the streets were crowded with workers, bundled up in their drab, shabby clothes. At the bus stop in front of the hotel, a group of women, wearing boots and scarves, were sweeping the gutter with brooms.

The setting was familiar to Hambrick; he paid little attention to what he saw. During his three years as a news-service correspondent in Moscow, he had taken this same walk a hundred times. He knew the dreary streets and the tired, grim faces almost as well as he knew, or remembered, the streets and faces of home. And he was sick of it all—sick of Russia, this big, bleak, depressing country which seemed to have but a single mood, like a somber chord struck repeatedly or the distant tolling of some giant iron-throated bell.

At first he'd thought of it as picturesque—log cabins with carved bargeboards and gaily painted shutters; the peasants themselves, red-faced and vigorous—and he had liked the brooding churches with their multiple spires and cupolas rimed and etched with wind-blown snow. But gradually the spell of melancholy had taken hold, and with it had come the subtle and insistent longing for home. He wanted to go home again.

He saw a straggling line of people waiting to go through Lenin's tomb as he crossed Red Square. Ahead of him, at the foot of the enormous square, St. Basil's Church squatted grotesquely. As he passed the gate near the east corner of the Kremlin wall, he heard a bell ring and looked up to see a small red light flashing above the doors. The guards snapped to attention, the gates swung open, and a black sedan with curtains drawn shot through and rolled across the square. He paused to watch this, then walked on, down the hill past St. Basil's, and turned right along the side of the wall which faced the river.

He crossed the street and leaned against the granite balustrade, looking down into the muddy, sluggish waters of the Moscow River. There was broken ice in the water, like pieces of a huge, meaningless jigsaw puzzle, and some of the ice had dirty snow on it. He thought of other rivers he'd seen: the blue-green Irrawaddy in Burma, the Salween. And he thought of the weariness and longing for home that had haunted him, and all the rest of them, even then, nine years ago, from Casablanca to Shanghai—in the sun-blistered, dusty deserts of North Africa, the smoke-colored mud of Abadan, on across India to Bhamo, Kunming, and Luichow to Shanghai.

For a while they thought they had seen the end of it; they were going home. But now in 1952 he was away again, still away, still hoping to be "rotated," as the GIs put it, longing to be relieved of this exilelike duty which seemed at once so important and so futile.

SUDDENLY he gave a start. Someone had touched his arm. He turned to see an elderly, tired-looking little man, dressed in a faded blue overcoat and a battered gray hat.

"How do you do?" the stranger said.

Hambrick was almost too surprised to reply. "Hello," he said, finally. "You speak English?"

"Yes, a little. You look to be lonely. I wanted to speak to you."

"That's very nice of you," Hambrick said. "I'm glad you did."

"Every evening I see you here," the stranger said. "You walk so slowly, and always you stop here by the river. I think to myself you are a lonely man."

Hambrick smiled in his embarrassment. "I guess I'm a little homesick," he said. "I've been away a long time."

"Yes." The stranger glanced apprehensively over his shoulder.

Hambrick studied his face. "Aren't you afraid to be seen talking to me like this?"

"Not so much afraid." He smiled wearily. "It is late and few people walk this way. I think it is not dangerous."

"May I ask where you learned English?"

"I learn it while I was a child. My father was in the diplomat service, and we lived for a time in England." He smiled again and made an odd little gesture. "I am surprise I may still speak it. It is a long time. You are able to understand?"

"Perfectly."

The stranger looked at him intently with his small, dark eyes. "I know who you are. You are name Hambrick, and you write in the American newspapers.

"That's right."

"I see you here, walking every day, and I say to myself, 'Tomorrow I will speak to him.' Many times I say this before I am encouraged to do it."

"I'm glad you did," Hambrick repeated. "It was kind of you. But I am puzzled. Why did you want to speak to me?"

"I want to ask what worries you, why you walk always this lonely way," the stranger said. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking of home," Hambrick said, and was immediately surprised to hear himself utter such a glib and somehow melodramatic confession.

"So I thought," the stranger replied matter-of-factly. "You are perhaps wondering why you do not go home. Why you do not give up this—this unhopeful task, and go home. I am right?"

"Yes. In a way, you are quite right."

"I am going to tell you why you cannot go home," the stranger said. "I am going to tell to you the reason why you must not go home." He turned and raised his hand toward the Kremlin walls.

"These walls do not let you go home," he said. "They are between you and your home. To want for home is to want to be safe, to want no more worry. Home is what stands for this feeling. It would not be successful for you to go home. It would not be escape, as you may think.

"You must stay and write the little reports of news, even though the censors mark them to pieces, because each one that goes to America carries in it a little piece of truth that may not be marked out. Each report is like a small piece of a picture that you and a few others are making for the people of the world. It is a portrait picture—the face of the enemy."

Hambrick stared at him with amazement. "Who are you?"

"I am no one," the little stranger said. "I am not a commissar, nor a secret police. I am not a Communist." He drew himself up and looked at Hambrick proudly. "I am a Russian."

Hambrick watched him walk slowly away along the river, in the shadow of the walls. It was almost dark now, and a few flakes of snow had begun to fall.

▲▲▲

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I Am a Supermarket Detective

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

consistently short for almost a year—the latest almost $1,100 in the red.

The poor guy knew how to merchandise food, but he couldn't run a tight store. The foodlifters were taking everything but his shelves. He's clerking in a shoe store now for about one third the salary he was getting as a supermarket manager. That's one of the reasons why I haven't much sympathy for foodlifters. When I arrest them, I figure I'm just protecting my job.

First Thefts Usually Small

Most foodlifters start out modestly by stealing something small—usually a quarter pound of butter. But they get bolder and greedier in a hurry. I grabbed one lady recently with six items worth $9.63: one pound of butter, two pounds of bacon, one box of black pepper, one-half pint of whipping cream, one tube of tooth paste and a $5.95 rib roast.

She dropped the small items into the extra-big pockets of her loose-fitting coat and carried the seven-pound roast wedged between her legs.

When she waddled out of the store, I followed her for two blocks. Finally, the roast slipped. "Lady," I said, "maybe we ought to go back and pay for some of this stuff."

Apparently, there is no limit to a foodlifter's ingenuity. Offhand, you might think that a one-pound can of coffee represented a bulky, theftproof item. But I recently picked up a woman who had her coffee problem neatly solved. Here's how she did it.

Before entering one of our supermarkets, she stopped at a nearby bakery and bought a loaf of bread. She also obtained from the bakery an extra white-paper bag similar to the bag containing her loaf of bread. Then, carrying that extra bag folded in her coat pocket, she picked a pound of our coffee off our shelves, unfolded the extra bag, slipped the can of coffee into the bag, and dropped the bag into her shopping basket.

At the checkout desk, our cashier—seeing two identical white paper bags—naturally assumed each contained a loaf of bread. That's how one clever foodlifter parlayed a paper bag into an 83-cent can of coffee, not once, but dozens of times.

Eventually, even the cleverest foodlifter gets caught. For example, there was the woman wearing a red hat and a loose-fitting brown fur coat who walked into one of our Chicago markets two months ago. Coming up the left aisle (away from the entrance) she dropped a large box of breakfast cereal into her push-basket; then she picked off a can of sardines, a jar of boned chicken and a pound of butter.

Reversing directions, she started down the center aisle toward the front of the store, stopping twice to take a package of shelled pecans and a bottle of maraschino cherries. Then came the tip-off. As she bent forward—apparently to rearrange the items in her basket—I saw her right shoulder jerk a couple of times.

A clerk on the floor wouldn't have noticed those telltale jerks. But I had a better view. I was sitting comfortably on a case of soup on a catwalk above the meat counter at the rear of the store. Of course, the lady in the red hat couldn't see me, because my perch was screened by cardboard paneling. But I could spot every move she made through my peephole, and those shoulder jerks meant only one thing to me—the lady was putting something away under her coat.

Just as I suspected, when she turned her push-basket around and started back toward me again, two items were missing from her tray—the boned chicken (59 cents) and the butter (88 cents).

"Harry," I called, not too loud, "Red Hat—center aisle."

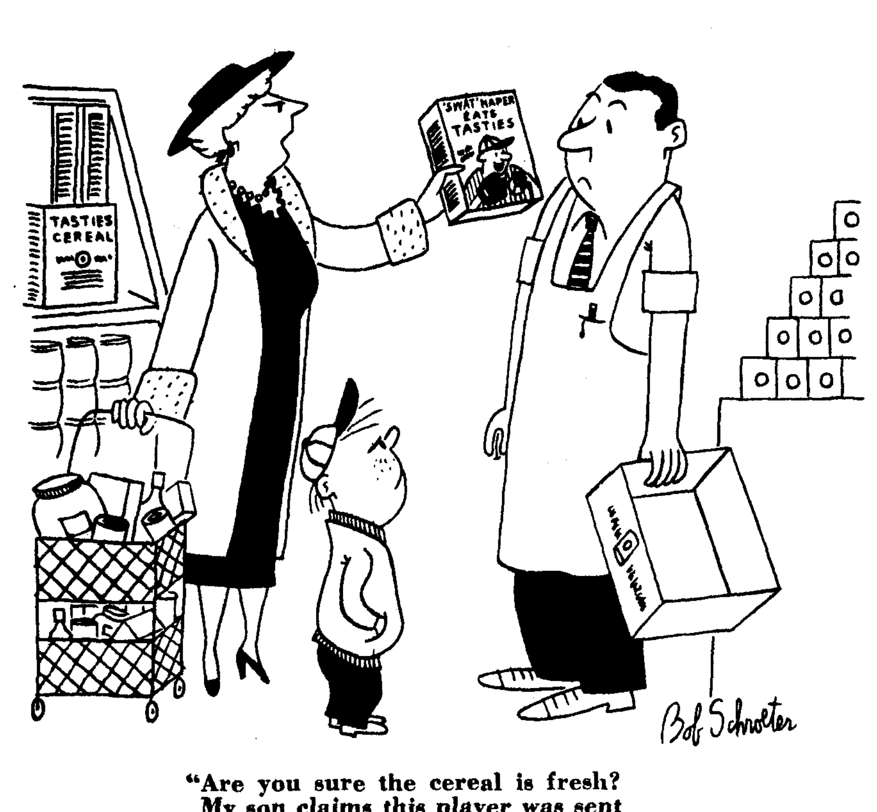
Another Sleuth on the Watch

My partner Harry, who's been working with me for the last six months, was hunched over at another peephole about 10 yards away on the catwalk—in a perfect position to observe the middle and right aisles. As Red Hat crossed over to work the right side of the store, Harry took her under observation. Pretty soon, he crawled over beside me and reported:

"She ditched a canned ham and a pound of bacon. What else she got?"

"Boned chicken and butter," I said. "Let's grab her."

When we escorted Red Hat to the man-

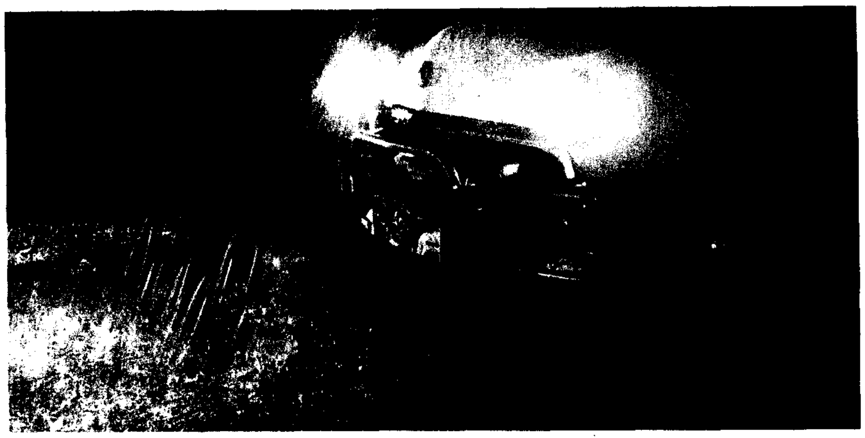


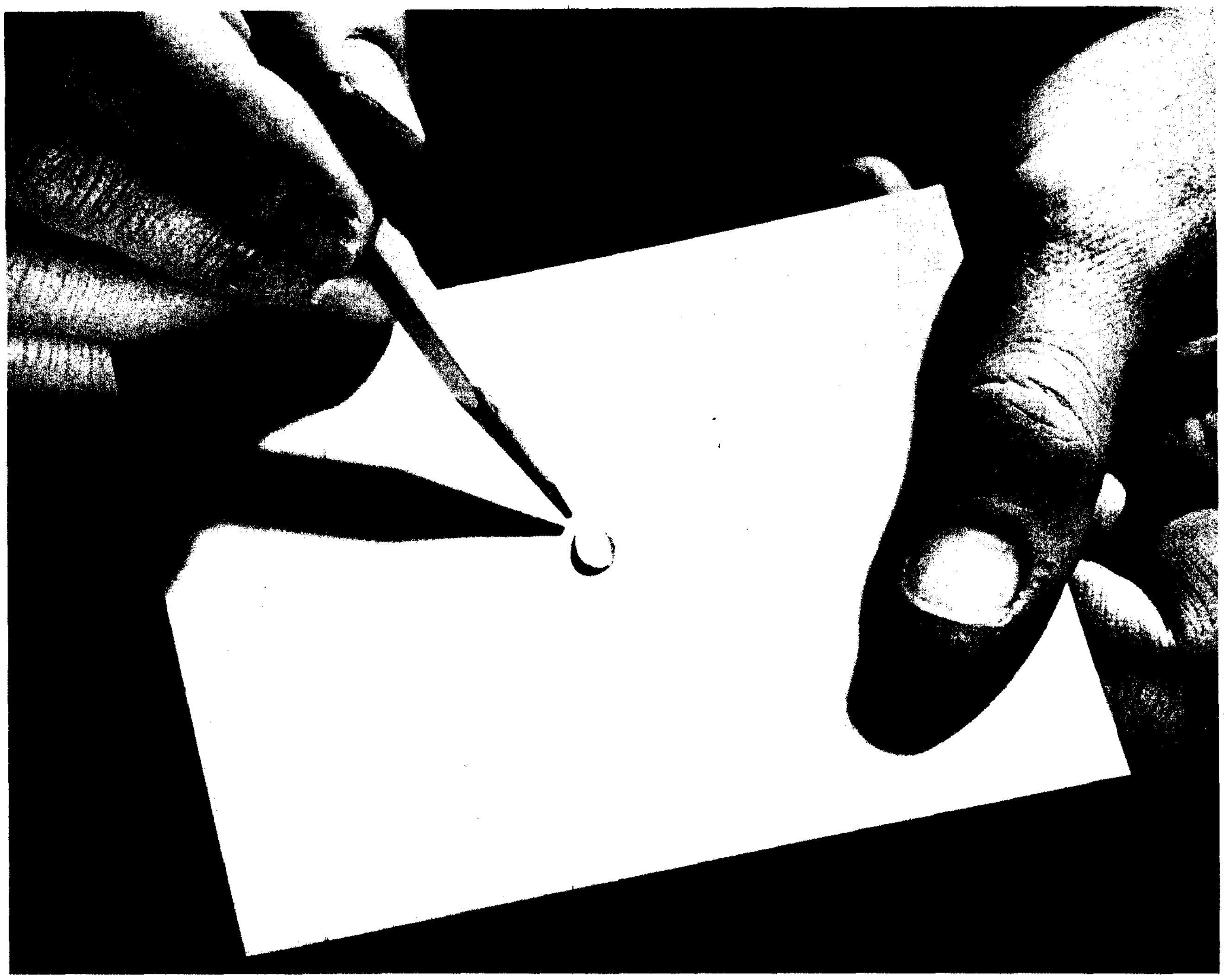
COLLIER'S

"Are you sure the cereal is fresh? My son claims this player was sent back to the minor leagues ages ago!"

BOB SCHROETER

There is a difference in sealed-beam headlamps

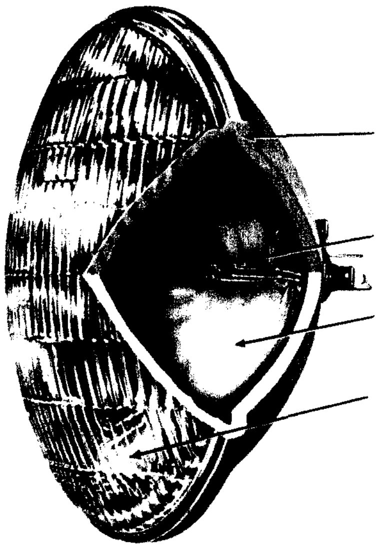




...and this is it

All-Glass sealed-beam headlamps do not grow dim

When moisture collects inside a headlamp and deteriorates the reflector, it cuts light output. Unless your headlamps are All-Glass, you may be able actually to see traces of moisture inside. But there's one way to be *sure* your headlamps are not growing dim. Replace them with G-E All-Glass headlamps. Because they're *All-Glass*, all one big bulb, there's no way for water to get in. Tests show that General Electric sealed-beam headlamps average 99% as much light after years of service as when new. For your safety and driving pleasure, be sure to specify G-E All-Glass headlamps.



One-piece All-Glass construction. Dirt and moisture can't get in.

Filaments held in vise-like grip. Can't shake loose.

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You can put your confidence in—

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ager's office, Harry asked her to turn her coat pockets inside out. She did—and we got our first big surprise. The pockets were empty. Then Red Hat took off her coat, so Harry could examine the sleeves and lining, and we made another disconcerting discovery—Red Hat was pregnant. It looked like we were in real trouble. An attractive woman in Red Hat's delicate condition could make a couple of cops look awfully bad in court. On a false-arrest suit, a sympathetic jury might award her as much as $10,000 damages.

But those items which vanished under Red Hat's coat had to be somewhere. Harry summoned the woman cashier who'd checked Red Hat's order. Pointing to Red Hat, Harry told the cashier: "See what she's got on her."

The cashier took Red Hat into the women employees' dressing room and closed the door. About 10 seconds later, the cashier popped out again, grinning.

"Relax," she told Harry. "Your lady friend just gave birth to a bouncing six-pound ham."

That wasn't all. The cashier recovered the other missing items—the chicken, butter and bacon—snugly tucked away with the canned ham in a deep-pocketed apron which Red Hat was wearing under her expansive maternity skirt. No wonder she looked pregnant.

Gallant Manager Aids a Lady

I thought I knew all the foodlifter's tricks, but Red Hat taught me something new with her phony maternity act. Later, I discovered one of our managers once insisted upon carrying her purchases to her parked car. On that occasion, she paid for $2.17 worth of merchandise and lifted an additional $8.22 with a gallant assist from the manager.

Red Hat carried about $600 worth of stolen food from our stores last year. The largest supermarket in our chain grosses slightly more than $60,000 a week. So, remembering our one per cent profit margin, you don't have to be a C.P.A. to figure out that during 1951 one of our biggest stores worked one whole week *for* Red Hat.

However, clever as she was, Red Hat made the inevitable mistake which eventually betrays every foodlifter—*she didn't keep her eyes on the food.* Instead, as she entered the store (the afternoon I caught her), she continually darted little glances here and there, spotting the clerks, watching the other customers—waiting for the favorable moment to put her loot away. From my peephole perch, those quick glances stood out as conspicuously as her red hat.

Of course, there's many a slip 'twixt spotting a foodlifter and catching her with the stolen goods. When I first spotted Red Hat, she was in a shopping aisle with some 35 other customers—two of whom were equally likely suspects.

The Woman in the Tweed Coat

There was the elderly woman in the tweed coat who already had completed three of the four preliminary steps which usually result in the sudden disappearance of a pound of butter. Specifically, Tweed Coat had dropped her large alligator-skin purse in the push-basket (step one), and placed the coin purse in her coat pocket (step two); she had dropped a pound of butter alongside her alligator purse in the push-basket (step three).

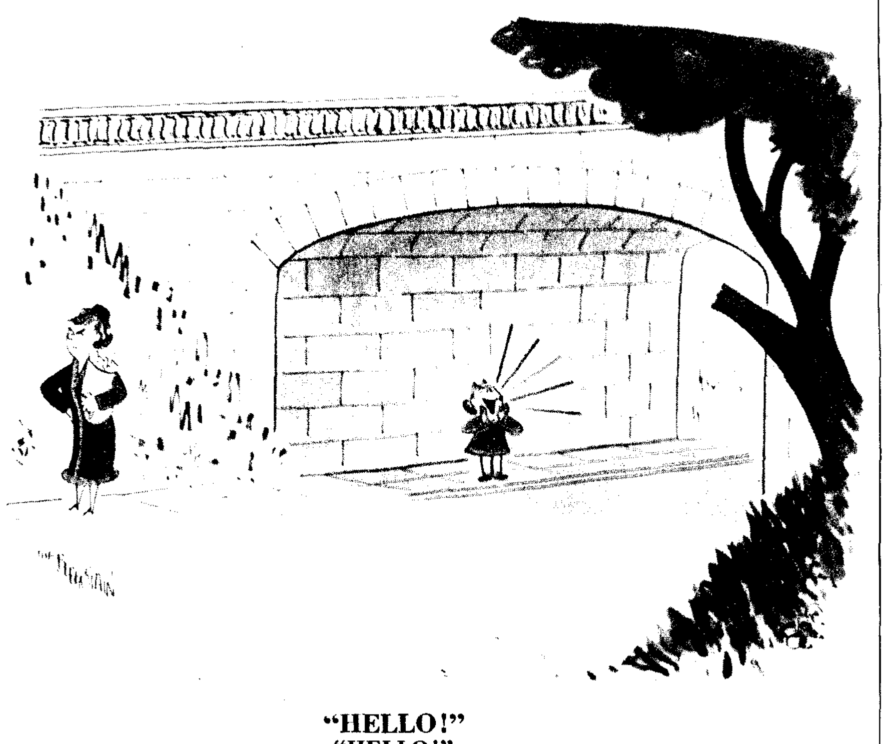
Now, Tweed Coat was in perfect position to execute step four—the quick flip which rolls the butter into the purse in the push-basket. From there on, it would be easy. She'd keep her large alligator-skin purse closed, take the coin purse from her pocket, pay the cashier for her other purchases and walk out with the butter. Nothing to it.

While I waited for Tweed Coat to flip the butter, Red Hat picked up the boned chicken (always a hot foodlifting item). Then the skinny guy wearing the tan topcoat started down the aisle, walking fast and juggling a can of top-grade tuna in his right hand. That was bad. Ninety-nine per cent of your food jugglers are honest husbands rushing to pick up that item their wives forgot. But a larcenous juggler gives you fits. Like this:

First he juggles an item—usually a small can—for a moment on the tips of his fingers, very casually; next, a flick of the fingers sends the can up his coat sleeve; then, his hand slips into his coat pocket, again very casually; the can drops out of his coat sleeve into his coat pocket and presto!—the can has disappeared permanently.

So, traffic was mighty heavy, what with Red Hat, Tweed Coat and Juggler on the

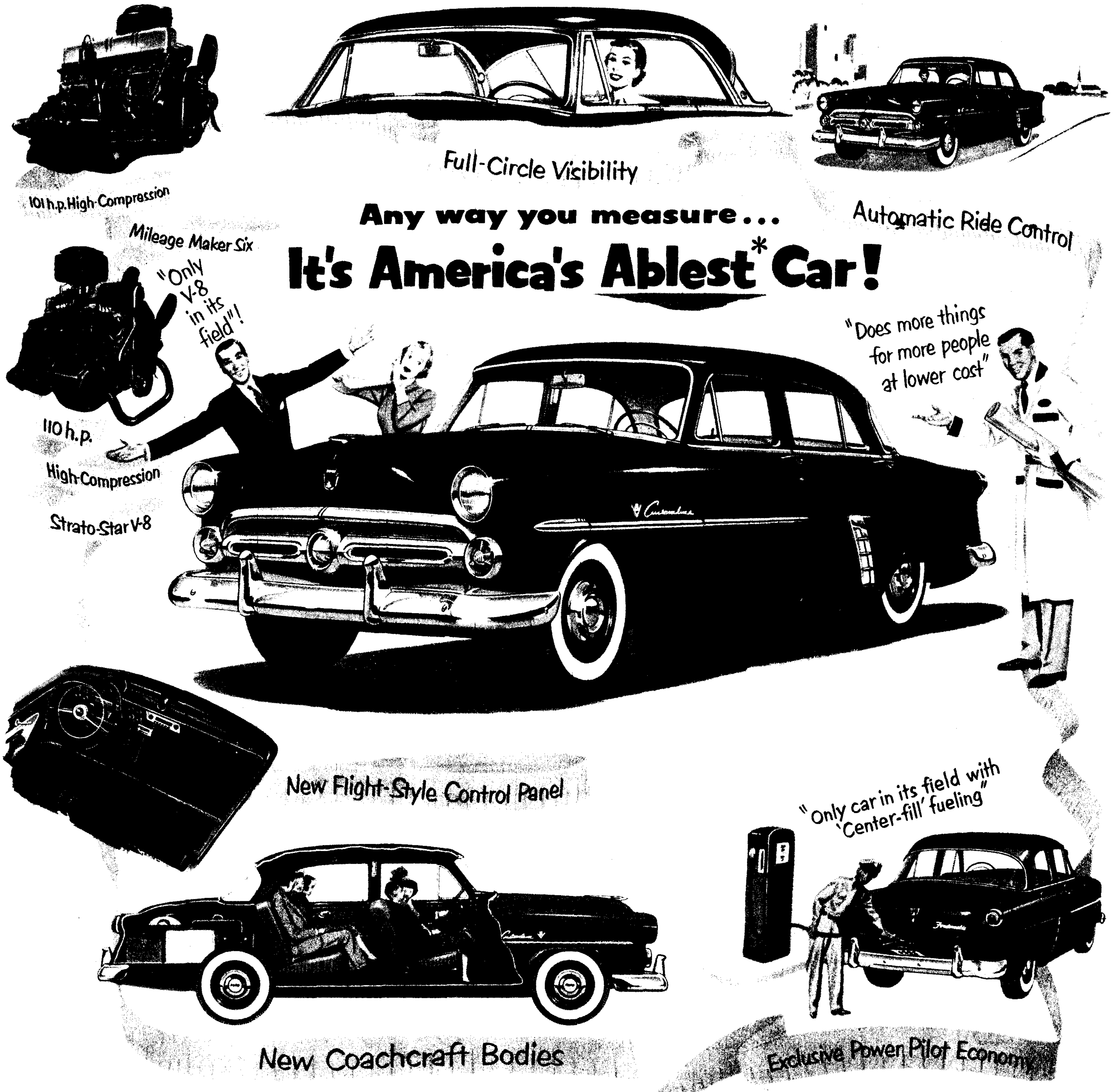
SISTER



"HELLO!"
"HELLO!"
"HELLO!"
"HEY!"
"HEY!"
"HEY!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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loose, and another new customer coming up the aisle about every 15 seconds. I felt like a chess master who's playing 30 opponents simultaneously.

As things turned out, Juggler paid for the tuna fish. He was an honest husband. Tweed Coat never flipped the butter. She was one of those shoppers whose innocent, fluttery, purse manipulations make my job tougher. But we caught Red Hat—and that brings up an important point about how carefully foodlifter arrests must be made.

After Red Hat ditched the first two items—the boned chicken and butter, we (Harry and I) kept her under strict surveillance every second. When she headed for the cashier, Harry put on his coat, went down into the store, grabbed a couple of items, and got into line right behind her at the checkout desk.

Harry knew how many items Red Hat had selected; he could see how many of those items were still in her basket; consequently, he knew positively how many items she was concealing. In this business, you've got to be *positive.*

Meanwhile, I slipped out the side door and waited for Red Hat on the sidewalk outside the store. Looking in through the front windows, I saw Harry take off his hat. That was the signal. Red Hat was coming out and the stolen goods were still on her. I made the arrest as she hit the sidewalk. (Legally, she wasn't guilty of larceny *until* she left the store.)

However, I couldn't have made that arrest if Red Hat had got lost in the crowd of shoppers and escaped Harry's observation for even 10 seconds as she moved down the aisle to the cashier. Smart foodlifters like Red Hat are always on the alert. If their suspicions are aroused (I think some of them can smell detectives), they'll circle the fruit and produce racks a couple of times and leave their items buried under the apples and oranges. Then—if you make the mistake of grabbing them—you'll have an embarrassing false arrest on your hands.

That's why food detectives work as two-man teams. One detective tails the suspect while the other waits to make the arrest. Harry and I never take a chance. We've let at least 100 foodlifters go unmolested after watching them bury stuff in their pockets simply because we lost sight of them for a few seconds in the crowded aisles.

Stolen Food Exactly Itemized

There's no guesswork. When I take an arrested foodlifter into the back of a store for questioning, I tell her exactly how many items she's stolen. Then, I tell her where she picked each item from the shelves and where she sank each item out of sight.

This play-by-play account knocks all the arguments out of the average foodlifter. Most of them produce the stolen items willingly. Strangely enough, their stories are always the same. It's always the first time they stole anything, and they'll never, never do it again.

Maybe I'm cynical, but I don't think I've ever caught a first-time foodlifter. Judging from confessions I've obtained, most foodlifters start out with a small item—usually a quarter of a pound of butter. Then they graduate to a half pound, a whole pound. Next, they take two items, then three, four, five . . .

Couple of months ago, I grabbed a lady who had developed a brand-new butter-stealing technique. She dropped four rolls of toilet paper among the other items in her crowded push-basket; then she grabbed up four quarter-pound sticks of butter. Moving around the store she loosened the end wrapping on each roll of paper, inserted a quarter-pound stick of butter in each hollow roll and replaced the end wrappings. That's one way of pyramiding 32 cents worth of toilet paper into a 92-cent-pound of butter. That lady said it was the first time she'd ever taken anything.

I wonder.

Ironically, some of our heaviest losses occur from the seemingly innocent manipulations of extremely clever foodlifters who run absolutely no chance of being caught. These folks specialize in meats. For example, there was the prosperous-looking fellow in the pearl-gray Homburg who bought four choice New York sirloins ($9.25), which make a flat, compact package. Gray Homburg folded his evening paper around the sirloins, and started for the cashier's desk—picking up a couple of small items on the way.

When Homburg reached the cashier, only a tiny tip of his packaged sirloins protruded from the folded newspaper. He paid 39 cents for two items—a box of Jello and a bottle of pickles—and started for the exit.

But the cashier was alert. "Don't you have a meat package?" she asked.

Homburg looked awfully surprised. He apologized for his forgetfulness. He paid for the meat. But I was standing near him and I don't think he really forgot. Our meat counter in that store was showing a heavy loss. In two hours, one cashier prompted seven absent-minded meat buyers to pay for their newspaper-buried packages.

But there's nothing we can do about that trick. If I'd stopped Homburg on the street, he'd have been just as surprised. Actually, he hadn't concealed the package *completely,* and how could I prove he wasn't absent-minded? So, all we can do is double-check every folded newspaper and ask our absent-minded customers to please pay for their purchases.

The double shopping bag trick is another neat way to conceal a flat meat package. You simply place one shopping bag inside the other—creating an opening between the inner and outer bags. Then you drop your flat meat package into that opening, give the bags a good shake, and the flat package falls down to the bottom and lies there hidden between the inner and outer bag layers.

Between shopping bags and rainy days, we lose a lot of merchandise. It's no trick at all, really, to drop a couple of items into a folded umbrella. The last lady I caught with a box of pepper (65 cents) and a bottle of steak sauce (47 cents) in a folded umbrella was awfully surprised. She said she guessed the items must have fallen in. What could I say?

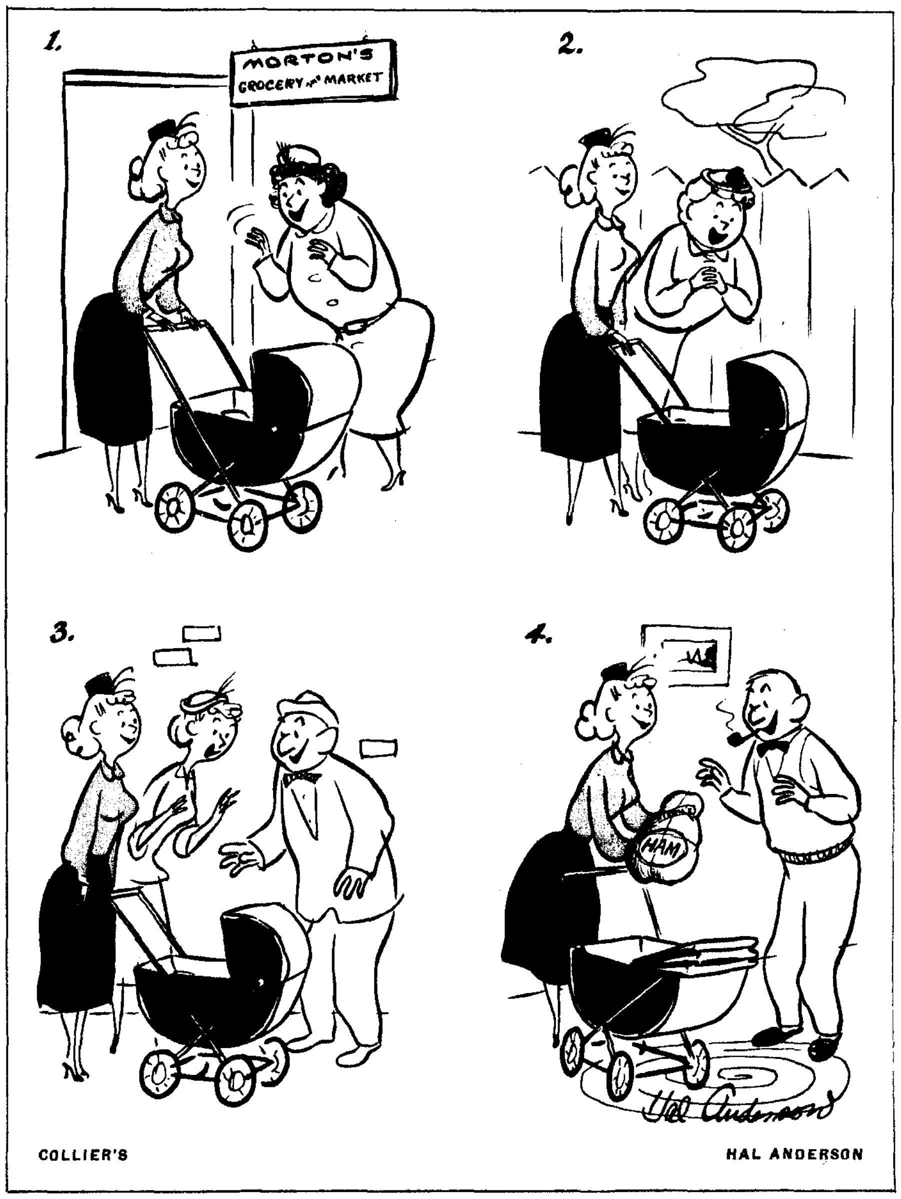
Big items aren't immune from pilferage. My first week on this job, I caught a middle-aged man who had shoved a can of car polish (98 cents) in his coat pocket. Under questioning, he admitted he owned a hardware store in the next block. On a hunch, I checked his store and found nine more cans of our car polish on his shelves. But I'll give him credit for one thing—the cans still carried our price stamp. He wasn't underselling us, but he certainly was working on a bigger margin of profit.

In Exclusive Chicago Suburbs

During the last six months, Harry and I have spot-checked some 150 of our company's supermarkets in the Chicago area. Once we checked 12 stores in eight hours—spent no longer than 20 minutes in any one store—and caught *at least one foodlifter in each store.* Naturally, foodlifting thrives in tenement neighborhoods, but we found plenty of foodlifters in exclusive suburbs, too.

The worst spot we hit in the whole Chicago area was a suburb—about 25 miles from the downtown area—composed mostly of single-family homes in the $12,000 bracket. Our store manager told me most of those $12,000 homes carried fairly substantial mortgages. "Everything's gone up out here except salaries," the manager explained. "When the budget gets strained, some of the ladies indulge in coat-pocket economies."

Incidentally, that was the suburb where Harry caught the sister of the local police sergeant. She'd lifted a bottle of ketchup and two pounds of frankfurters. My prize catch was the wife of the town dentist. We also uncovered an enterprising lady (her husband made $85 a week driving a



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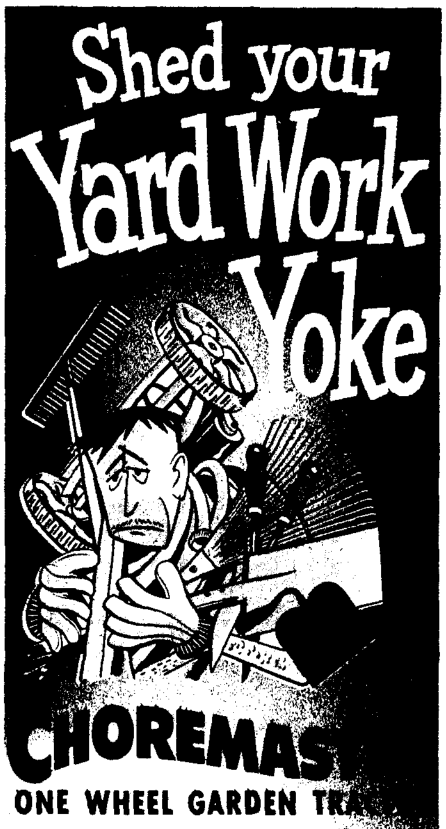

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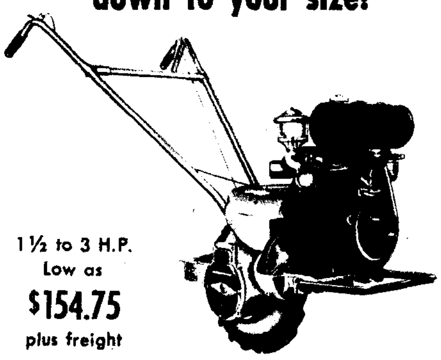

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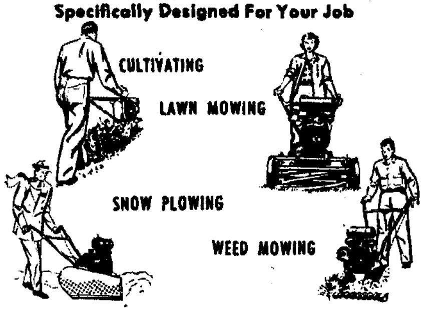

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milk truck) who'd gone into the dairy business in a small way.

This lady was a devotee of the four-step-butter-snatch previously described. By dint of carrying a large purse and visiting three supermarkets (ours and two competitors), she lifted an average of three pounds of butter every afternoon. What with her husband working for a milk company, it sounded reasonable when she offered to deliver butter to her friends at "the wholesale price." When I tapped her on the shoulder, she'd developed a lucrative route in her neighborhood and was supplying 10 customers with butter at 68 cents a pound.

Fortunately, not many foodlifters re-sell their loot. An overwhelming majority simply steal for their own table. Best example: that pensioned, white-haired schoolteacher who looked just like grandmother on a Christmas calendar. Grandma shopped every afternoon at one of our stores, selecting only the items she needed for dinner.

Forgetfulness trapped Grandma. When I checked her neighborhood store, she'd already made her afternoon visit and (I subsequently learned) had gone home with one lamb chop and a small head of lettuce tucked away in her fur muff. Unfortunately, she'd forgotten to pick up an Idaho potato. That's all she had in her coat pocket when I stopped her on her second visit of the afternoon—one large potato.

No Crab Meat on Her Budget

Frankly, I don't know why a nice old lady like Grandma became a habitual foodlifter. Her pension wasn't large, but she had enough money to live on. I've never discovered two foodlifters with identical motives for taking food. Blondie (remember the banker's wife) claimed she loved her husband. "He gets grouchy when I ask for more food money," wailed Blondie, "but he loves expensive things like crabmeat cocktails. I can't afford crab meat on my budget, so I take a can now and then."

The cop who stole the two sponges had another story. "I like to stop off and play a game of pool on the way home. If I'd paid for the sponges, I couldn't have played pool."

Probably, the basic reason boils down to what I told a lady who brought her two sons—nice-looking kids in brand-new snow suits—into one of our stores and—FLIP!—started for home with a pound of butter in her purse.

First, I gave the kids two nickels for the Coke machine and told them to wait in the front of the store while Mother talked to the manager. Then, when the kids were out of earshot, I said:

"Lady, you haven't got any excuse. Your husband drives a laundry truck—makes between $80 and $100 a week. You took that butter because it looked easy. Why pay when you can grab something for nothing? You've just got into the habit of taking food and using your money for other things. Right?"

The lady said that was about right.

One of the first stores I investigated was three doors away from a bookie joint. The first foodlifter I picked up had a shopping bag loaded with a pound of butter, a pound of bacon, a 98-cent package of razor blades (for her husband) and a marked copy of the Racing Form. Her explanation was simple. "I just wanted to save enough to get down on a 12-1 shot in the third at Aqueduct. If I hit, I can get a new dress."

We were mighty glad when the cops closed that bookie. As our manager commented: "Every afternoon, about two o'clock, I had the feeling about $25 worth of my stuff was on some nag's nose."

I've been talking about Chicago, because my own experience as a food-store detective has been limited to the Chicago area. But foodlifting is a nation-wide problem. My partner Harry worked in California for two years before coming into Chicago. According to Harry, there's no appreciable difference between California and Chicago foodlifters, with one exception.

So far, Harry hasn't nabbed a Chicagoan who's a match for the elderly Los Angeles gentleman who made a daily habit of lifting a quart bottle of beer. There was nothing fancy about the old gentleman's technique. He simply shoved the bottle down the front of his pants—buttoned his loose-fitting sweater over the bottle—and walked out.

Moreover, he was a friendly old codger, who invariably stopped for a moment to comment on the weather or tell a joke to the store manager. "Nobody," Harry recalls, "had the slightest suspicion that old fellow was stealing beer—until he started bringing the bottles back for a refund!"

Foodlifting goes on in New York, too. Not long ago a woman arrested there on a charge of stealing $2.45 worth of groceries was reported to have over $50,000 in the bank.

Of course, we don't arrest *every* foodlifter. Usually, when the total amount stolen is relatively small—say one or two items worth less than $1—we let the foodlifter go with a stern warning, *after* the foodlifter signs a statement acknowledging the theft. The signed statement goes into our permanent files. If that foodlifter is caught again, we take her (90 per cent of foodlifters are women) to court and press charges.

We operate on the theory that one good scare should reform relatively inexperienced one-or-two-item foodlifters. However, there is no percentage in trying to frighten a foodlifter after she has graduated to the four-or-five-item class. Only one threat—the fear of going to jail—impresses hardened foodlifters. When a judge hangs a suspended 30-day sentence on a five-item foodlifter, we figure that foodlifter should be permanently discouraged. She knows she'll go to jail if she's caught again.

So far, the results indicate our prosecuting methods are sound. I know of only one woman who continued her foodlifting activities after she drew a suspended sentence. The judge gave her six months in the workhouse for her second offense.

Of course, there are exceptions. I remember one dapper fellow who was hauled down to the precinct station because he happened to say the wrong thing to the wrong manager. It happened late one afternoon about five o'clock, when foodlifters are especially active—for two reasons:

Reason one—at five o'clock, last-minute shoppers queue up in long lines at the hard-pressed cashiers, who simply don't have enough time to scrutinize purses, shopping bags and the like.

Reason two—at five o'clock, the manager usually is busy in his office checking the day's receipts.

How Mr. Sport Coat Worked

Under these ideal conditions, foodlifters operate at full speed. But let's get back to that jaunty fellow, who wore a handsome brown sport coat and strolled about the store smoking a cigarette in a fancy black holder.

Sport Coat ran into two bad breaks, which he couldn't have foreseen. First, Harry and I were watching him from our upstairs peephole. Secondly, the manager was still on the floor, talking to one of his clerks at the produce counter. Sport Coat was one of those food jugglers. Carrying a loaf of bread in his left hand, he juggled a can of black pepper in his right hand and —*zip*—no more pepper. Next he juggled a bottle of vanilla and—*zip*—no more vanilla.

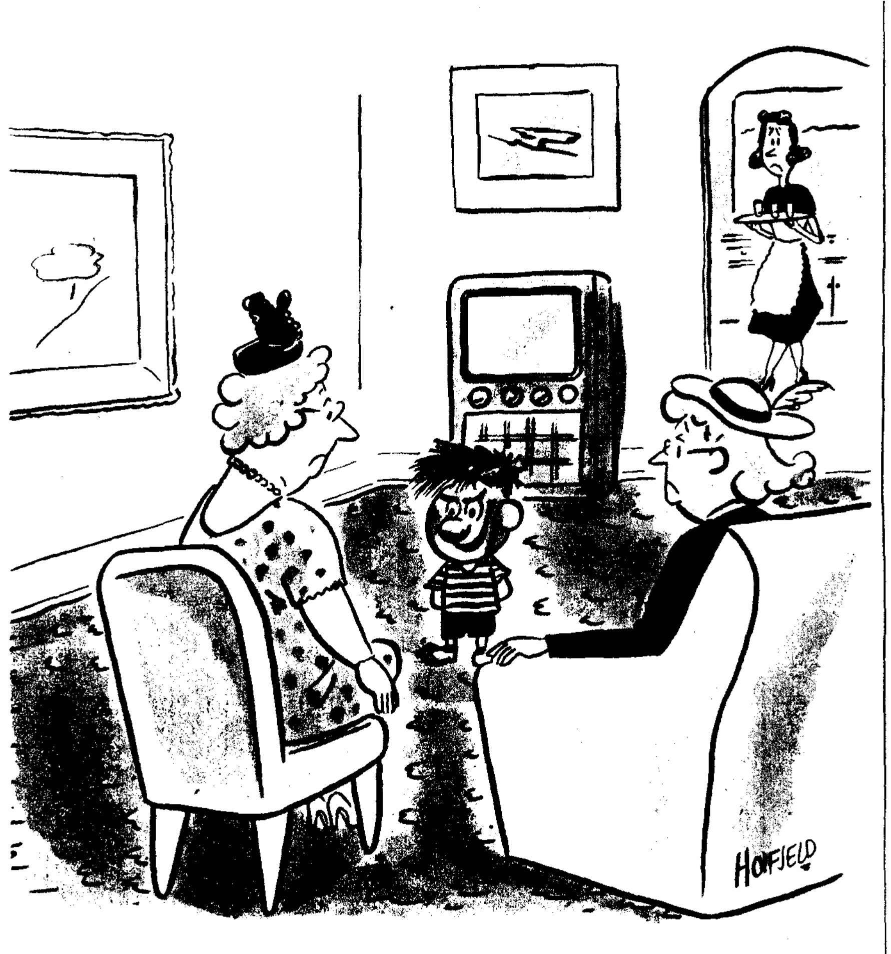
At the produce rack, Sport Coat picked up a head of lettuce—juggled it—put it down again. Then he said something to the manager and moved over to the cashier to pay for his only visible purchase—the loaf of bread.

Ordinarily we would have released Sport Coat with a warning. But the manager objected. Pointing to Sport Coat, he said: "This is one guy I want locked up."

You could hardly blame the manager for being somewhat perturbed. It seems that Sport Coat (with 93 cents' worth of free items in his pocket) had paused at the produce rack to register a complaint.

"Twenty-nine cents!" Sport Coat exclaimed. "My, your lettuce is high today!"

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I don't know exactly what I want to be when I grow up, but I'll probably latch onto some racket that will fetch a fast buck"

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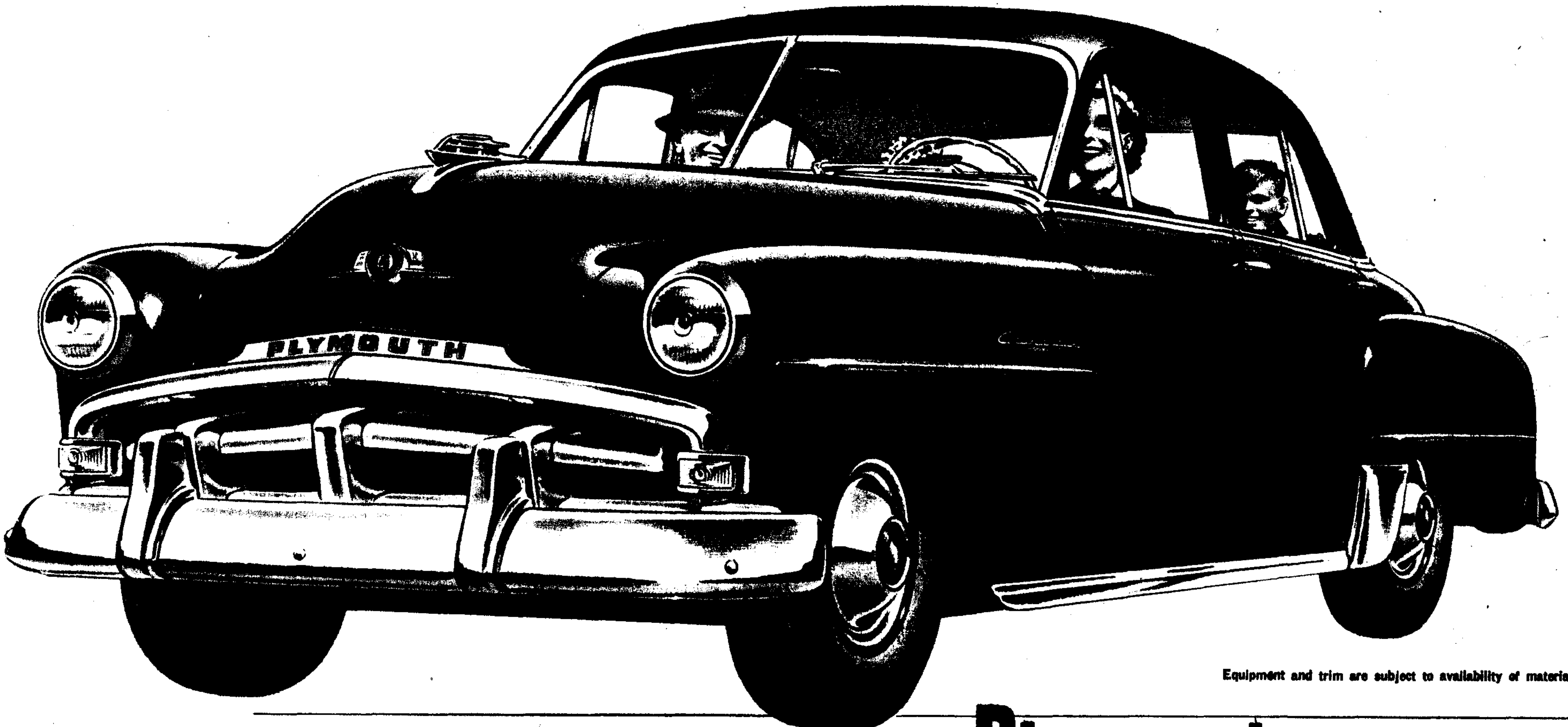


Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

Plymouth

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Cedric and Bernice Adams describe a recent vacation trip to sons Steve (left), 14, and Ricky, 15. Third son, David, 18, is freshman at Yale

Everybody Calls Him Cedric

By MRS. CEDRIC ADAMS with ISABELLA TAVES

What's it like to be married to the nation's top regional columnist-commentator? Here's his wife's answer: It's wonderful—if you don't mind being known as "Maw" to half the Midwest

I AM married to a man in the public domain. As you can readily imagine, it is a very confusing thing. And not the least confusing aspect is the fact that neither of us ever expected to see him there.

When I first met Cedric Adams, he was a college student writing for the University of Minnesota paper. When I married him, in 1931, he was writing for anyone who would buy his stuff—and not doing very well at it. Soon afterward, he started doing a column for a giveaway newspaper.

Then, someplace along the line, everything changed. Today, Cedric earns more than the President of the United States. Each week, he produces six columns for the Minneapolis Star and a feature for the Sunday Tribune, does 23 radio shows, both local and national, and makes three or four public appearances. He gets scores of telephone calls and an average of 500 letters a day; since he started broadcasting five times a week over the CBS radio network, the mail has come from every state in the Union. Hundreds of dogs, cats, children, and even a stallion, a sandwich, a street and a rosebush have been named after him.

It seems safe to say that Cedric Adams is the best-known man in Minneapolis. In fact, a recent Minnesota survey showed him to be the second best-known man in the whole state—and the man who beat him was our ex-governor, Harold E. Stassen, who isn't even living in Minnesota now.

Walking down a street or going into a restaurant with Cedric is an exercise in slow motion, for almost everybody says hello to him, and it sometimes seems that every other person stops him to talk. In person, by phone and by mail, his advice is solicited on such varied problems as how to control a wayward daughter, reduce highway death tolls, or dispose of a litter of kittens. The opening gambit is usually: "I hope you don't mind my calling you Cedric, but I feel as though I knew you well."

Although I am eight years younger than he, strangers and casual acquaintances invariably call my husband by his first name; I, sedately, am always "Mrs. Adams."

People sometimes get lost coming to our house, which is on Larada Lane ("Lar" for the Larsons next door, "ada" for Adams) in a newly developed section of Minneapolis. But they tell me all they have to do is lean out of their cars and ask anybody: "Where does Cedric live?" When our house was finished three years ago, the Minneapolis Tribune ran a Sunday color page with pictures of it. That afternoon there was such a traffic jam in our block that three policemen had to be assigned to the job of straightening it out. And I, after spending a day being peered at through every window, was ready to take to my bed—or, better, crawl under it.

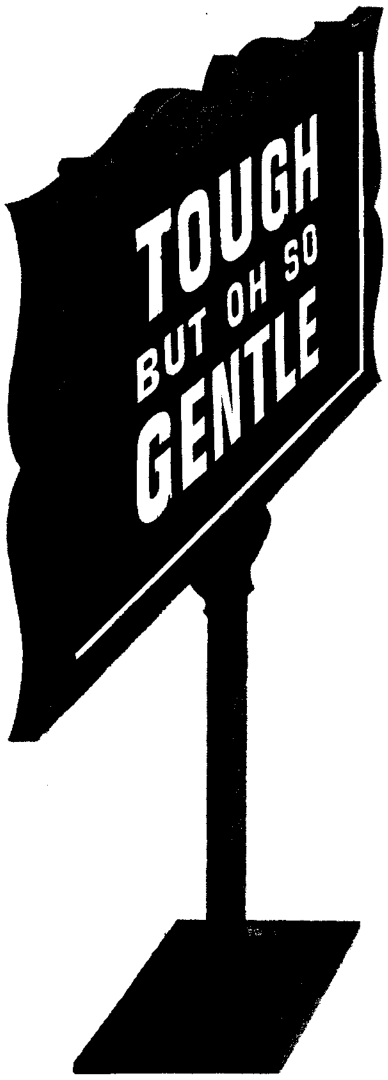
Mrs. Philip Pillsbury, wife of one of Cedric's 11 radio sponsors, once said to me: "Cedric's power over women is frightening. They do anything he tells them."

Cedric, in all modesty, is aware of this power (which isn't restricted to women) and makes every effort to be sure that he suggests the right things. A few words in his column, for example, has transformed a hole-in-the-wall business or an unknown restaurant into a

(Continued on page 60)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY VER KELJIK

HASTINGS
Catalog
Ernest Roese


TOUGH
BUT OH SO
GENTLE

Using too much oil? You need the piston rings that are *tough* on oil-pumping.

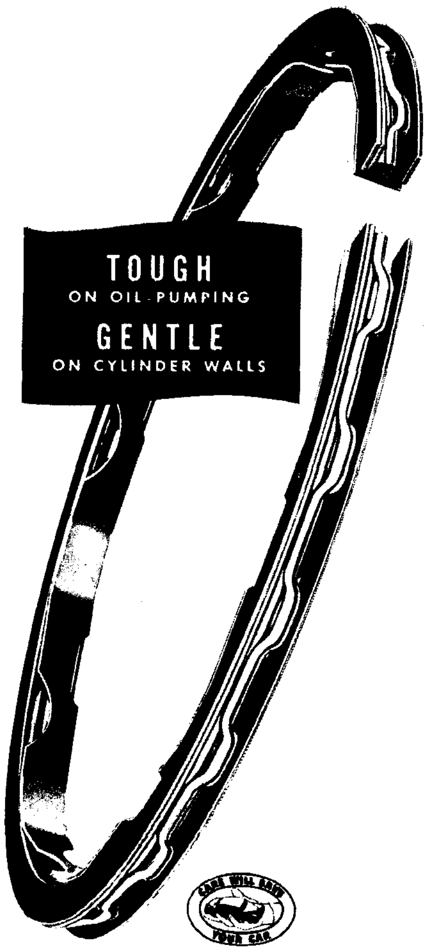
Want to stretch your engine's life? Then get the rings that are *gentle* on cylinder walls.

There's just one thing to do about worn-out piston rings and that's replace them — and the more you delay the more you'll pay.

You'll save money if you replace them with Hastings Piston Rings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance — for thousands of extra miles. It's the best money you can spend on your car.

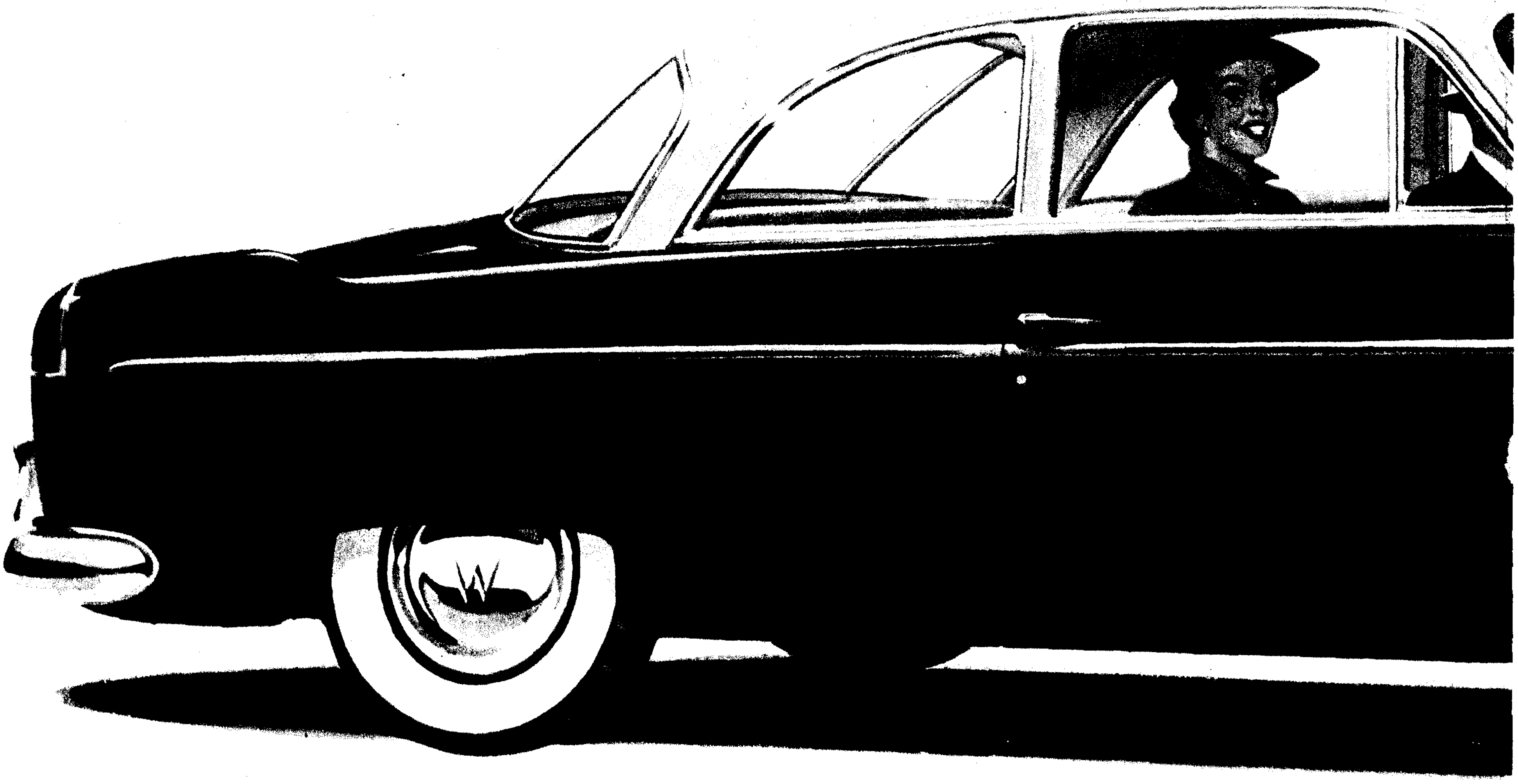
HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO., Hastings, Michigan • HASTINGS LTD., Toronto
PISTON RINGS • SPARK PLUGS • OIL FILTERS • CASITE • DROUT


TOUGH
ON OIL-PUMPING
GENTLE
ON CYLINDER WALLS

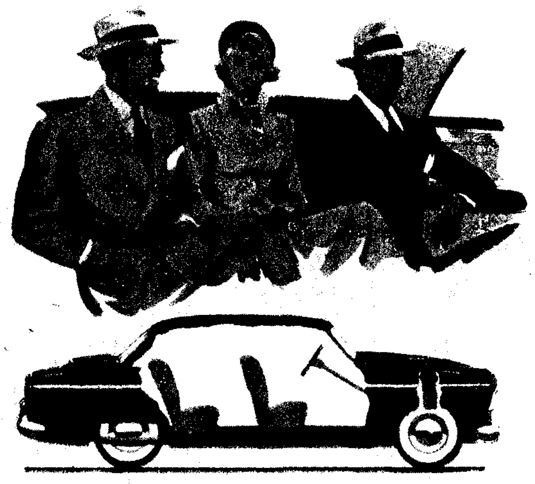
Willys sets a fresh pattern for the future with

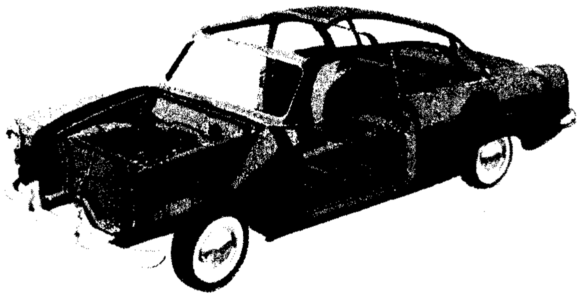
The Revolutionary New



"Air-borne" riding comfort for six adults . . . 61″-wide seating front and rear

The soft, road-smoothing ride of the *Aero* Willys makes you feel *air-borne!* Both of its wide, restful seats are cradled between the axles. Bumps and road roughness are soaked up by rubber-cushioned front coil springs, rear springs floated on rubber pillows and the newest aero-type shock absorbers.



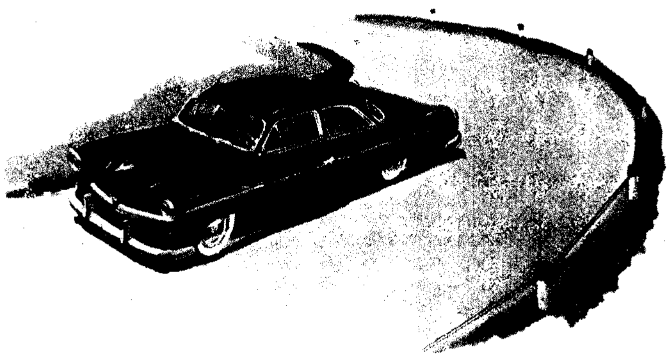


Aero-design and the new 90 h.p. Hurricane 6 Engine give remarkable economy and "take-off" acceleration

The *Aero* Willys is built on airliner principles—with body and chassis members welded into one strong, rigid unit—streamlined to cut air drag. The new 7.6-compression Hurricane 6-cylinder engine uses regular gas, turns up 90 horsepower. With high power-to-weight ratio, you get lightning pick-up and *up to 35 miles per gallon*, with overdrive.

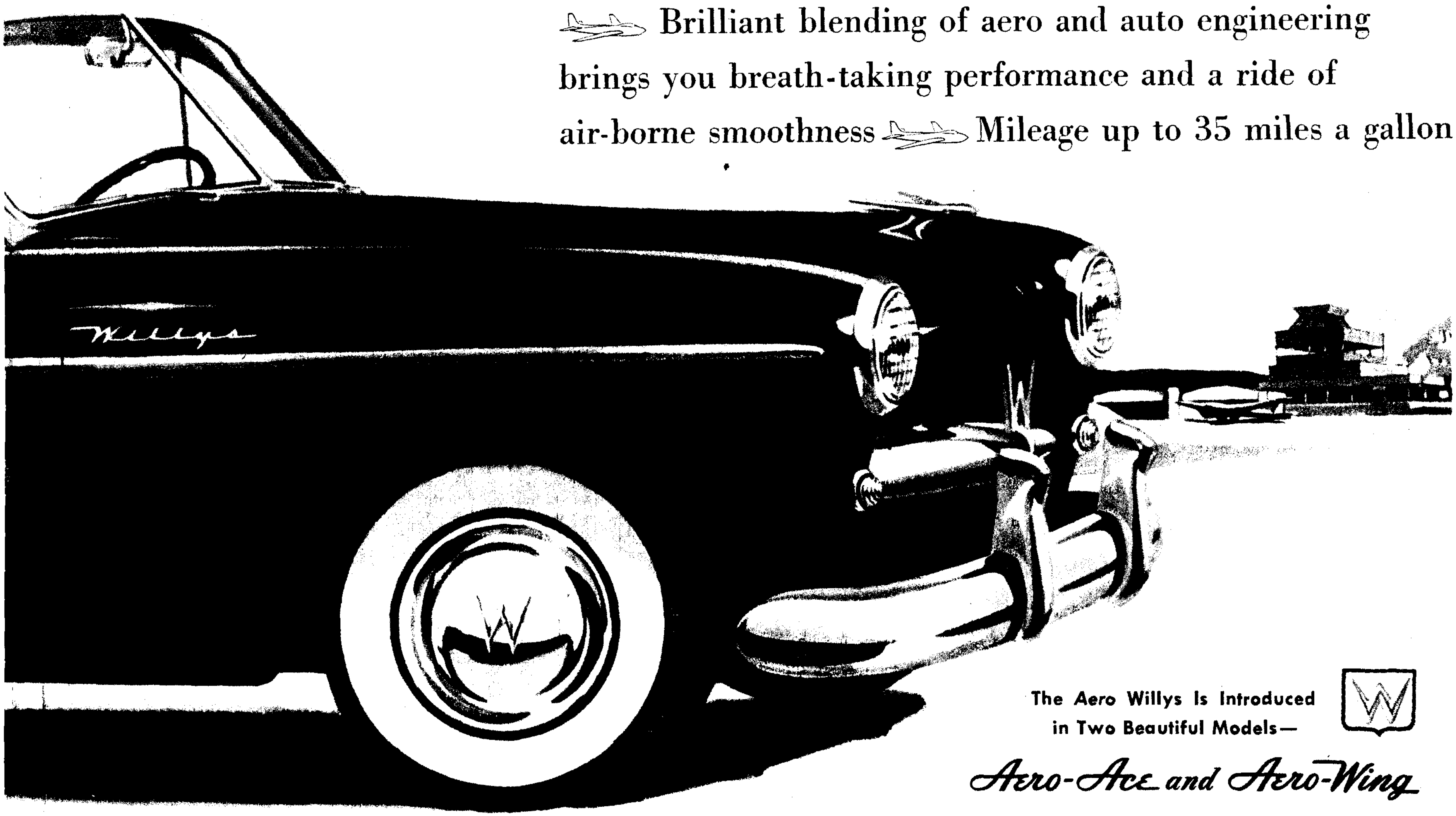
Panoramic visibility and low 23″ center of gravity for greater safety. Driver sees all four fenders

You get helicopter-pilot visibility in the *Aero* Willys . . . see all fenders from the driver's seat . . . a panoramic view all around . . . and the plane-wing hood shows the road right ahead. This low-slung beauty takes curves without roll or sway . . . steady and sure.



Aero Willys

Contact! . . . . See the most exciting new car in a decade Brilliant blending of aero and auto engineering brings you breath-taking performance and a ride of air-borne smoothness Mileage up to 35 miles a gallon



The *Aero* Willys Is Introduced in Two Beautiful Models—

Aero-Ace* and *Aero-Wing

The Aero-Ace is illustrated here. White side-wall tires optional at extra cost when available.

WANT A PREVIEW of the future? It's waiting for you this very day at Willys dealers—the one car that deserves the word *sensational* . . . the new *Aero* Willys.

What's new about it? Everything!

The new aero-frame construction, combining aero-design principles with Willys' four decades of auto engineering experience. Its welded, single-unit structure is exceptionally rigid, quiet and long-lasting. The *Aero* Willys is functionally streamlined from its distinctive hood—shaped like the leading edge of a plane wing —to its rear air-fins.

Its new F-head power plant—the high-compression *Hurricane 6*, producing more power for its size than any six in America! In the *Aero* Willys, you loaf along at 60 and cruise comfortably at 75, with power in reserve. And you top every other full-size car on mileage—with overdrive, *up to 35 miles per gallon*.

Its "air-borne" ride—remarkable smoothness and quietness, brought about by new springing and a drive system floated on rubber pillows from engine to rear axle. And wait till you feel its ease of handling as you pilot the *Aero* Willys in heavy traffic or park in a small space.

As for beauty, that's obvious—a wide body with graceful lines, a silhouette just 5 feet high. Beautiful in its roomy interior, too —rich fabrics and appointments in keeping with a fine-quality car.

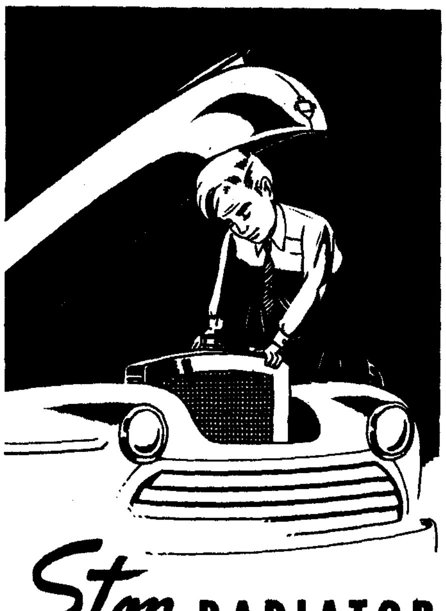
There's much else—the gasoline cap near the center at the rear . . . warn lights for oil and generator . . . pull-out glove drawer . . . self-cleaning exhaust valves . . . scores of features!

You'll want to see the *Aero* Willys now. It is the car with performance, comfort and economy that you have awaited for a decade.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS • Toledo, Ohio

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS
Jeep
with billions of miles of tough service

WARNING—Do not drive the *Aero* Willys unless you are prepared to be dissatisfied with your present car!



Stop RADIATOR TROUBLE Now!

★ Unless you are asking for trouble—your radiator deserves a *thorough* spring cleaning! Get rid of winter's accumulated rust and dirt the easy, effective way—with these three Bowes radiator conditioners. Then you can enjoy carefree spring and summer motoring.

BOWES
SEAL FAST
RADIATOR KLEN-ZUR
BOWES
SEAL FAST
Radiator RUST-ROUT
BOWES
SEAL FAST
Radiator STOP-LEAK

BOWES RADIATOR
KLEN-ZUR
Quickly removes rust and scale . . . contains no harmful acid . . . makes cooling system like new.

BOWES RADIATOR
RUST-ROUT
Protects the cooling system, prevents accumulation of more rust—lubricates water pump, too.

BOWES RADIATOR
STOP-LEAK
Effectively seals any existing leaks and helps prevent new leaks.

BOWES SEAL FAST

DRIVE IN
WHERE YOU SEE
THIS EMBLEM

★ It takes so little time to condition your cooling system for spring and summer driving . . . yet it can be so costly and troublesome to neglect it. Don't delay—prepare NOW for spring and summer with Bowes Cooling System Chemicals.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORP., INDIANAPOLIS 7, IND.

Someone Gallant and Gay

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Fred began to quarrel seriously. It was the dull, humorless quarreling of two tired people, martyred to a cause that neither of them believed in too strongly. They didn't put much imagination into it; they knew they were being drab, and the knowledge merely made them more bitter.

"Oh, dear God," Helen would say when Fred called up at six to tell her he wouldn't be home till eight. "That means cooking two dinners again. And I can't tell you what a long day it's been." She wanted to tell him she missed him terribly, but somehow she could not bring herself to phrase her complaints in a conciliatory fashion. Her grievance, whatever it was, was too deep.

Fred's voice, encased in a hard shell of forbearance, would reply: "It's been a long day for some of the rest of us too, Helen."

"Yes, but you—"

"I what?"

She could never quite tell him, never quite say: But you see all kinds of fascinating people at work and you have lunch with friends and, if you wanted to, you could even buy a necktie. Why, you could ride in the dirty, delicious subway. She couldn't say it out loud, knowing that his first reaction would be incredulous laughter, his second, righteous rage. For, in spite of her qualms, she had wanted to come to the country; she had thought that it would be good for the children, and that she could learn to garden, and that everything would be sunny and pretty and clean—nice.

So, at this point, there was always a pause, and then she would reply sullenly: "*Nothing.*"

And Fred's voice, would say stonily, "Very well, then, I'll see you at eight."

BY THAT time the children would be in bed, so he seldom saw them any more. Week ends he was exhausted, and wanted to be left alone. Or else he went doggedly back into town to work overtime. And Bobbie and Michael, shut in by bad weather, or ill at ease with their new skates and snowshoes when it was fine, took to listening to the most frightful radio programs in their own rooms all afternoon and evening. The house shivered to the guns of the FBI, the war whoops of attacking Apaches, the wails of mothers bereft of their children by court order, and the unseated hilarity of quiz programs. Sometimes these echoes resounded clearly and singly; sometimes each radio was tuned to a different station, making a mad, muffled counterpoint.

The house began to seem peopled with ghostly strangers.

One of these, in particular, began to grow very real to Helen. She had no specific attributes, this ghost, except that she was female, unpredictable, and, all too obviously, desirable. She was nameless, but she had a wild, lovely, off-and-on sort of perfume, like the sudden summer smells that blow over the back porch unpredictably with each fitful gust of wind. Nobody else seemed to be aware of her, but Helen attributed this to tact on the part of the children and guilt on the part of Fred. He *was* guilty, too; she was certain of that, although exactly what he was guilty of she couldn't have said. Certainly he stayed away, supposedly working, a great deal of the time; so the very least he must admit to was neglect. Neglect and coldness—lack of understanding. How did he think she liked being snatched from the warm, familiar, dirty breast of the city and tossed down in the midst of this—this Siberia? Worse still, did he ever pause to consider? The answer, obviously, was no. And yet these were merely crimes of omission.

There was something else, she felt; something more specific, and, so, more secret; something connected with this ghostly girl. Helen could even pin down the very moment she had realized that this must be so, and often, as she put out the enormous garbage cans for the truck that came only three times a week, or scrubbed the kitchen floor clean of mud and snow, or hung out the weekly wash to freeze stiff in the wintry sunlight, she was haunted by this first intimation of another, alien, and lovely woman just out of sight.

She first thought of this girl the evening that Fred was exceptionally late, and arrived full of apologies and flowers. He hadn't brought flowers home in years, except, of course, on those occasions when all men, looking slightly shamefaced, dutifully produce flowers: anniversaries, Mother's Day, an evening at the opera and so on. But flowers for no reason at all? It was completely out of keeping; she couldn't believe it.

And, lifting the lid of the expensive, satiny cardboard box, gazing down at the waxen blossoms, the expanse of ribbon, she had a terrible feeling that they were not really meant for her. They had been meant for someone else. Someone, who, perhaps, had failed to keep an appointment; someone gallant and gay, who never complained, who was never tired at the end of the day, whose hair was always shining and neat, whose lipstick was always on, and on straight. Even the children complained of Helen's lipstick these days. "Mommy," Bobbie would say as she crashed in the kitchen door after school, "please put some *dark* lipstick on!"

So, while Fred watched, Helen's pleasure turned dark with suspicion and resentment, although of course she was polite about the whole thing. There was no use making a scene.

"Oh, thank you very much," she said. "They're lovely." And she put them, still in their box, in the back of the icebox.

"Aren't you going to wear them, Helen?"

"It's a pity to waste them on tonight. I'll wait till there's a special occasion," Helen answered, knowing perfectly well that there was no special occasion in the offing. And the flowers stayed in the icebox till they fell to pieces and had to be tossed into one of the eternally yawning garbage cans.

After that, signs and tokens of the other girl were never hard to find. It wasn't always Fred who brought them into the house, either. Helen often thought she saw her slender hand or her pretty hat in a fashion magazine; or she thought she heard her voice on one of the children's radio programs. There were even moments when, cleaning out a closet, she would brush against an old velvet cape, still smelling of sachet, and think: I bet she wears lots of velvet. It became an obsession; and, more than that, it was logical. It was what the bird had foretold: the inevitable disaster.

And the cold never let up, never cracked. The sun, when it did come out, heaped insult on injury; it made the white, comfortless landscape wild and beautiful with reflected brilliance. It had no warmth. Trees hung with diamonds, tall tufts of witch grass strung with brilliants, paths shining with treacherous ice—they all mocked her.

AT LAST she could bear it no longer. "Do you know," she found herself saying to Fred, quite casually, one Sunday afternoon, "I feel as though there was the ghost of another girl in this house." She looked at him inquiringly, provocatively, letting it go at just that.

"What kind of a girl?" Fred asked her steadily.

"Oh—someone young and careless and beautiful, of course, and full of fun. Someone terribly attractive."

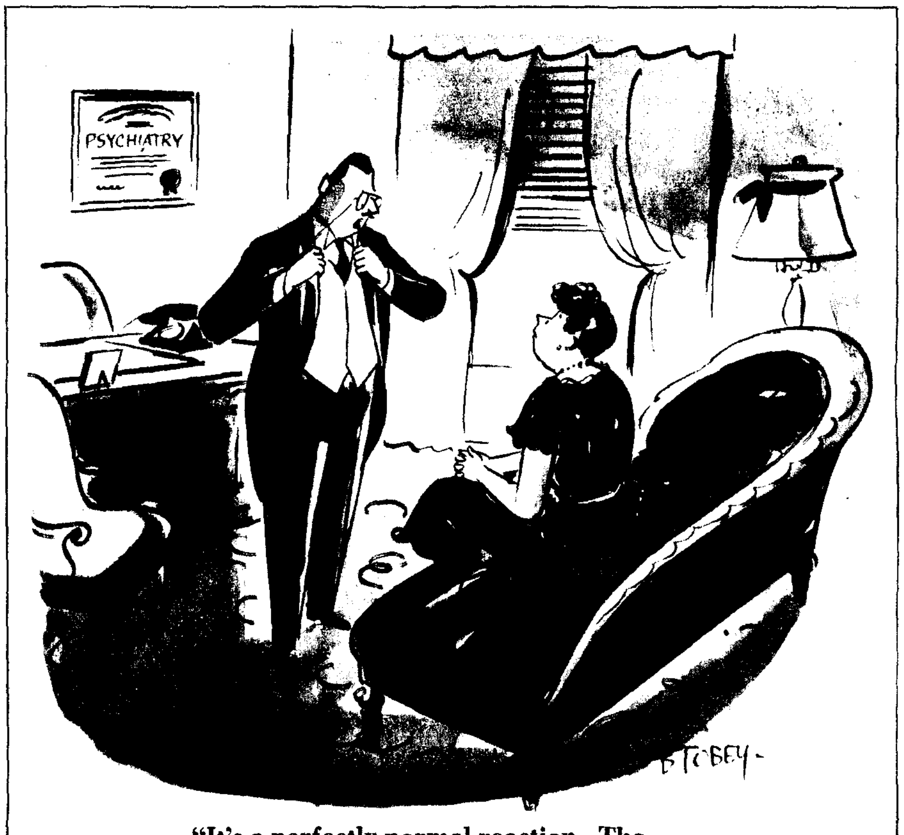
Fred nodded. "I know," he said.

It was the last thing she had expected him to say, and it surprised her into a direct question. She had not intended to ask any questions of any kind.

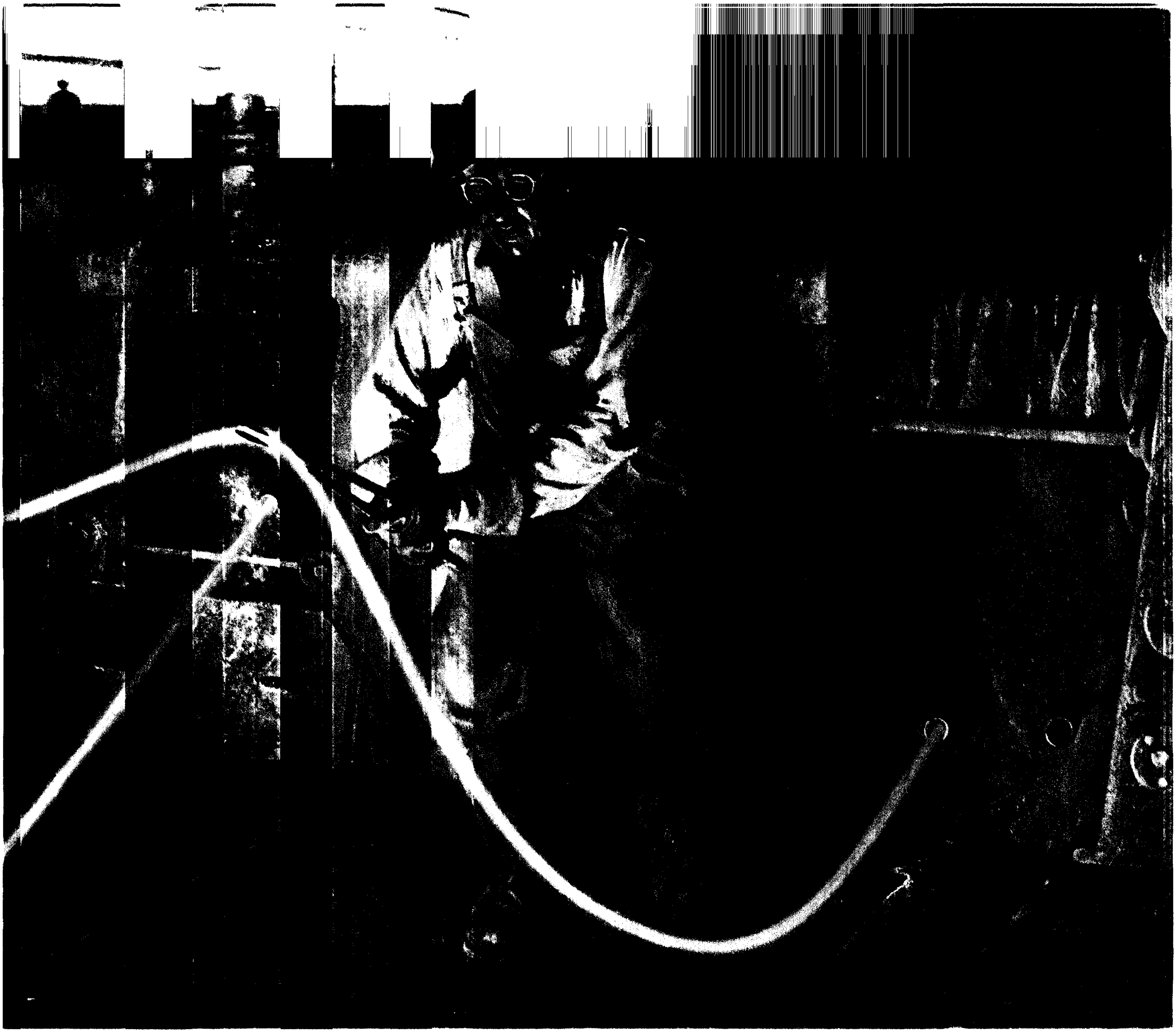
"Who is she?"

Fred continued his steady, appraising look, although now it seemed to Helen that it was touched with weariness and an unfamiliar emotion which she could not define: perhaps sorrow, perhaps pity. "You," he said.

That was the ultimate betrayal. That he should have parried her poor little thrust so cleverly and with such a weapon was cruel, no more, no less. And, of course, it was utterly untrue. He didn't think of her like that any more. Perhaps he had never



COLLIER'S "It's a perfectly normal reaction. The next time you feel like jumping up and screaming at a Parent-Teacher meeting, why, jump up and scream" BARNEY TOBEY



From raw material to "*Number, please?*"

This fiery snake, like its companion on the left, is on its way to bring you the operator's "Number, please?" or the humming invitation of the dial tone. It is red-hot copper at one stage of being drawn into telephone wire by Western Electric.

Besides wire and cable, we make telephones, switchboards and all sorts of telephone equipment—and have done so for 70 years since we became the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. This long experience, plus our close partnership with the Bell telephone companies and Bell Telephone Laboratories, enables us to produce whatever is needed in the most economical way.

Western Electric's purpose is to keep quality of equipment up and its cost down. This has helped you get the world's most dependable telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

thought of her like that. And even if he had, even if he did, what a thing to say! It would be better, perhaps, not to talk at all if this was the sort of thing that words led to; so she stopped talking to him unless it was absolutely necessary.

Spring arrived in spite of her, however. March came in like a lion, raged for thirty-one days, and went out more like a lion than ever, but at least it blew the snow away with its roarings. The ground was bare for the breaking. Dawn came at a decent time for dawn: say six. And then, one bright April morning, as Helen was backing the car out of the garage to drive Fred to the seven thirty-three, she suddenly heard a nightmare-familiar sound: the muffled, frantic whir of wings confined in an impossibly small space.

She jumped out of the car and looked around wildly. There—there it was again. From the drainpipe! She couldn't believe her ears. The drainpipe shot down a good twenty-five feet from the gutter on the barn roof.

Nevertheless, when she ran over, she could just see a matchstick leg and claw and the rumpled tips of a few feathers. Without any question, a bird had fallen down the drainpipe and was stuck between it and the ground.

It was too much. She threw back her head and howled: "Fred!"

He came running and was immediately furious when he found that nothing was the matter with her. Speechless, she pointed to the imprisoned bird.

"Well, I'm damned," said Fred. He started scratching a hollow in the hard ground, gently shoving the end of the drainpipe this way and that. In a moment, a swallow emerged, blinked at the light, and shook itself like a terrier climbing out of a brook. Then, with real or affected nonchalance, it merrily flew away.

"It isn't true!" exclaimed Helen.

"Here comes another," Fred said imperturbably.

And out came another. It wriggled happily, and flew off.

"What in the world were the two of them doing in that gutter?" asked Helen. "That would make them lose their balance and fall down a drainpipe, I mean?"

"Something pleasant, I trust. It is spring, you know, at least technically." Fred began to laugh.

"Oh, Fred you *are* awful," Helen said.

It was the nicest thing she'd said to him in months.

She hadn't meant to say it; certainly, she hadn't meant to say it in such a doting voice. But once she had, a weight lifted, a gloom dispersed. It was illogical, certainly, but there it was. And if it happened so simply, might not other things happen quite simply, too? What about this ghostly girl? Might she not just wander away with the waning of the winter, the softening of this brighter, sweeter air? Or was it possible, was it just remotely possible, that Fred had meant what he said about the girl quite literally?

BOBBIE didn't have to remind her about her lipstick that afternoon. She washed and waved her hair. She wore the new blouse that had been ordered by mail and had languished in the back of her bottom bureau drawer for weeks and weeks.

"After all, it is spring," she said, almost apologetically, when Fred raised a quizzical eyebrow at her that evening.

"So it is," he said. He looked so pleased that Helen had a moment's terrible pang. What have I been doing to the poor man all winter? she thought. But then, since guilt would have spoiled the evening for both of them, she put the thought back neatly where it had been waiting, tailor-made for the occasion, for so many months, waiting patiently, like the new white blouse and the bright lipstick, for the spring thaw.

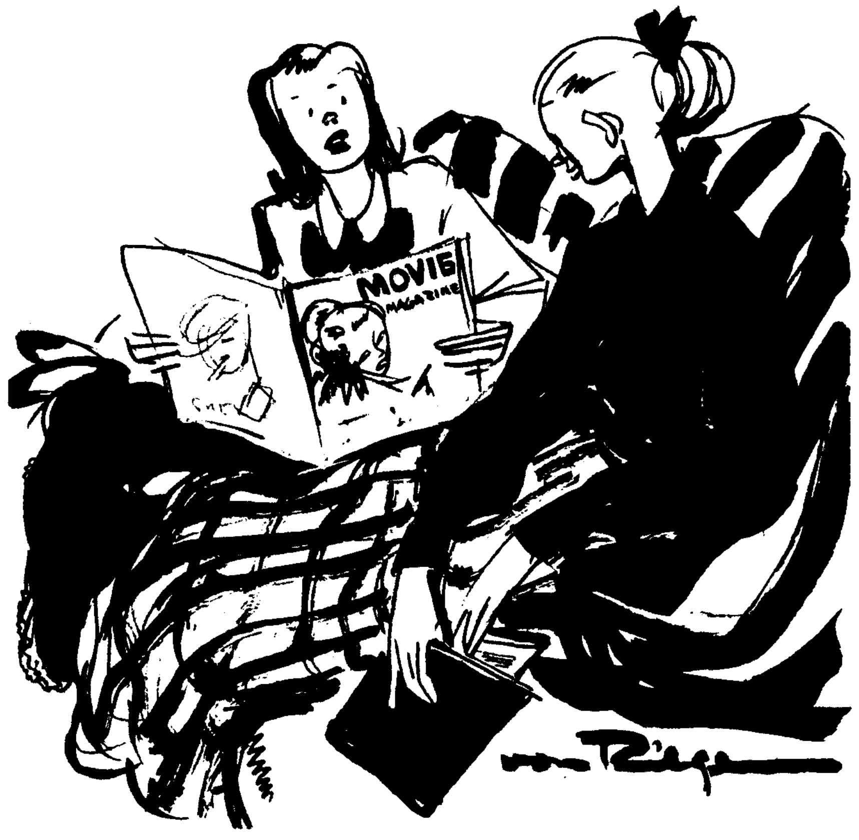
The next day, as she backed the car out, the swallows were there again. They didn't have much trouble getting out this time, there was a cozy place hollowed out for them.

Helen tilted her head toward them as Fred came down the steps.

"Well, I guess word has gone out," Fred said. "It must be quite a sensation, at that."

The two swallows, jaunty as billy-o, took off with a flourish.

"I believe it's only *one* bird that's unlucky," Helen said. THE END



"He came over last night . . . ate up all my mother's cookies, drank two quarts of milk, stayed in the basement to help my father fix the lawn mower . . . and then had the nerve to thank me for the date!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

STURDY—brown fine-print grain with a moccasin-front leather sole. Custom bootmaker finish.

Handsome is as STURDY does!

HERE IS the shoe for a game, a walk, a party where smart casual wear is taken for granted. Its supple, fine-grained leather can stand the gaff of Youth. The cut is the popular Moc-Front, with a special protection to keep out the wet.

This buckaroo packs *solid comfort.* You rate it. Try it today. At your nearest Bostonian store.

Mansfields

By the makers of BOSTONIANS

© Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

She Spells Opportunity with Three R's

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

into an inheritance of culture and ease, she was not long about getting to work.

In 1903, she went into the red clay hills of Greenwood County as the teacher in a one-teacher school. Later, she became county supervisor of rural schools in South Carolina, and, for a time, in Maryland. Then, for 28 years she served as Supervisor of Adult Education in South Carolina, becoming such an expert in the field that in 1924 she assisted in promoting adult schools in Oklahoma by lecturing and holding conferences in all the state colleges. Six years later she helped develop a program of adult education in Newfoundland. She became director of the Opportunity School in 1946.

A Dowdily Dressed Figure

During all these years, Miss Wil Lou became known to the whole state as a power to be reckoned with, a familiar figure in her scuffed shoes, dowdy black dresses and her hat with the nondescript clump of horsehair or thistle on top (the hat is the despair of her family whenever she wears it—which is whenever she can find it).

The members of the South Carolina legislature say openly that she is the shrewdest politician in the state, and Governor James F. Byrnes recently told this writer, "The legislators know they might as well give her what she wants, because she will finally get it anyway."

In 1946, when the Columbia Army Air Base was deactivated, Miss Wil Lou was determined to have it as a permanent home for the Opportunity School. Ever since its Tamassee days, the school had been restricted to one session in the summer and had moved from borrowed space on one college campus after another. She knew that year-round sessions would increase its usefulness tremendously.

The 998 acres and 218 buildings of the airfield on the outskirts of West Columbia were valuable property. Certain private citizens were after it, too.

A shrewd and powerful local man laid plans of his own in Washington. His scheme to get control was moving swiftly ahead when Miss Wil Lou heard about it through a loyal friend. She flew to the capital and unleashed a whirlwind. Working through graduates of the Opportunity School who had jobs in Washington, officials from South Carolina, and anybody else in authority she could lay hands on, Miss Gray got a mighty movement rolling.

The State Department of Education ultimately got the lease on the air base, and she was, without question, primarily responsible. After she had fought her battle to its successful conclusion, someone asked her chief adversary: "How in the world did you ever let that happen? How did you let that woman get the best of you?"

"Listen," the man replied bitterly, "have you ever had that woman stand between you and the door?"

Today the old air base hospital, with its 2½ miles of corridors, is the main building of the Opportunity School, and a perfect exhibit of Miss Wil Lou's methods. The walls are plastered with exhortations, morals, maxims, admonitions and inspirational quotes. "Character Is Not Purchased; It Is Home Made." "Enter to Learn; Leave to Serve." "Mind Your Manners." "Pretty Is as Pretty Does." "As a Man Thinketh in His Heart, So Is He."

Along the hall to the dining room are posters vividly contrasting the right and wrong ways of dressing, of eating beans, of greeting a lady when she enters the room. There is an education in how to live with others in just walking through the building.

In the rooms along the rambling halls, the 12 teachers of the staff instruct in all levels from the first grade to the equivalent of senior grade in high school. And vocational classes are being conducted at all hours of the day, for all sorts of groups on all sorts of subjects.

A score of middle-aged men who are learning to read and write, might, during their 15-minute break, bump into a class of Catholic mothers who (at the suggestion of the local priest) are being instructed in rope weaving and other crafts for the benefit of their cub scout troops. Advanced students preparing for college (and ranging in age from twenty to forty) work down the hall from the home economics class where the wives of the community are learning to cook pork chops, finance a house, or feed their children on a low income.

Day school and night school, boarding school and special classes produce a boiling activity that finally simmers down at about twelve o'clock at night, and leaves the one light burning in Miss Wil Lou's office. She is likely to be composing a letter to the alumni—or searching through the files for a report that she can't find, an activity that keeps her occupied constantly.

Miss Wil Lou is famous for saying, "Yes, I have the report, but I can't find it. It's in the file." The files remain a mystery to her. She is suspicious of them, hostile toward them and challenged by them. In the dead of night, she may be found groping exasperatedly under "General Reports" for an item that her secretary has carefully put in its proper place under "1935."

During the day, students and teachers who have plans of their own stay warily out of Miss Wil Lou's reach. Since she's about an important job, it seems perfectly reasonable to her that everybody should help. She assigns chores like an Army sergeant and puts everybody to work: the politician who has come to make a courtesy call and the casual visitor alike. One experienced pupil says, "Miss Wil Lou wouldn't think a thing of asking the highest person in South Carolina to empty an ash tray for her."

Putting Her Callers to Work

Last year, two legislators paid a friendly call on the director; before they knew what had happened, they found themselves trailing her around town, helping to recruit prospects for the school's community education center. A state official who dropped in for a chat happened to arrive just when Miss Wil Lou was looking for someone to hang a picture. He did a fine job.

Miss Wil Lou has no use for formality. By sheer force of personality, she cuts through the red tape of everyday life.

"Many people die when they are twenty-one, and unfortunately are not buried until they are eighty," she is fond of saying.

She feels that there is salvation through continuing education and that there is very little time. So she wades right into whatever educational problem she may encounter, her interest exploding around the harried students. One of her teachers said, wearily, "It sometimes seems that she has to attend to each student's schoolwork, table manners, past debts and relatives in the state hospital before she puts her head down at night."

It is hard to believe that any educator meddles more with the private lives of her students than Miss Gray. According to her secretary, she will turn her chair in the dining room and pounce on a grown man who has his fork halfway to his mouth. "Now stop," she'll say. "Take a smaller bite."

Miss Wil Lou has always given little informal talks to the students during the meal hours, praising, blaming and just discussing things. In 1930, when the school planned to hold its next session at Clemson College, the agricultural and engineering college of South Carolina, she was told that her student body would have to eat in the dining room with the college boys. There was con-

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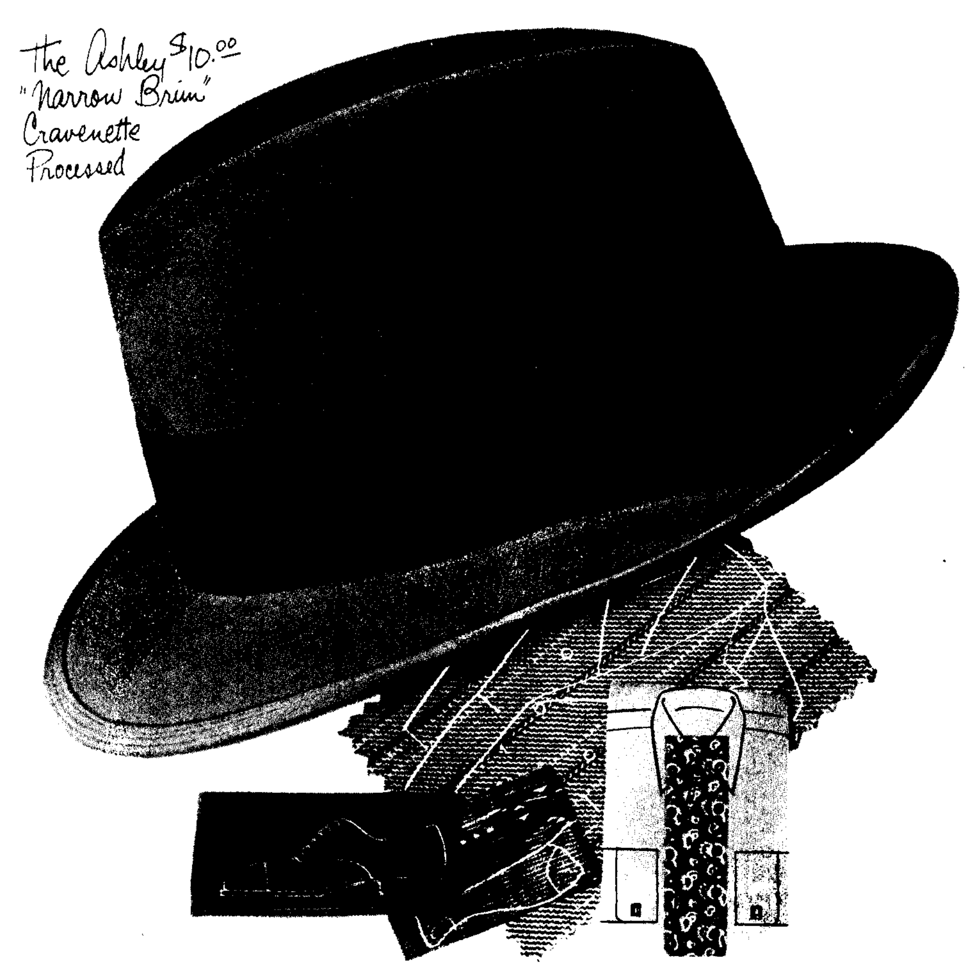

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jecture as to how the rugged Clemson group would take to Miss Wil Lou's homey, mealtime talks.

"They loved it," says Miss Mary Watson, who was a teacher at the time. "They wouldn't miss it for anything. After the boys had finished eating, they would just sit around and wait for Miss Wil Lou to begin. Before long, she had those Clemson boys teaching table manners to the Opportunity School pupils."

Chided for Her Table Manners

One of Miss Gray's pupils that year, a violent mountain youth named Pete, who is remembered as the roughest-looking student the school ever had, became extremely proud of his table manners. One night, a new teacher arrived just before dinner. She went right into the dining room, and happened to sit at Pete's table.

He watched her for a moment and then jumped to his feet. *"Hey, drop that biscuit, lady!"* he roared. "In this place, we *busts* our biscuits before we eats 'em!"

Pete was a mighty physical specimen, but he couldn't read or write. After a few weeks, the teaching suddenly began to take effect, and one morning he got up before dawn and began reading his Baby Ray primer at the top of his voice. This became a regular morning practice. The teacher on the hall finally urged him to read to himself. That upset Pete. "How am I going to know whether it's right," he asked desperately, "unless I hear what I say?"

During the early years, the Opportunity School concentrated on teaching its students reading, writing and basic citizenship. With the spread of literacy, the emphasis has been shifted to preparing them to qualify for high-school certificates and for college, but there is still the same stress on citizenship.

The atmosphere is inspirational and unorthodox, but the teaching methods are down to earth. The straight academic work is conducted along carefully devised scientific lines and the school uses the most advanced techniques and materials available. For instance, the illiterates start their learning with a "controlled vocabulary" drawn up with an eye to their own interests and experiences. The faculty uses a personal, informal approach throughout, and has found that adults learn more easily than children.

There are special reading clinics, speech clinics and other remedial classes that deal with the problems of individual students. The regular classes are small. The teachers, like Miss Vernette Moore, who was a county superintendent of schools in Iowa, and who has taught in many teachers' colleges, have the training to carry the student along as swiftly as he can go.

In the Opportunity School, the average student accomplishes a normal year's work in three months. Many move faster. Miss Gray personally exploded the rule of the State Department of Education that required four years' attendance and 16 units for high-school graduation. Her test cases, some of whom had had as little as four months of formal education after the eighth grade, did so well under her system that now any nineteen-year-old in the state can get a high-school certificate by passing an examination given by the University of South Carolina.

Students are placed and advanced in the Opportunity School according to their grades on standardized tests, and are awarded high-school certificates on the basis of standardized examinations given at the university. But it is not a cram school, and no special test coaching is done.

One hundred and sixty-four students, making from two to six years' progress in an average of seven months, have received high-school certificates through the Opportunity School during the last five years. In almost every case, this was made possible by the time and money saved through acceleration. This high-speed preparation has produced students who have done better in college than the average college students.

There were 14 graduates of the Opportunity School in the University of South Carolina last year. They had one of the highest group averages in the university.

Among the school's graduates, a doctor, a Ph.D., a pharmacist, a teacher with a master's degree, a registered nurse and many successful businessmen were all mill hands until Miss Wil Lou got hold of them. Most of these people had dropped out of day school as children; some had been working in the mills for years.

Like other state-supported schools in South Carolina, the Opportunity School has white students only. But Miss Gray was a prime mover in organizing night schools for Negroes; today, such schools hold classes in practically every county in the state.

The Opportunity School was one of the four schools in the country consulted by the Navy preparatory to developing one of its basic educational programs. Educators from abroad are frequently routed down to South Carolina from Washington to have a look at Miss Gray's work.

A distinguished Turkish gentleman made a visit not long ago. In spite of his dark skin, Miss Wil Lou was able to maneuver him without event through several mill villages for a look at the work going on in rural areas. They were having a final dinner together in downtown Columbia, when he realized that everybody in the room was looking at them.

"Why are they staring at me?" he asked.

"They aren't staring at you," she said with a quick and saving humor. "They are staring at me. It's the first time they've ever seen me with a man."

Despite such incidents as this, Miss Wil Lou is not celebrated for her tact. Useless diplomacy seems a waste of time to her; she prefers to cut to the point.

"I'm a practical idealist," she says. Early in the century, the trustees refused to paint her first schoolhouse. Miss Wil Lou and the pupils had a fund-raising campaign. The proceeds provided enough paint for part of the building. They painted the side toward the road, took a picture of that side, and won first prize in a school-improvement contest.

In her relationship with the Opportunity School students, she displays a powerful faith, but it is a realistic faith based on their training and what she sees as their potentialities.

The "Bad" Boy Who Made Good

She admittedly likes her bad boys better than the good ones. If you ask her if the school has had any failures, she says, "Yes, we've got several boys in the penitentiary. That's not bad, though, out of 7,000. One of them who was released served later in the Pacific in World War II. And," she adds with a glint in her eye, "he sent me enough money to put another person through the Opportunity School."

Miss Wil Lou is always struggling to get financial assistance for the boarding students who can't afford to pay the $47.50 that covers all expenses. Almost none of them can. The Department of Education supports the plant and pays the teachers (they get the same salary as other teachers in the state, plus something for room and board), but all scholarships are privately given. Almost without exception, those graduates of the school who have done the most for themselves and for South Carolina couldn't have gone in the first place if they hadn't had scholarships.

A successful businesswoman, and financially independent, Miss Wil Lou puts practically all of her own salary back into the school. Nobody knows how much of her personal funds are revolving in student help. In addition to providing scholarships, she will lend a student the down payment for a house; set him up in business after he graduates; or give enough assistance to a college-bound graduate to enable him to work his way through.

The Opportunity School, itself, has always lived from hand to mouth, along with most of its students, although the legislature has never failed to support the school, even during the depression. Funds amounting to $131,600 have already been earmarked for the current year, but nothing is assured, and Miss Wil Lou, students, graduates, friends and the State Department of Education feel they must fight to keep the money coming.

Students who have been timid about speaking to their own group in the dining room have testified again and again before the state legislature. In one instance, the school got more publicity than it had expected.

An elderly student was telling the members of the Assembly how important he thought the school was. Finally, he said with tremendous feeling, "I don't think there's a thing in South Carolina any finer than Miss Gray's Adultery School."

Swamp-Country Woman Testifies

For many years, Miss Wil Lou has been an important national figure in the field of education. Back in the 1920s, she was scheduled to speak before the U.S. House Committee on Education on behalf of federal aid to schools. She took Mrs. N. B. Mishoe, an adult pupil attending the local night school, along to Washington with her to testify. Mrs. Mishoe had come to the school as an old woman from her home in the swamp country near Conway, South Carolina. Some of the senators in that group have never forgotten her speech.

"Gentlemen," Mrs. Mishoe told them, "you may think there is not any use to educate an old plug like me. Now you may not know what an old plug is—down in Horry County, we call an old worn-out mule a plug.

"If I hadn't been taught to read, I would have been sitting in front of the fire, mad, with my lips poked out. But now I can entertain my grandchildren by reading storybooks to them."

She told how her sons had gone away to World War I. She had smiled and told them good-by, and then sat in the swing on her porch and wept because she knew she couldn't read what they wrote to her. And then a batch of letters came from her boys, and she couldn't even tell one from the other.

One of the senators asked her age. Mrs. Mishoe's eyes crinkled up humorously. "I don't know if I want to tell that," she said. "There may be some widowmen in this group."

Miss Wil Lou made her point.

Over the years, Miss Wil Lou has been responsible for the education of more of the state's adults than any other living person, but nothing unsettles her so much as gratitude. She insists that the credit must go to the public, the pupils and the teachers, who, she says, have worked "without stint or limit." In her own eyes, she has done nothing more than create opportunities, and in her own mind she has been convinced that folks must work out their own salvation. But some of the things she has helped people achieve look akin to miracles.

James Miles, an agricultural economist at Clemson College, says, "Miss Gray isn't just teaching, she's taking the whole human being into her hands."

Twenty-two years ago, James Miles was a thirteen-year-old laborer in a cotton mill in Columbia. He had just dropped out of day school and begun the long, tedious process of night school. Miss Wil Lou spoke to his night-school class, and caught his imagination.

A tall, angular, stubborn boy, Miles went to the Opportunity School in 1929 and attended for seven consecutive summers. When he was twenty, he transferred to high school. The procedure was irregular then, but the high school managed to give him credit and graduate him within a year.

With Miss Wil Lou behind him, James entered Spartanburg Junior College. Working in the local mill to pay his way, he graduated in two years. He entered the University of South Carolina and graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa; entered Cornell and won his Ph.D degree in three years.

In another case, the Opportunity School has changed the course of a whole family.

How One Family Benefited

Lucile Turner, a girl from a mill community in Greenville, enrolled in the school 20 years ago. Her brother, two sisters and, eventually, six grandchildren in the family followed her.

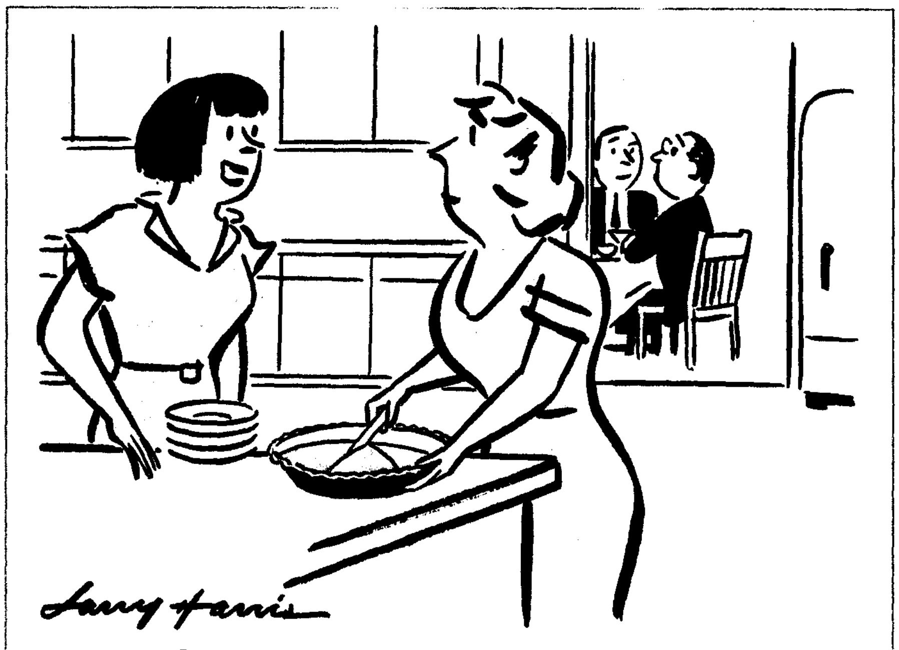
Within one generation, a family that had been producing millworkers with sixth- and seventh-grade educations produced instead an electrical engineer, a teacher with a master's degree, an accountant, a beautician and a graduate pharmacist.

George Turner, the pharmacist, says, "We were mill people and mill people didn't finish high school, much less go to college. But once I got into the Opportunity School, it was inspiration all the way."

The Turners, James Miles and the other people who have come under Miss Wil Lou's hand have changed a lot, but she herself has changed very little. Now, in her late sixties, she still works far into the night. She resents the heater in her car—says heaters make you soft. She can't tolerate waste or young girls in shorts, and she can't rest so long as she knows of a South Carolinian who needs educating.

She is about her work. The work might best be described by a tribute that Miss Wil Lou has always paid to somebody else: "She makes masters out of folks that most people would crush."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Fred likes a big piece — about the size of the Government's cut of the income dollar" LARRY HARRIS

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PISTON RINGS
BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

Start: surrounded by raw burlap and sample accessories, model Martha Boss prepares to work the glamor gimmicks. All hats are by Madcaps, belts by Annette. Jewelry from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.

Sleek: model fits high-necked yoke into burlap dress, wears beaded "coolie" hat of straw yarn (about $12) and a vivid belt homemade of oilcloth. Smooth-looking as her ceramic cat, she's ready for lunch

Glamor Gimmicks

WHEN the American woman buys a new hat or a sparkling bracelet simply because she's feeling gay, it's due less to extravagance than to irresistible and omnipresent temptation. Mass production brings her an endless, alluring array of high-style, low-cost items to supplement her basic wardrobe. It bedecks her with pretty little baubles, gewgaws and gimmicks. Though clothes make the woman, a world of enchanting and beguiling accessories—hats, scarves, gloves, shoes, belts, costume jewelry and flowers—makes the glamor.

With all the gadgets at her disposal, any smart girl can look good, even in a potato sack. All the lady has to do is add pin money and a little imagination, and she can conjure up magic for her simplest, most inexpensive dress.

If she's ingenious enough, the ambitious female can, by varying her accessories, carry one basic costume through any number of activities without mangling her budget.

A $1 scarf, draped to fill in a low neckline, can make the distinction between a street and a party dress. The plainest cotton frock can serve nicely for town with a sailor hat and fresh white gloves; for country, with colorful sandals and a straw belt. The difference between a shoulder bag and a small clutch purse; a gold drop-earring and a simple pearl stud; a leather or a satin belt, a cluster of artificial daisies or a red velvet rose—all these can mark the transition from working to partying in the same dress.

To achieve this versatility, American women spend an estimated $4,000,000,000 annually for their accessories.

This spring, much of that dizzying sum will go for gadgets in blue, from light to bright—the season's fashionable shades (last year, lavender was the rage and the year before that, orange).

A limited commodity in other countries, color is available to American women in a vast kaleidoscope ranging from tones any mere man can define to the most minute variations on a chartreuse theme.

Much that is bought in blue will have this spring's high-style "look," dictated by the lords of fashion and known in chic salons as "Gibson Girl Revisualized." As one fashion expert puts it: "In spring of 1952, women will look sweet, delicate, demure. They will have that handle-carefully-it's-fragile look."

But if a woman just can't give the handle-carefully-it's-fragile impression, she has a choice of countless other types. Accessories are so versatile that, with judicious selection, she can impart any effect she wants—sweet, subdued or siren—even to a burlap bag.

To prove it, Collier's asked photographer Sharland and top model Martha Boss, twenty-one, to take a length of burlap, a hatboxful of accessories, and see what they could do.

As these results show, it's all in the gimmicks: glamor is what you add. MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

Stay-at-home: kept simple and bare-necked, dress is fine for dining with guests. The hostess adds sparkle with dollar rhinestone earrings, jeweled pin at $7.50 and bracelets mixed in popular fashion. Apron is for practicality, curlers for readiness, and I. Miller clogs for fun

Sweet: adding effective touches of white, she's ready for dancing. Calf leather contour belt is $8.95; gay blossoms are by Flower Modes

Sophisticated: soft scarf, patent Coblentz bag, $10 sailor hat change mood for teatime. Striped Wear Right gloves, $4.50, come in wide color range

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Ask the America Fore insurance man about our Maximum Benefit Accident policy which pays medical, surgical and hospital expenses, a weekly income while you are laid up, and a large lump sum if totally disabled!

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, and ask for Operator 25.

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Last Time Around

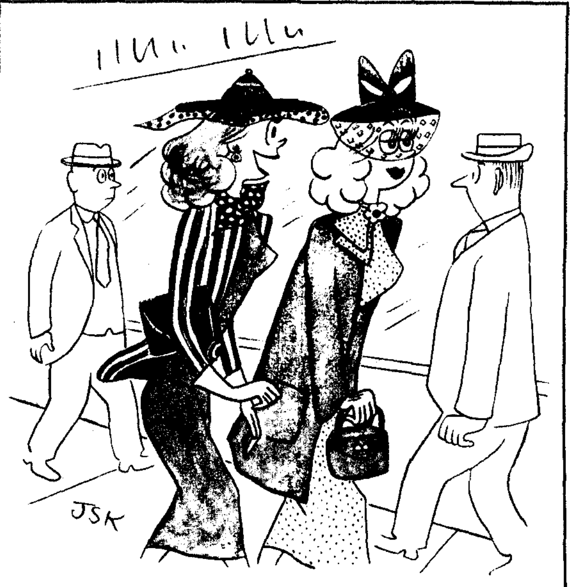
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Doc?" and smiled at Kit Morgan, "How's the boy, Kit?"

"Good," he said. "Good, Junior."

And then he had to get away because they all knew, and it was too much to bear any longer. He said, "Well, the old man can take a rest while you kids fight it out." He walked from the room to his locker, got his soap tin, and almost ran for the shelter of the showers. Behind him, faintly heard in the trainer's room, someone said, "Yeah? Damn, I hate to hear that."

Kit soaped and washed down; he stayed under the shower until they were gone, with only a few rookies arguing along the front locker line facing the door; and then he hurried to his locker and dressed. When he stepped from the clubhouse into the shadow of the veranda, the game was just under way, and Bill Stewart was raising his arm to call a strike on Pesky, as Meeker delivered to the plate. The wives were sitting on their private lawn chairs between the press box and the veranda. Sam Bishop, from the front office, was talking with a group of baseball writers. And some rookies were playing pepper farther down the left-field line in foul country.



"He wanted someone who could cook all his meals, darn his socks, sew the buttons on his shirts . . . so I suggested his mother"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

Kit heard the clatter of typewriters in the press box, the sound of the teletype, the voice of the broadcaster filtering through the game and crowd sounds in disconnected bursts of words addressed to an audience a thousand miles north in the home city. Kids were perched on the outfield fences, and the spring crowd filled the grandstand and the bleachers with a vivid patchwork of sport shirts and bright dresses. He saw and heard and smelled it all, and walked quickly behind the wives and coaches, through the dusty bull pen to the side exit, away from the park. He had to get his personal equipment, but not now; he couldn't carry that past them all in full view.

The crowd shouted as he walked south; someone had got a base hit. The game would run its course for two hours and a few-odd minutes, as a thousand forgotten spring games had been played here in the past. Malone was back there on the bench, talking it up, watching the game, thinking of him; and Kirby was there, and Lefty Culver, feeling the same way. A good many would be feeling his sadness, but the young men were playing with no thought of him now, for that was how a man felt in his early years. A boy had to think of himself every minute if he wanted to stick, and no one could blame a boy for forgetting the last workout of another old-timer going down.

Kit walked fast, holding himself erect against any pity, any kind word; entering the hotel, he glanced at his mailbox and went upstairs to the room he shared with Malone. And there, with the door locked, he lay on the bed and stared wide-eyed at his clasped hands. He had to call Flora now; she was across the state with the children, waiting for this call. He could see her plainly, as though she were sitting here beside him in the hotel room, smiling and brave. She had been with him from the very beginning, up the hard, tough road from the minors, through the early years when the competition was rough. And the girls—they had to know; they were old enough. He sat up and looked at the telephone, and knew it was cowardly to wait any longer.

He placed calls to Seattle and San Diego, accepted the notice of delay, and hung up. He lighted a cigar, kicked off his beach shoes, and sat on the bed, waiting, rubbing one foot against the other. The calls came through, and he spoke with men he didn't know, who knew him intimately by means of the baseball network that extended across the country. They asked the routine questions: Are you in shape? Would you come out for a look? How much do you figure in salary, roughly? A thirty-day trial? All right, we'll talk it over and call you back. Yes, within twenty-four hours, Kit. Glad you called. Good-by.

He had done all he could; this was the start of something he faced for another two or three years if he wanted to play ball. Triple-A this year, maybe next; then a drop to Double-A. He would never play lower—he knew that—but two or three years meant money they might need later on. It was strange that no one in baseball seemed to recognize his talent for teaching and working with young boys; if that chance would only come, he'd welcome it with open arms. But no one seemed to know, or care.

He stood in the window a minute and watched the elderly guests play shuffleboard beneath the royal palms on the emerald-green lawn, and then he placed his last call. He heard the connection go through, across the narrow center width of the state, until Flora's voice came clear and warm: "Is that you, Kit? How are you, dear?"

"Fine," he said. "How are you and the kids?"

"Right beside me," Flora said. "Begging to say hello. All right, take your turns."

He grinned when Mary said, "Hello, Dad," and then Betsy wrestled the telephone away and half shouted, "Hello, Daddy, how are you?"

"Fine," he said. "Both of you been good gals?"

"Awful good," Betsy said. "Gee, we'll be starting North pretty quick, won't we, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby," he said. "Let me talk to Mother."

Starting North, he thought. His children had lived all their lives in this double-home life, going North in April, coming back in October, going to two schools, living in two houses, living an unnatural life that so many children envied. And all that would change, for them, in a short time.

"Yes, Kit?" Flora said.

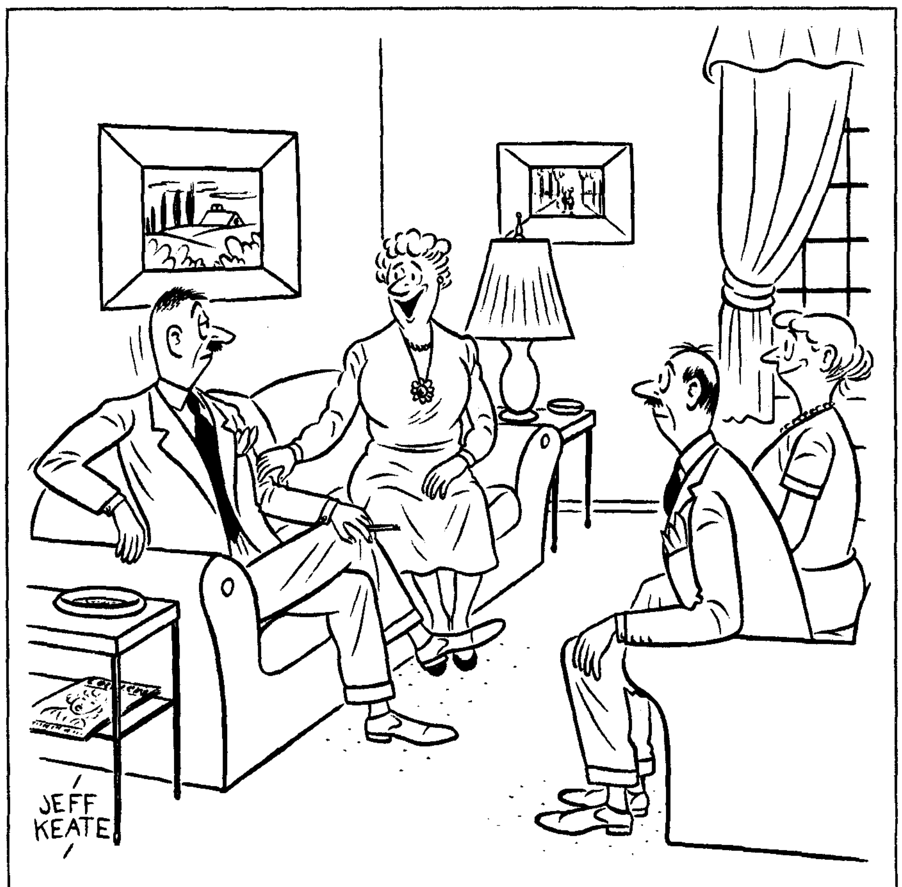
He had been afraid to tell her, and suddenly he realized that she was one person in the world he could tell. He said, "It happened, Flora, an hour ago. Nobody took the waivers. I guess that's it."

"Oh, Kit," Flora said softly. "Well, it was bound to come. Don't feel too bad, Kit. I know you got a fair deal."

"No beefs, Flora," he said. "I just lost the big step."

"What will we do now?" Flora asked calmly.

"I called the Coast," he said. "Probably won't hear until tomorrow. If I make a



"Charlie, tell them that long-drawn-out joke that's funny because it has no point to it"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Will they inherit socialism?

You wouldn't want to leave a socialistic America to your children. Most Americans wouldn't.

But you may — without realizing it. For socialism wears many false faces. You can't always tell it at a glance.

It's socialism, for example, when the federal government takes over for keeps the rights and responsibilities of its citizens on any pretext.

It's socialism when the government steps into and takes over a business or industry.

It's socialism when people urge you to give up the freedom to run your own life and let the government run it for you.

Today in America, there are people who would like to see an all-powerful federal government own and operate our railroads, our medical profession, our electric light and power companies and other businesses and services. Perhaps they're not all socialists, but what they suggest is socialism — even though they never call it that.

And they'll have their way unless you act now. Here's what you can do: Start thinking of your future and your children's. Exercise your rights as a citizen. Discuss this danger with your friends and neighbors. Use your ballot wisely. And above all, learn to recognize socialism behind the many false faces it wears.

• • • •

America's *business*-managed, tax-paying ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES* publish this advertisement to expose some of the many disguises behind which socialism operates in this country.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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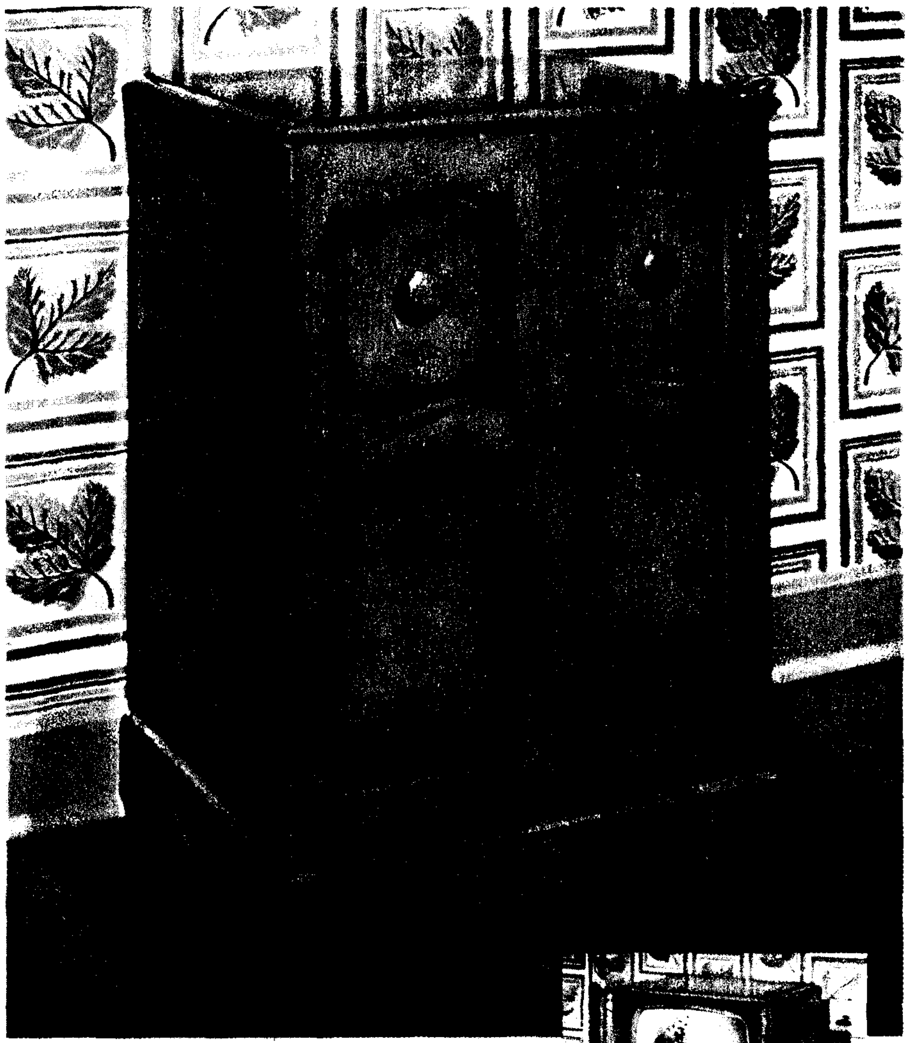

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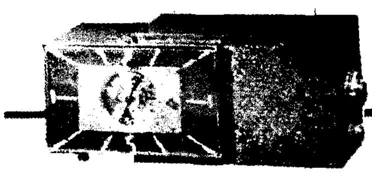
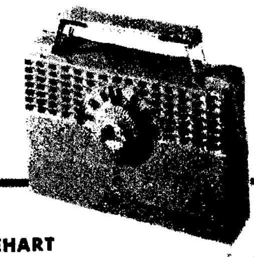




The CAPEHART Clock Radio. An accurate timepiece, a tireless servant. Superb tone. High-style plastic cabinet in choice of colors.

The CAPEHART Personal Portable Radio. Plays where you play. Today's leader for style . . . for performance. Lightweight plastic cabinet in choice of colors.

deal, I can come home for a couple of days before I fly out."

"That's wonderful," Flora said. She turned from the telephone, and Kit heard her say, "What? . . . Yes, Mary." The telephone changed hands, and Mary said, "Dad, did it happen?"

"Today, honey," he said. "But don't worry; everything is still fine."

"I'm not worried," Mary said. "Are we going to the Coast League?"

"I think so. We'll know tomorrow."

"Dad," Mary said. "They don't pay as much, do they?"

"I'm afraid not," he said.

"Well, don't you worry, Dad," Mary said. "We'll just have to economize, won't we? You can cut my allowance if you want."

He said, "That's not necessary, honey. Now put your mother on." He held the telephone and wondered how lucky a man could be, with a pair of daughters who understood well enough to give him courage when courage was supposed to come from him. He said, "Flora, I'll call you soon as I get word. I'd better hang up now." He laughed. "This is costing us money, you know."

"We're starving to death," Flora laughed. "I'll be ready to pack, dear. Good-by."

HE TURNED from the phone and began to pack his bags. Tonight and tomorrow would be as bad as any time he might ever live through, but he had to keep grinning and wait the long hours out. He put on a clean shirt and tie and went downstairs to the hotel garden. He stayed there on a bench, reading the morning paper, until five thirty was announced by the first faint call for dinner and players appeared on the broad veranda, talking and smiling to guests they had met during March.

People were moving slowly from the garden. Kit couldn't sit out here forever and look at the grass and read yesterday's box scores. He followed a group up the steps and slipped through the French doors before anyone saw him, but he couldn't dodge them in the lobby. They were all around him, in groups and little knots, and he knew how the talk was going, just as it always ran on all nights during spring training and on the road.

They were replaying the game, discussing other players, recounting this hit and that steal, moving hands and arms to illustrate—for ballplayers without gestures were speechless—certain chances and pitches. Ruxton was telling the rookies of someone from the past who had played with the A's; and Cappy McGee, who'd played a lot of infield in the early thirties, was beside the desk, laughing, shaking his shiny bald head, making one of his numberless friends feel better just to be near him; and Wilson was deep in a serious pitching problem with more youngsters in the far corner; and Hanson, the manager, with considerate, deeply understanding kindness, had already entered the dining room for one reason: so that he and Kit Morgan might not be forced to speak to each other in front of the team.

LEFTY CULVER came from the elevators, wearing another bow tie, and touched Kit Morgan's arm. "Want to eat?" Lefty said.

"Thanks. I'm waiting for Pat, Lefty."

"Okay," Lefty said. "Be good, Kit."

Lefty passed, and Kit felt the pitcher's hand on his arm, pressing down hard and tight, and then Lefty was away and Kit was alone again. He moved through the lobby, speaking to them all, keeping the smile on his face until he reached the elevator alcove; the doors opened and Malone stepped out, saw Kit, and nodded toward the north-side entrance steps.

"Where do we eat?" Malone asked.

"Anyplace," he said. "You want to eat here, Pat?"

"Cut it out," Malone said gruffly. "You want to, Kit?"

"I'm not running from anybody," he said stiffly.

"Who says you are?" Malone said. "Hell, let's go somewhere and talk."

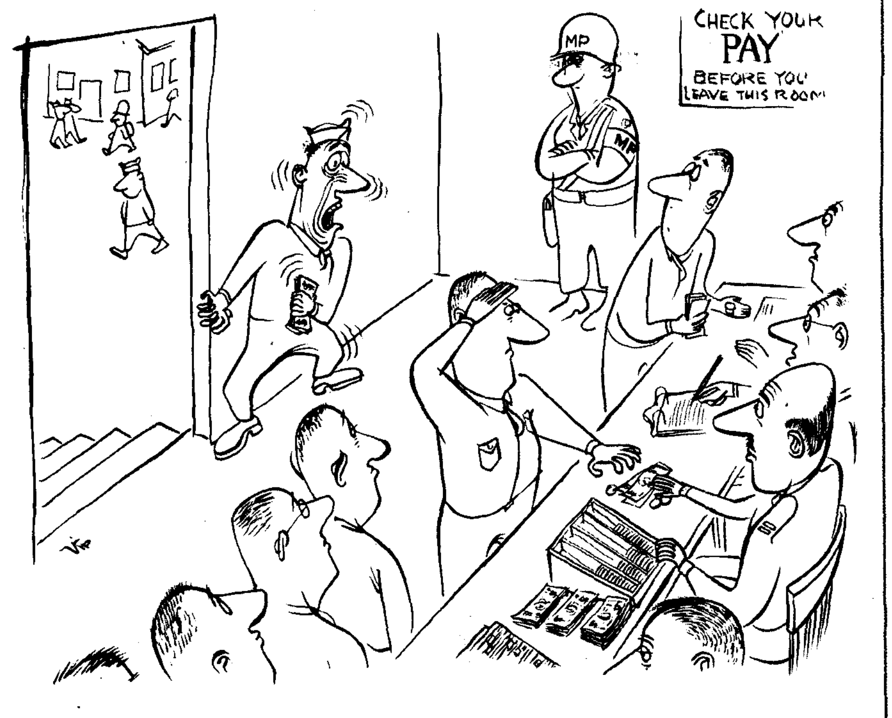
For a moment, Kit wanted to eat in the dining room, for tonight would be the last time he was a part of that scene; after tonight the feeling would be different. He could always come back and eat with old friends, here at spring training or around the circuit in the Chase and Edgewater Beach and Commodore, but the feeling would never be the same. He was afraid, thinking of others he had known, thinking of how he had felt when they'd come back to say hello.

"What about the Beachcomber?" he said.

"Okay," Malone said. "I could use some fried chicken."

They turned from the elevators toward the north-lobby stairs. Angsman came trotting from the desk, grinned at them,

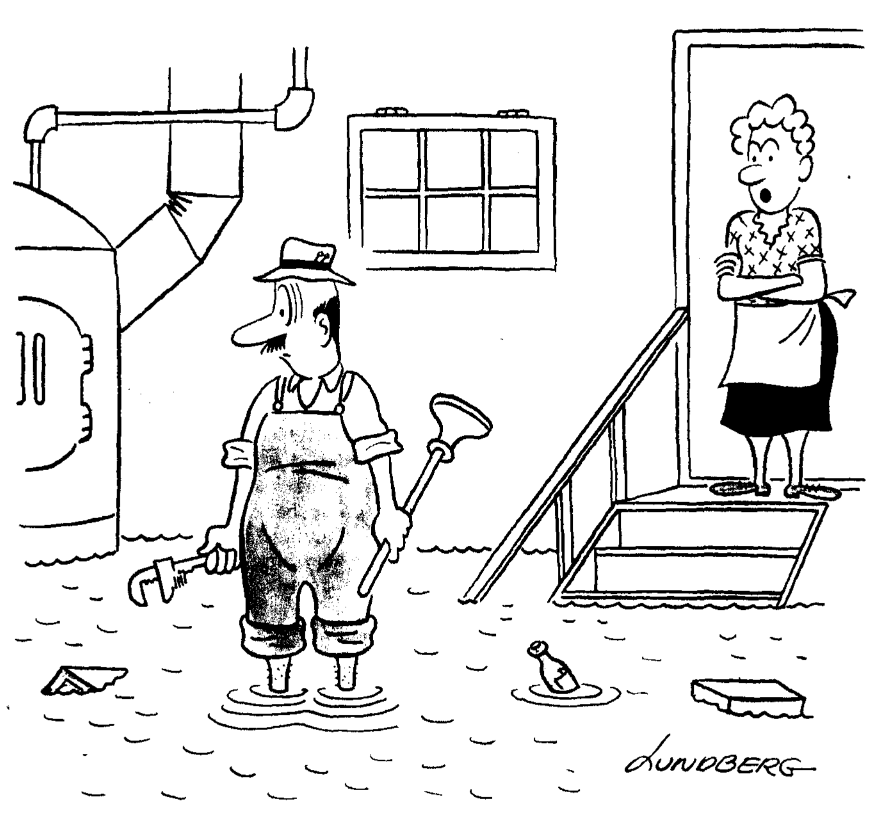
VIP'S WAR


CHECK YOUR PAY BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM
MP
MP

COLLIER'S

"*I'm* not going out there unarmed with . . . with this fortune in cash!"

VIRGIL PARTCH



"Be careful, Mr. Cloy, there's a mousetrap around somewhere!"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

and jumped into the elevator. They heard him say, "Open it up, Joe," and he knew that Angsman had forgotten something in his room and was hurrying to get it and return for dinner, young and happy, without a worry in the world.

"Heard from anybody?" Malone asked.

"Probably tomorrow," he said. "About noon."

"You'll get a deal," Malone said. "Don't let them beat you down."

"Pat," he said, "I'll be pretty easy to beat down."

Malone stopped and grasped his arm roughly. "Don't talk like that, damn it!"

"Only to you," he said. "And to Flora. I never thought it would be like this. Ten years of it, until a man gets to thinking it can last ten more."

THEY stood together in the gloom of the back lobby, and Malone's hand was tight and warm on his arm. As they turned silently to the stairs, the bell captain came from the desk and called, "Mr. Morgan, phone call for you. Will you take it downstairs?"

He wondered who could be calling so quickly, and decided the Coast League must be desperate for players if they were responding that fast. He said, "I'll take it here," and followed the bell captain to the ledge phone near the desk.

"Morgan," he said. "Who is it?"

He recognized the voice immediately—the manager of the club training in the adjoining town. "You're free agent now, Kit?"

"Yes," he said. "As of today, Eddie."

"Made any deal?"

"Not yet," he said.

"Listen," the manager said. "You can still go in and give my kids a rest, can't you?"

"Sure," he said. "I'm not washed up, Eddie."

"Well, then, want to come over tomorrow and get together?"

Kit Morgan did not trust his own voice now; with this sudden, unexpected chance, he was afraid to show his feelings. He said cautiously, "If you're serious, Eddie."

"Hell," the manager laughed, "of course I'm serious, Kit. We passed waivers on you, sure, because the boss hated to pay your salary if he grabbed you that way. This way, we can drive a better bargain. We took a chance; it paid off. What are you getting this year?"

"Fifteen," he said.

"Pretty steep, Kit. Understand, I'm speaking for the front office now. Would you take a twenty-five per cent cut, and sign?"

Malone was beside him, squeezing his arm, shaking his head. Kit Morgan said, "No, Eddie. No soap."

"Twenty?"

"Twelve and a half," Kit Morgan said. "No more."

"You got a deal," the manager said. "And one more thing. I know how you work with kids. The boss wants a good man, starting next year, going around to all our Class D, C, and B clubs, really teaching fundamentals to our kids. Interested?"

"Yes," Kit Morgan said thinly. "Yes, I am."

"Good. I'll see you tomorrow noon."

"I'll be there," Kit said. "And thanks, Eddie."

Kit Morgan placed the telephone carefully on the hook and looked at Malone; and then he had to grin, like a kid signing his first Class-D contract for a fifty-buck bonus. He said, "You hear it?"

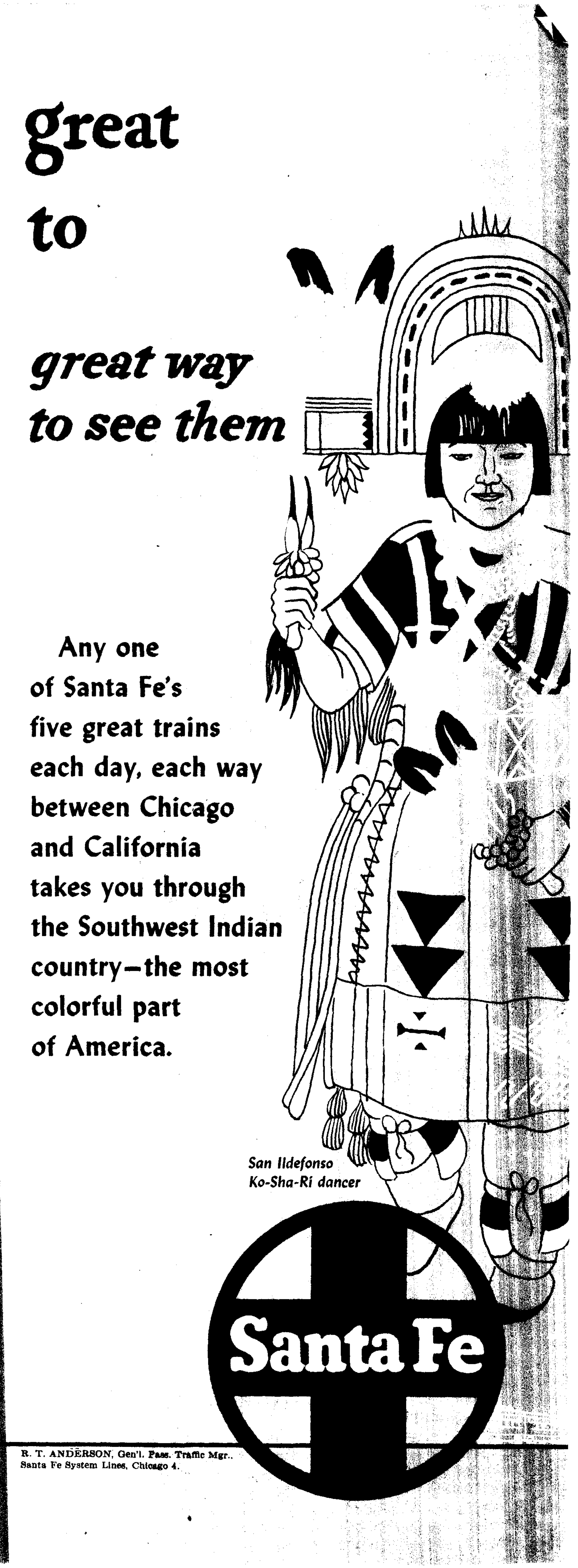
"Sure," Malone said. "They were playing it smart. They need utility bad, and you got a deal."

He looked around at the lobby, where the last players were going up the steps to the dining room. He said, "We'll eat here. You go on in, Pat. I've got to call Flora right away."

"Give her my best," Malone said. "You lucky bum."

KIT walked swiftly to the elevator and pressed the button. Riding upstairs, he could imagine Malone taking their regular table and leaning over casually to tell the nearest player that Kit Morgan had just caught on with the Red Wings as utility for the year and a bigger job in the future. And when he came down and sat with Malone, they would look at him and wink, and grin, and show plainly how relieved and pleased they were to have him staying with them in the same league for another year. But even with this happy knowledge, as he fumbled nervously for his room key in the dark hall, he thought of next spring and knew he had only delayed time a few short months. He hadn't said good-by just yet, but this was his last year of active play, and he must watch it, remember every day and word and game, for it would never come again.

THE END



great to
great way to see them

Any one of Santa Fe's five great trains each day, each way between Chicago and California takes you through the Southwest Indian country—the most colorful part of America.

San Ildefonso Ko-Sha-Ri dancer

Santa Fe

R. T. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Traffic Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4.

My Brother's Widow

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

When I saw what we were manufacturing in C Building, it gave me the shudders; we were making the trigger assembly for hell. And Colonel Dolson, the Army man on the job, was playing a secret game of his own

The Story: I'm GEVAN DEAN, and four years ago I was president of Dean Products in the Midwest city of Arland. I was going to marry a beautiful girl named NIKI, but Niki married my kid brother, KEN, and I quit and went to Florida. For four years, I just loafed, living off my stock dividends. Then one day LESTER FITCH, a company lawyer, showed up in Florida with news that Ken was dead—shot by a prowler. I flew up to Arland, where I found that one STANLEY MOTTLING was being backed by COLONEL DOLSON, the Army Contracting Officer at the plant, to succeed Ken as company president. But some people preferred the company's treasurer, old WALTER GRANBY.

I went to see Niki, who professed to be in love with me. She also wanted me to vote for Mottling. My former secretary, JOAN PERRIT, wanted me to come back and be president myself, but Niki's marriage to Ken had killed my enthusiasm for everything about Dean Products. I was surprised to realize that Joan also seemed to be in love with me. HILDY DEVEREAUX, who sang at the Arland hotel, told me Ken had been afraid of something before he'd been killed. WALTER SHENNARY had been arrested for Ken's murder, but it looked fishy. So did the fact that people kept pressuring me to vote for Mottling. He was smooth, and a smart engineer, but I didn't like him.

III

MOTTLING'S secretary told me how to find Colonel Dolson's office. Dolson wasn't there, but a Captain Corning, a big, blond, lip-biting guy, as guileless as a child, told me that the colonel had ordered that I be given a pass to all parts of the plant. He offered to find a guide for me. I told him I knew my way around.

Out in the production areas, there were a lot of familiar faces—men who had been hired by my father, and a few who had been hired by my grandfather. The older ones remembered when Kendall and I had been kids and had been brought down there by Dad sometimes on Saturday afternoons, and told to stay out of trouble if we went out in the shop.

I could feel the fast, hard tempo of the work, plus the strain that always permeates a plant when trouble is going on upstairs. I caught the sidelong looks, the speculative glances. And I could sense criticism. The deep Florida tan was a label that spoke of indolence, fat living—and I suppose that more than a few of them felt that the money for my four-year vacation had come from the value added to raw materials by them during the working days.

I've never considered myself a right-winger, nor yet a parlor pink. I could look around me and see buildings and equipment that represented millions of dollars. And people with money would be content to have that money remain tied up in buildings and equipment only if there was a suitable return. It is not enough to say that no one should have that much money. If you grant that they should not, then you must find some other source for investment. And the only other possible source is the federal government, which acquires it through taxation. And I could visualize Dean Products under government ownership. The office space would be tripled and the production space would be halved.

Yet I could not avoid a feeling of guilt as I acknowledged greetings from men I knew. I had been trained to do a job as an executive. I had grown up with the knowledge of the responsibility ahead of me. And I had walked out, telling myself that if I didn't do the job, someone else would.

It took over an hour to get straightened out on what was going on. Normal production for the civilian market and the export market had shrunk to the point where it was confined to two thirds of the War I buildings. The remaining space in the War I buildings was production space for Chemical Warfare procurement. The War II buildings were set aside for Ordnance contracts, prime and sub. Some of the production was just getting under way. Other lines were being set up, with the engineering staff in a typical frenzy.

The guards stopped me at the door of C Building and checked back with the security officer to see if my pass was legitimate. It was a degree of secrecy that had not existed at any time during War II.

Miles Bennet had a small office just inside the door. He was a square, blond man, a reliable, unimaginative production engineer.

He shook hands warmly, and I saw

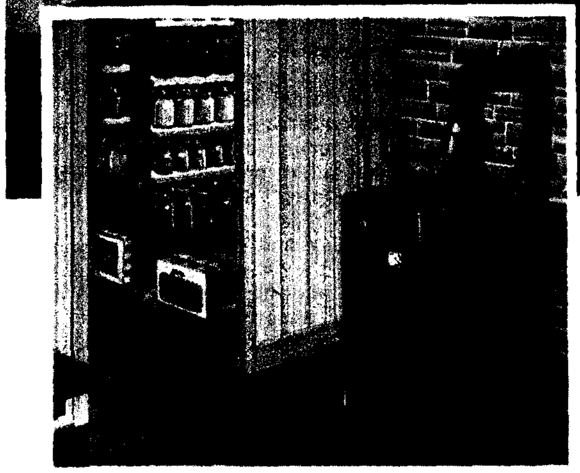
(Continued on page 64)

The sulky blonde bit her lip. "I don't think I want to tell him," she said in a thin, immature voice. Perry advanced on her, flexing her fingers. "Now you see here," she said. "You promised!"

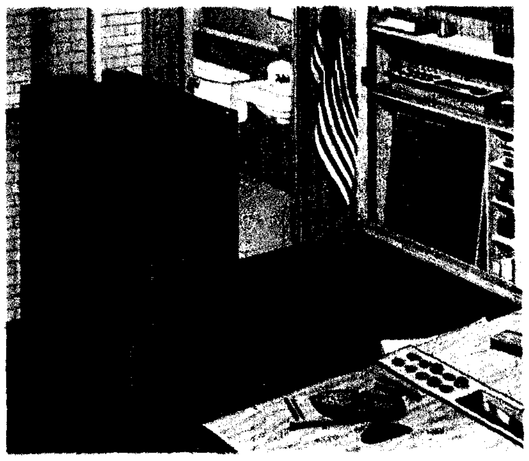
ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

AMERICAN-Standard
HEATING

THESE HIDDEN HEATING PANELS by American-Standard are the new way, the smart way to heat your home. Replacing your regular baseboards, they give you more wall space, greater latitude in room decoration, more uniform heating comfort.



THIS GAS BOILER, the Empire, is clean, streamlined, compact, fully automatic. It's ideal for game room installation. Burners are precision-made for efficient fuel burning. Excellent for modernization of small or medium size homes.



THIS OIL BOILER, the Arcoliner Wet Base Boiler, is designed exclusively for oil firing. Compact and handsome, with heavily insulated jacket, it furnishes fully automatic radiator heating. Wet base construction permits first floor installation.

NOW—new comfort, new decorating freedom for your home
with space-saving BASEBOARD HEATING

● One of the greatest steps ahead for heating new homes or old are the new Radiantrim Panels perfected by American-Standard. These heating panels take up but little more space than the baseboards they replace. And though practically out of sight, you'll know they're on the job by the clean, uniform warmth they deliver. And how you'll bless them when you decorate! You have complete freedom to arrange your furniture and draperies any way you want. Your rooms seem larger. They are more attractive. And yet you have uniform, floor-to-ceiling warmth!

Can be had on easy terms!

If you are planning to remodel, you can have American-Standard heating equipment installed in your home on the most liberal easy payment terms. Just see your American-Standard heating retailer. Look him up under "Heating Equipment" in the classified section of your phone book. He handles a complete line of American-Standard heating equipment for all kinds of fuel.

Don't face another winter with outmoded heating when liberal payment terms will let you have the best right now!

FREE! Complete book of facts on all types of heating and plumbing for new homes or old. No charge. Use the coupon.

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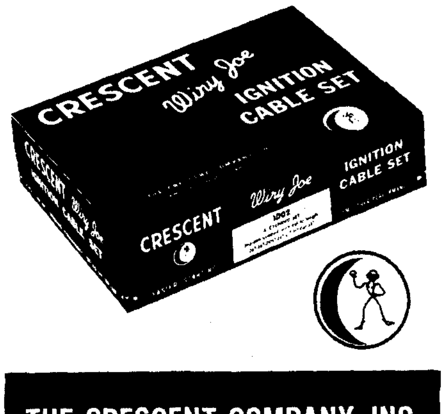
NEGLECTED WIRES *cause* AUTOMOBILE FIRES

The Fire Report of the City of Philadelphia shows "the chief known cause of fires in 1950" was automobile short circuits! And every day . . . all over the country . . . fires caused by defective wires destroy cars, trucks, and buses by the hundred!

Is a fire hazard hitching a ride in your car? Better have your wires and cables checked today. Not only to prevent fire—but to prevent hard starting, poor engine performance, battery failure.

When wiring is bad, install new genuine Crescent Wiry Joe Wires and Cables. There are none better! Send for free folder "The Effect of Defective Wiring on Car Performance."



THE CRESCENT COMPANY, INC.
PAWTUCKET • RHODE ISLAND

Everybody Calls Him Cedric

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

big success almost overnight. One word from him about watering lawns, and the water consumption of Minneapolis shoots up to alarming proportions.

Once he ran an item about an old woman who had lost the $37 she had saved to pay her income taxes; he asked readers to send in pennies to help her. She got more than $500. Another time he asked again for pennies to help build a house for a blind woman with four children, deserted by her husband. More than $28,000 came in. Annually he asks his readers to send gifts for the people in state mental institutions. Last Christmas, this appeal brought a flood of 19,000 presents.

Appeal Is Hard to Explain

Yet, although he has been called the most influential citizen in the upper Midwest and the single most influential regional columnist in the country, it's hard—even for me—to pin down the secret of his appeal.

His 800-word column is the best-read text feature in the Minneapolis Star and Sunday Tribune. Yet, unlike most columnists, he deals neither in headline news nor gossip items. He goes from household hints to odd items of interest to the most personal observations. His daily news broadcasts—one at 12:30 P.M. and the other at ten o'clock at night—are equally unpretentious. He simply reads the late news, making no attempt at interpretation or analysis, except for an ad lib chuckle once in a while. Yet so personally do his listeners take Cedric that he gets telephone calls blaming him when the news is bad.

It is a family habit in the whole upper Midwest to listen to Cedric at ten o'clock and go to bed when he signs off at ten fifteen. Traveling salesmen have told us that it is almost uncanny, when driving at night, to see the lights go out in whole strings of houses at ten fifteen.

When it comes to Cedric's appeal, I admit I am prejudiced. I was one of his early admirers, back when he was writing his column for the University of Minnesota Daily.

It was this column that started him toward the position he holds today, but the path wasn't easy. In 1925, the Minneapolis Star hired him to do a column five days a week, in between court reporting and rewrite. The column did not catch on. So Cedric quit, and worked for the next few years at a variety of jobs. Finally, after our marriage, he went to the Minneapolis Shopping News and started the column again. This time, for some reason, it began picking up readers in droves. I remember one incident that should have prepared me for the mob scene around our home years later: Cedric ran an item about a haunted house; the next day more than 3,000 people turned out to see it.

But the pay was low, and Cedric found it necessary to fill in the gaps in our finances by writing cartoon gags at night (he was good for 50 in one all-night session, of which he might sell 10). In fact, we were so bogged down by budgetary problems that when the Minneapolis Star offered him $75 a week to come back, Cedric actually hesitated because they paid only twice a month—and he wasn't sure we could last out the first two-week wait!

Those early years were fun, despite our troubles. And today, after almost 21 years of marriage, if I had to pick a companion for a desert isle, it would still be Cedric. The best answer I can give to "What has Cedric got?" is that he likes people. And, unlike a lot of other personalities in the public eye, he shows it by making himself available to them.

Our home telephone number is listed in the book and always has been. We have never changed it, except for a few months when some crank who had been reading mystery stories spent hours each day ringing our number and then not saying a word when I answered—just breathing heavily into the phone. As soon as the telephone company stopped her, we went back to the old number. Cedric's six secretaries—one at the newspaper office and five at station WCCO—have orders to put through, without question, anyone who calls and asks for Cedric.

As a result, though he meets a lot of interesting people, he also gets a few cranks in his hair. They seem to run in cycles. We have days when fanatics want to preach to him and poets want to read to him and women want to send taxicabs and whisk him over to their houses. And it's a curious thing—unrest seems to breed cranks. For a period after World War II, we were bothered very little. Now we have more and more of them. Even the heavy breather was back for a couple of hours recently.

For several years now, Cedric has traveled to some outlying town at least one night a week with his own troupe of entertainers. From there he does his regular broadcast of the ten-o'clock news and puts on a show (sometimes it's a benefit performance, sometimes an admission-free affair sponsored by the Northern State Power Company, sometimes a regular profit-making thing).

Occasionally, Cedric travels so far to give these shows that he doesn't get home until three or four in the morning. My father was a doctor and I used to vow, watching my mother sit up waiting for him, that I wouldn't marry a man in that profession. But, sitting home on stormy nights when Cedric is two or three hundred miles away driving over those snowy Minnesota roads, I get worse jitters than she did.

Last November, coming back from Annandale, he was in the accident I had expected for so long. Luckily, he came out of it with only a bad shaking up and two sprained ankles. But I felt justified in asking him if he hadn't better quit while he was still alive.

His answer was: "The trips are a grind for both of us. But they're awfully important to me. After the show, I get out at the door like a preacher with his congregation, shaking hands. People tell me what they think. If I ever stop knowing people and what they think, I'm through."

Cedric's routine working day is 17 hours. He gets up at seven or seven thirty in the morning and seldom gets home before eleven thirty at night, even when he makes no public appearances. But his schedule is relentless. No matter how late he gets to bed, he has to get up and do the column the next morning. He has dictated it to me when he has had a temperature of 105 and he has broadcast from his bed into a mike on his pillow when he was too sick to sit up.

His usual routine is to have coffee and orange juice and then write his column directly on the teletype machine we have in our basement. It transmits the column to the newspaper office as he types it out. When that is finished, he and I have a big breakfast together. This is the best hour of the day, for we can talk.

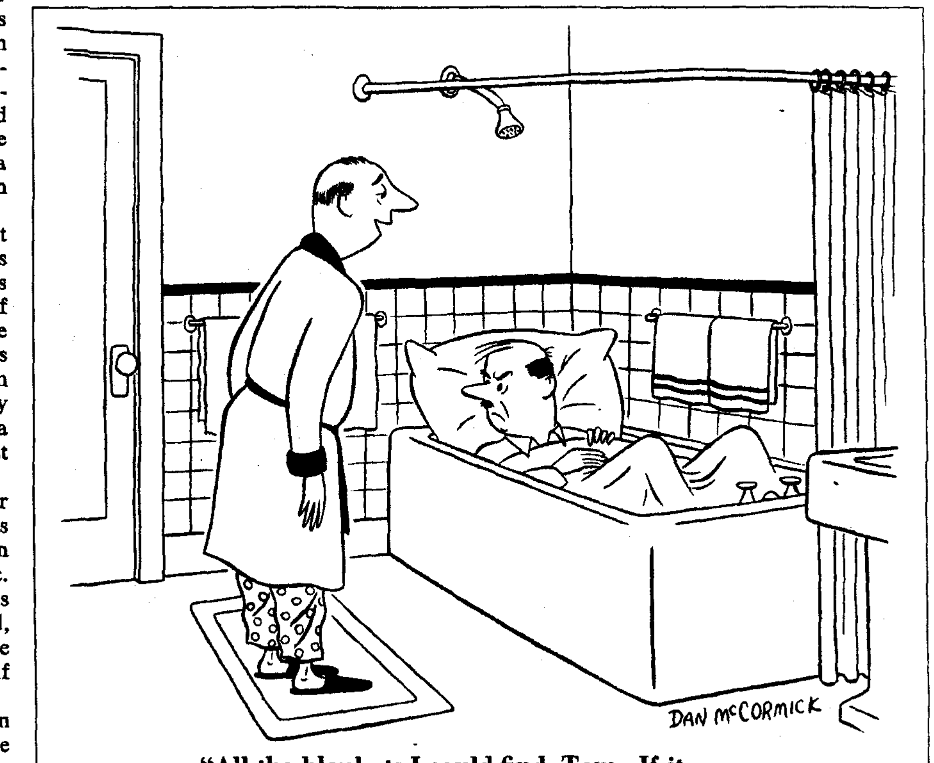
Sometimes, afterward, he listens to Arthur Godfrey, his best friend in show business and a performer he really admires. (They met in 1948 while Godfrey was visiting Minneapolis, but they had corresponded for some time previously. It was partly through Arthur that Cedric got his CBS programs, and last year, during one of Godfrey's hitches with the Navy, Cedric filled in for him on one of his television shows.)

After breakfast, and the little interlude that might be called The Adamses at Home, Cedric goes to the radio station. There, in addition to his news broadcasts, he records and edits his network shows, and the four weekly half-hour programs he does locally: Dinner at the Adams', Junior Talent Parade, Your Home Town and What's New.

Never a Sign of Tension

He types fast, he talks fast, he works fast and he thinks fast, otherwise he could never cram all that into a 17-hour day. Yet he never gives the appearance of high tension or strain. A visitor asks him: "Have you got a second?" Even though his broadcast may be minutes away, with a studio audience waiting and his five radio secretaries fuming around the office with five folders full of problems, his answer almost always goes: "Sure, all the time in the world."

On Saturdays and Sundays, and occasionally during the week, Cedric broadcasts from home, and the three boys and I pretend we are a normal family. The late news bulletins are sent to him on the teletype and we rush them upstairs to him in the library, where we have a microphone.



COLLIER'S "All the blankets I could find, Tom. If it gets chilly, just turn on the hot water" DAN McCORMICK

MOM'S GOT A NEW

Little Pal

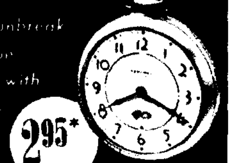
Sentinel

'LITTLE PAL' ALARM CLOCK

- *When she saw the Sentinel Little Pal Alarm, styled by Henry Dreyfuss and hardly bigger than a phone dial, Mom realized how out of date and unsightly her old alarm had become. When she priced its $3.67* price tag, that did it! Little Pal is priced whole dollars below comparable clocks. One key winds time and alarm, 40-hour movement. Felt-padded base. Guaranteed. (With radium dial $4.14*)*

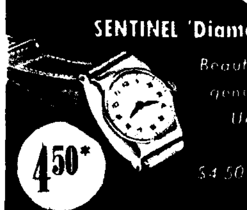
SENTINEL 'Click' Pocket Watch

Bright chrome finish, unbreakable crystal. Can't be overwound. $2.95 with radium dial $3.50*.*



SENTINEL 'Diamond' Wrist Watch

Beautiful chrome finish, genuine leather strap. Unbreakable crystal. Guaranteed. $4.50 (rolled gold plate from $4.95*)*



The SENTINEL

LINE OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES

THE E. INGRAHAM COMPANY

Bristol, Connecticut and Toronto, Canada

**Plus tax. Specifications and prices subject to change*

Meanwhile, WCCO's mobile unit, which is in a station wagon, hooks up to a special line in our garage.

We didn't know until recently that the taxicabs in Minneapolis are on the same wave frequency as the mobile unit. One night when Cedric was testing before a broadcast, as a gag he picked up a book on sex education which a doctor friend had sent him that day, and read from it. Suddenly cabdrivers and passengers all over the city were treated to a brief and startlingly frank treatise on sex over their loud-speakers. The Federal Communications Commission finally traced it to our house and Cedric was asked to restrain the pixy in him when selecting material to read for test purposes.

Broadcasts from His Bedroom

When Cedric was laid up with his sprained ankles after the automobile accident, the microphone was moved into the bedroom, along with secretaries, producers, engineers and a variety of characters I never did identify. I spent most of my time in the kitchen making pots of coffee, on which radio people seem to live, and placating our teen-age sons because Pa's work had the telephone tied up.

The boys and I have no ambitions to be stars of stage, screen, radio or TV. But once in a while we're forced into it.

One Sunday morning, Cedric woke up with a virus. It was too late to get a substitute for the twelve thirty broadcast, so Rick and Stevie and I were elected. (David, our oldest, was away at college.) The boys read the news. Ricky stumbled over the word "chrysanthemum" and ad-libbed: "Golly, that's a hard word." I read the commercial. I had no idea how to breathe properly, so that by the time I was finished, I was wheezing like a rusty pump. But you'd be surprised how many strangers were kind enough to call up and say they enjoyed it.

I was less surprised when Cedric got a letter from a literary society in Minneapolis complaining that no listener should ever be subjected to a disgraceful exhibition such as his wife and children had put on that day!

People criticize Cedric for working too hard—and me for letting him. About a year and a half ago, the editor of the Hennepin County Review took Cedric to task in an editorial: "You're not a horse, Old Man Adams. Hasn't anybody told you that health is a greater asset than a mess of moolah in the Adams sock? Start living again, so you can stay alive."

I remember that once, in our early married days when we were living on love and macaroni, Cedric told me: "If I had the chance of settling for life for $6,000 a year, that would be for me."

Sometimes I remind him of that. Cedric always listens—he's a marvelous listener. He sees my point of view and appreciates my loving him enough to want to see more of him, even if it means a substantial cut in income. But the next thing I know, instead of dropping one of his shows, he's bursting with enthusiasm about an idea for a new one.

Money comes into it, of course. My husband has three standard questions he asks every new acquaintance, male or female. They are: How old are you? How much do you weigh? How much money do you make?

Oddly enough, *having* money means very little to him. He thinks I am extravagant and proves it by pointing to the 15 pairs of shoes I own, although some of them are as much as five years old. But he never asks the price of anything he buys for himself, or the boys, or me. Until very recently, he never carried a billfold, but went about tucking money in every pocket of his suits. Once I sent a suit to the cleaners without going through it. To my chagrin, the honest cleaner returned $43 in cash that he had found in various pockets. Another time, I astonished a friend who dropped in to borrow money by pulling a $50 bill out of Cedric's shoe in the closet where he had stashed it away in case of emergency.

However, *making* money is terribly important to Cedric. There are several reasons why. First, I don't think his father ever made more than $25 a week as cashier of the bank in Magnolia (pop. 201), down in the southwest corner of Minnesota. The son can't help feeling satisfaction in a six-figure income.

Second, Cedric's father died when he was eleven, and his mother worked to support him, also in a bank. She was a remarkable woman, with great ambitions for her only child. Cedric learned his respect for work from her. He spent nine years at the University of Minnesota, which is how we happened to be there at the same time. It wasn't because he was stupid (not Cedric!) but because he was always stopping courses which bored him or having to drop out a semester to earn his tuition for the next.

Cedric's age *is* a third factor in his money-making urge. He is forty-nine and feels that his days of peak earning power may soon be behind him.

Fourth, he wants his sons to enjoy every opportunity. David is eighteen, Ricky fifteen and Stevie is fourteen. David is in his first year at Yale and we would like the other boys also to go away from home to college. Not that we don't miss them, but we feel that being the sons of Cedric Adams in Minneapolis is hard on them; people either expect too much of the boys or make too much of them. So far, the kids are pretty down to earth but we think the experience of being away from home, where Adams is just another name, will be healthy.

Fifth, Cedric wants security for our old age—his and mine.

Sixth—and not least important—is the fact that money, to Cedric, is a form of applause.

I suffered a little before I understood this. Especially when our boys were small and I was tied down at home, I had a tendency to resent the public that thought Cedric was so wonderful—and took so much of his time. Now I've learned better—although I often wish, as I've said, that I could see more of him. But I get plenty of pleasure out of keeping house for him.

Food and the Weight Problem

For one thing, Cedric loves to eat, and it's a joy to feed him. I've known him to compliment the cook (me!) on a peanut-butter sandwich. He has always had a sweet tooth, which explains why he has a weight problem.

His favorite dish, by all odds, is ice cream. I've seen him eat two quarts in one evening. At home, I keep our freezer full of all flavors and varieties—including buttermilk ice cream for the times he decides to count calories—and before he goes to bed he nearly always has a big dish, laced with mincemeat or maple sirup or whatever else is rich and handy in the icebox. When they brought him home after his recent accident, I put him to bed and asked if I could get him anything. He said a dish of chocolate almond ice cream!

Cedric weighed 139 when we were married, on July 13, 1931. His peak weight a year or so ago was 230, but he is now "down" to 221 pounds. Although he is five feet eleven, and his weight is evenly distributed instead of all in a paunch, it is still too much, and Cedric knows it. One night at a party of people around our age, the question of providing for our futures came up. Cedric said dryly that he didn't have to worry about his future, because "fat men don't get old."

Cedric doesn't *like* being fat. But since he is, he makes capital of his weight problem. He refers to himself as "your rotund reporter." He explained to his network radio audience that he couldn't get to the big Pillsbury Bake-Off contest in New York because he had two badly sprained ankles on which he couldn't put his weight, "and in my case, that is quite a bit of weight." During World War II, as part of the cam-

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paign to save food and send it abroad, he proposed a diet for fatties like himself—low in fat, sugar, starch and in quantity. Various restaurants in Minneapolis co-operated in serving the "Cedric Adams Diet." At the end of two weeks, Cedric lost eight pounds. After going through the mail, he figured that 22,765 other people had lost a total of 159,355 pounds.

Last year, another "Cedric Adams Two-Day Diet" got him nation-wide publicity—two poached eggs and coffee for breakfast, all the steak you can eat for lunch, and six prunes for dinner. This diet actually works, but it wasn't exactly Cedric's invention. I had got it from a girl I bowl with, and I brought it home to Pa for his personal use.

But Pa has trouble keeping anything to himself. He even used an incident in his column which I thought far from funny at the time. We had been playing tennis at the lakeside home of a friend, and our boat was tied up at his dock. After a couple of sets Cedric decided he was hot and went down to the boat to change into shorts. Jumping back on the dock, he landed so heavily with his 230 pounds that he went through, breaking an ankle (ankles, as you can see, are a problem for him). From the tennis court, I heard him calling for help. We rushed down, found him dangling his foot in the water, and called an ambulance.

By the time it arrived, quite a crowd had gathered. As my poor Cedric was being carried away on a stretcher, I heard a girl say to her companion: "Oh, look, a drowned man. He must have been in the water a long time. See how bloated he is."

And that's just the way Cedric carried it in his column.

Making the Boys' Faces Red

Cedric used to be equally uninhibited in discussing the private lives of his children. One of his favorite devices used to be a column which would start: "Well, David, come up on Pa's knee for a moment." But in recent years—I think it was after he cautioned eight-year-old Stevie in print against throwing rocks at girls—the boys rebelled, pleading that Cedric embarrassed them. My husband saw the point. The only column he has written recently about his sons was when David went away to college, and David didn't mind so long as he was getting out of town.

Like the boys, I prefer to be omitted from Cedric's copy. My friends call me Niecy (short for Bernice). I don't mind having the boys and Cedric call me Ma (pronounced Maw) at home, but I don't exactly relish it in the column. It makes me feel like a 200-pounder wielding a rolling pin, instead of a comparatively mild size 10.

During the war, Cedric wrote one whole column about the fact that I needed a maid, ending it: "Ma is very easy to get along with." The paper wouldn't run the column, saying it was nothing but a gigantic want ad. So Cedric ran it in the want-ad section, and paid for it at employees' rates. We got our maid—and almost a thousand calls and letters from other women asking for the names of the maids I didn't take.

A Wife's Share of the Work

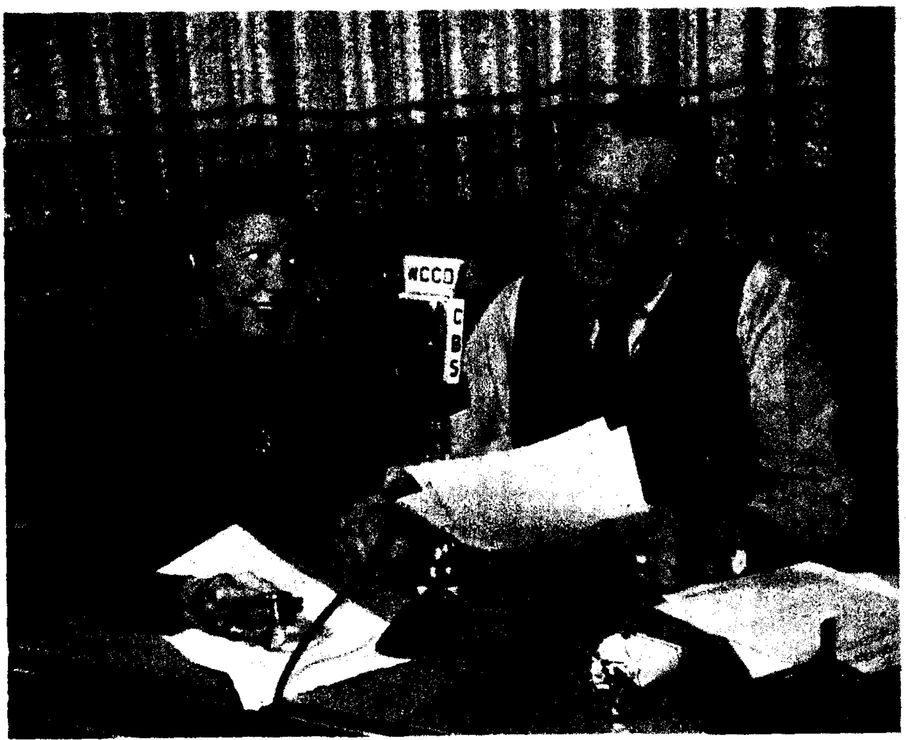
I also try to keep out of Cedric's business. People often think the quickest way to reach him is to call the house (they are wrong) and I handle those calls. Twice during the last two years, he has sent me on trips to California to line up wives of famous people whom he interviews by telephone for his five-minute network show.

Otherwise, the only program I have anything to do with is a local one, Dinner at the Adams'. It's a discussion show, with about four couples participating. We record it on Monday night at home, although it is broadcast over the air on Friday. I have charge of inviting the guests, either celebrities who happen to be in Minneapolis or people from various civic groups. The questions discussed are sent in by listeners: "Should a boy baby-sit?" "Should women wear slacks?" "Do you think my husband and I should drink cocktails in front of the children?"

As I've said, I have no radio or TV ambitions. When we started Dinner at the Adams', I simply planned to be hostess and provide our guests with a good dinner afterward. But, to my surprise, the atmosphere was so easy that I found myself talking back to my husband just as though there weren't a mike at the table. I refuse, however, to let my career go any further than that.

Except in emergencies, I never go to either of Cedric's offices. Nevertheless, I know it is fun working for Cedric. Once in a while at WCCO he will ring all his buzzers, tell his five secretaries to get on the same extension and look like they're hard at work—and then tell them jokes for half an hour. He also spends a lot of time calling his friends on the telephone and pulling outrageous gags pretending to be somebody else.

It is strange that anyone whose voice is as distinctive and well known as Cedric's can fool people. But he has fooled me. When we had sold our house and the new



VER KELJIK

Cedric frequently does his broadcasting from own home. Here Mrs. Adams checks his watch against studio time and keeps him informed

one wasn't finished yet, I nearly went crazy living with friends. So he used to call me regularly, pretending he was a real-estate agent with a big furnished house for me. I fell for it, regularly.

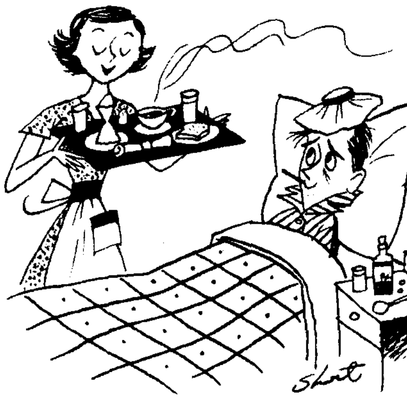
The only telephone calls that he has ever made a practice of delegating to other people are those from the occasional long-winded characters who want to give pets away. Cedric has a regular feature in his column which lists giveaways—briefly. But once in a while somebody will call the paper and try to keep him on the telephone for half an hour describing the virtues of the dog which he wants Cedric to list. For these, Cedric has a fast technique. He will interrupt: "Just a moment, I'll give you the dog department." Then he will bark wildly into the telephone, a signal for his secretary to take it away, no matter what she is doing.

Wherever Cedric goes, he carries a brief case which is really a small suitcase. One side has a fat folder filled with incoming mail his secretaries want him to see. The other is divided into six compartments, one for each secretary. Whenever Cedric has leisure time, he takes to his brief case.

He reads his less vital mail at home—and it often makes fascinating reading. A man from Osseo, Minnesota, complains about Confederate flags on cars and wants Cedric to do something about the practice. A woman from Nebraska wants him to sell a family heirloom; she tells Cedric she can't afford to advertise it, so she wants him to mention it in his column. The Minneapolis Public Library would like Cedric to ask his readers if they have any discarded high chairs; the library needs them for patrons who bring babies. A minister invites him to a charity tea—"it would increase our attendance so much if I could mention Cedric will be there." Nineteen brownie scouts, each nine years old, have made 19 pints of jelly and want Cedric to present them to his favorite charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor.

SERVICE

CHARGE



Breakfast in bed, being pampered and petted,
You'll have to admit is quite slick.
There's only one trouble: in *our* house, to get it
You have to be awfully sick.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Praise Doesn't Breed Conceit

I feel sure that if every day I were exposed to so many letters telling me how wonderful or powerful I was, I'd be bound to get conceited. But if I were to pick the one guy who would be the last person in the world to get big-headed, it would be Cedric.

He is his own severest critic (and mine!). By the hour, he plays back recordings of his programs, not because he likes the sound of his own voice, but because he checks constantly for faults and fluffs. He has always yearned for a Rolls-Royce, but he won't buy one for fear people will think he has gone high-hat. Last March, when we came back from vacation, Cedric was surprised with a wonderful testimonial dinner from his friends and sponsors. Each of the boys got a nice present, I was given some lovely crystal and Cedric's gift was a Cadillac. We both were moved and overwhelmed. When I got up I burbled: "I'm awfully happy to have married such a wonderful guy who has so many wonderful friends and—" And that was all, for I heard Pa's sharp whisper: "That's enough, Ma. Sit down."

When it came his turn, he accepted the car with emotion. But he wasn't too moved to realize that some people might resent the fact that Cedric Adams, who could well afford to buy a car, had been presented with one. And so he donated the cost of it to charities.

Secret Weapons Allay Worry

As Cedric gets busier and his schedule gets tighter, he gets more and more criticism from friends and business associates that he is pushing himself too hard, that he doesn't have time to have fun. But, to be honest, I can't worry too much about Cedric. For he has three secret weapons.

For one thing, he can fall asleep at any time, and in any place—in a bumpy airplane or in the midst of a noisy party—and waken refreshed as a baby.

Then, he has his boat. Ever since I have known him, Cedric has had some kind of boat, always called the Adam-X. But when he bought his first cruiser, I thought he had lost his mind. I was down in Florida with my father and mother and flew back in a panic, for I knew we couldn't afford it. I'm not sure we can afford our present Adam-X, a 47-foot Chris-Craft cruiser with a flying bridge. But it is wonderful for Cedric. He doesn't have any other hobby. And it's wonderful for me, too. Cedric used to love to entertain on the boat, but now he prefers week ends alone with the family.

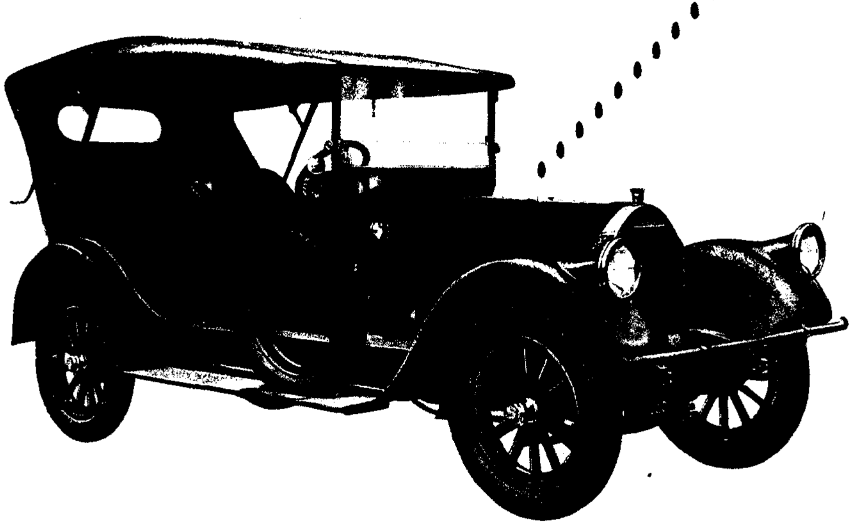
During the week, I keep busy with civic activities—I am on two hospital boards and interested in the Blood Donors organization—and golf and bowling. But it's fine to go on board the Adam-X on Friday night and get acquainted with my husband again. Although the boat sleeps eight, there are many times when it is just right for two.

Finally, Cedric is doing exactly what he wants to. In a society which puts a premium on success and earning power, he is secure and happy. He doesn't have an inhibition in the world—as illustrated, I think, by an incident last Thanksgiving.

We were in New York with the boys, a holiday for us and a business trip for Pa. Cedric was negotiating with Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, for his new half-hour network show.

I nearly fell off my chair when my husband turned to Dr. Stanton and asked easily, "By the way, how much do you make?"

THE END



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My Brother's Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

that there were new lines of strain in his face. "You must be making atom bombs in here, Miles, the way they've got it buttoned up."

His smile was a grimace. "It's a thing called a D4D. Come and take a look."

We walked down the production floor. Big stuff had been brought in and bedded down on concrete. I began to get the flavor of it. This wasn't large-scale production of a relatively simple item. This was slow and careful work on some highly complicated gizmo that required a lot of machining of parts, a lot of fitting. In here had been concentrated some of the best tool-and-die men in the outfit. Parts of the D4D were shoved around on sturdy racks, and there were inspectors everywhere, doing the most careful gauging.

Bennet stopped and picked up one part, a small plate with a pyramidal hole drilled through it, off center. He said, "The tolerances on this hole are down to a half a tenth, Mr. Dean."

I whistled softly. Down to one twenty-thousandth of an inch. "Just how do you go about checking that?" I asked.

"Pour a sulphur core and then project the core on a screen."

"Just what the hell are you making?"

His smile was enigmatic. "A D4D, like I said. They leave here one at a time with an armed guard, four guys with rifles and side arms and sub-machine guns, and we load one to a truck and they travel at night and take different routes every time."

Down at the far end, I saw the assembly of one of the items. Roughly the size of a bushel basket. It took me a little time to get it. And then I saw what it was. Just a hell of a big fuse, all the intricate metal parts of a big fuse, with interior boxes of heavy metal stampings which would obviously, at some later date, hold some sort of radio, radar or television equipment. We were making the metal parts, and they had to be right. Now it made sense. The huge fuses would be sent somewhere. Final assembly would consist of affixing the fuse to the nose of some monstrous cylinder that, by all odds, would contain twin hemispheres of an element that would have to be brought quickly together to achieve critical mass.

IT TOOK my breath away, and when I looked at Miles's face, I saw ghosts in his brown eyes, and I knew that he had figured it out, that all the rest of them had figured it out. We were making the trigger assembly for hell.

"There's no point in asking any questions about the production rate, is there?"

"That's the most secret secret of them all, Mr. Dean."

I stared at the D4D for a few more moments. It looked like a big steel fist. It answered a lot of questions. I had known, before I had pulled out four years ago, that the Pentagon had us taped for something critical, but I didn't know it was going to be this. This wasn't going to go on any bomb. This was a rocket war head, for a two-thousand-mile rocket, and it was going to aim itself once it was airborne.

I turned my back on it and walked back down the broad aisle. I had a feeling in the small of my back as though the D4D were watching me walk away.

At the doorway, Miles said, "It can wear a man down pretty fine, Mr. Dean."

I agreed. We avoided each other's eyes, as though we shared some guilty secret.

This had been going on while I was being the Florida-type kid. It made me feel like a spoiled brat. So I got out of there as fast as I could. And I couldn't go quite fast enough to get away from myself.

After my Aunt Margaret died, many years ago, Uncle Alfred sold the big gray stone castle my grandfather had built. The A&P bought it, tore it down, and put in a supermarket. Uncle Alfred moved into the Arland Athletic Club, a big downtown club in an ugly red-brick building.

I went to the club after lunch, and they told me at the desk that I'd find Uncle Alfred in the cardroom. There were six men around a table, playing a cut-in game of bridge. Uncle Alfred saw me at once. He nodded and held up three fingers. I waited in the doorway. He finished the hand and walked toward me. I remembered him as having a sharp, almost birdlike manner, startlingly young eyes, and a zest for life. He had written me, urging me to go back into the firm. His letters had been wryly aware of his own life of idleness. He had always said that the family business bored him and he was no good at it.

A LOT of the spring had gone out of his walk. He looked old and worn and aware of defeat. It hurt me to see that his head had a perpetual palsied tremble.

"Buy you a drink, Gevan," he said, steering me toward the bar. We took a table. Shockingly, his eyes filled with tears. He knuckled them, with a child's gesture, and gave me an embarrassed look. "Get silly as a girl these days, boy."

"It's good to see you, Uncle."

The drinks came. He picked his up. "To Ken, God rest his soul."

We drank to that. He said, not articulating as distinctly as in the old days, "Cut to the same pattern, Kenny and me. He never got up on his hind legs and quit. You did that and you were the one who shouldn't have done it. You've got what your dad had, and what my father had. Kenny and I, we never had it. Too gentle, I guess."

"Uncle, what's going on at the plant?"

"It's that Mottling. He and Dolson and Kenny's widow. But we've got 'em on the run now. Karch and me and some other old-timers. Walter Granby is sound. Anyway, your grandfather hired him. Walter's been there ever since I can remember, almost. Stay on our side, boy, and we'll throw that Mottling out. Lives right here, you know. Room on the top floor. Pats me on the head. Patronizing creature." For a moment, there was a flash of the Alfred Dean I remembered.

"Can you really swing it?"

"Hoped you wouldn't vote at all. Karch says with my four thousand shares and what he's lined up, we've got them surrounded."

"Have you got a good reason for wanting him out?"

"Oh, Karch has a lot of reasons. I've got the best one. I just don't like him. Emotional reasoning. When it comes down to it, that's the best kind."

"Perhaps, Uncle."

"It hit me hard, boy. Ken was always a nice boy. I remember you and your pranks. You always got him into trouble. Fixed my will up yesterday. Had Sam Higbee draw up a new one. You know, I hadn't thought of that old will for years. Now you get everything, Gevan. It all started back with the first Gevan, with my father. You ought to go back to work. It isn't any good. I can tell you that. You took four years off. I've taken sixty off."

I looked away. It gave him a chance to get himself under control again.

"Gevan, I'd feel better if you were running the business. There ought to be a Dean running it. Always has been. Karch would go along with me on that. So would Walter. I know what you're thinking. You don't want to be in the same town with that woman Ken married. She's a funny one. Selfish, you know. Greedy. Oh, I saw that when I'd visit them. And something else she wants. You may think I'm an old man, just rambling on. Maybe I am. But there's something else she wants. I don't know what it is. She wants it so bad she broke Kenny. Broke his mainspring. Didn't have anything left, that boy. Nothing to live for."

His voice trailed off. He sat, nodding to himself, his lips moving. Suddenly he pulled himself together. He looked at his watch. "Say, that rubber ought to be about over. Have to get back. Come around for dinner or something, one of these nights."

I was glad to get away from the club, away from my uncle. I walked out into the April sunlight of midafternoon Thursday. The day was warmer. Uncle Alfred had depressed me. My mind seemed to be operating on two levels. On the deeper level was the Mottling-Granby problem, the choice that had to be made. But uppermost was the problem of Ken, of what had happened on that Friday night past. I wondered if perhaps I could learn more from Niki. I took my car out of the hotel garage and drove out to Lime Ridge.

The pretty little maid let me in and showed me the way through the house to the rear terrace, where Niki was taking a sun bath. The terrace was of flagstone with a low, wide, concrete wall around two sides, an L of the house enfolding the other two sides. Niki, in a two-piece yellow terry-cloth sunsuit, lay on a white leather chaise longue that had two wheels and handles like a wheelbarrow. She had a gray-and-blue plaid blanket folded under her head, and little joined plastic cups on her eyes.

When I spoke to her, she started violently and snatched off the little plastic cups. She looked angry. "You know I hate to be crept up on!"

"Sorry, Niki."

She smiled at last. "But I am glad to see you, even if I am an oily horror."

"A pink oily horror."

She inspected herself, poked a tentative finger at her thigh, and watched the white mark slowly fade. "Enough seems to be enough. I'm lazy. Wheel me back a way, out of the sun."

I pushed the chaise longue into the shade. She reached over onto the wall and got her cigarettes. She lighted one and frowned at me. "Grief is such a crazy thing, Gevan. It goes away, and you almost forget, and then you remember and it comes back over you like a big wave and smashes you right down. And each time it seems to smash you down a little further than the last time. I wish— Oh, never mind."

"What do you wish?"

"You asked for this. I wish that we'd never been—emotionally entangled, Gevan. I could lean on you harder then."

"I've had four years to get over that."

"Have you gotten over it, Gev?"

"What answer do you want? I'll give you either one. Yes or no."

"You still hate me, don't you?"

I managed a smile. "I was a unique and irresistible male. As is any male, I suppose. Until I was spurned. It hurt my pride."

She flipped her cigarette out onto the grass. "Why did you come here?"

I WENT over and sat on the terrace wall, near her. "I'm chasing wild geese, Niki. I keep going over and over Ken's death, and I still can't make sense out of it."

"It was a senseless, cruel thing. Don't expect it to make sense."

"Well, call it a personal obsession, then. I'd like to have you tell me about Friday night, putting in everything you told the police, and even more, if you care to. You don't have to tell me a thing, of course."

She sighed. "I guess I don't mind. Not too much. For the past six months or so, Ken had seemed to want to lead the quiet life. We seldom went anywhere. Once you stop returning invitations, you start getting dropped from people's lists, you know. He came in about seven, a little after, I think. He was, as usual, quite owlishly drunk. Very proper, very correct, very dignified. He walked like a judge and pronounced every syllable. We had to eat right away because I'd promised the cook she could get off early. Bess had gone down to Philadelphia to see her brother, who had been hurt in a taxi accident. So I served the dinner. The cook left before the dessert. I read at the table. That's a habit I picked up when Ken and I ran out of conversation.

"After dinner, I cleared the table and put the dishes in the dishwasher. By the time I got back into the living room, Ken was asleep on the couch, with his shoes off and his collar open. It was a bit chilly, so I covered him with a blanket. My book was good, so I read until I'd finished it. Just before midnight, I shook him awake and told him I was going to bed. He said he had a headache and he wanted to walk around and clear his head before he went to bed.

"I went into the bedroom and got ready for bed. I left his bed lamp on and the bathroom light on. I guess I was drifting off when I heard the shot. I was so nearly asleep that I wondered if it was part of a dream. It's quiet up here at night, you know. It bothered me. Finally I had to get up and find out. I put on a robe and slippers and went outside. I called Ken and there was no answer. I walked around the house, calling him. I went down the drive. I found him on the grass just inside the gates. Actually, there isn't a real gate. Just those two posts. The lights on top of the posts were out, but I could see him by the light from the street light down on Ridge Road.

"He was on his side, and I could see his face and it was horrible. Then I was phoning, without even remembering running to the house. The police came quickly, and I'll never forget the sound of sirens coming up Ridge Road. Lester Fitch came, and so did Stanley. The cook came back in the middle of it all and promptly had a case of crashing hysterics. The doctor took care of her and they sent her to bed. The doctor gave me some little sleeping pills.

"After they took pictures, they took the body away. Stanley was the last one to leave. I took the phone off the cradle and took my pills. I didn't wake up until late Saturday morning, when Lester started pounding on the door. I phoned you then. It still seemed as if it hadn't really happened to Ken. But when I went back into the bedroom and saw his bed turned down, and clean pajamas laid out, and . . ."

SHE bowed her head suddenly and ran her fingers back into her dark hair, clenching her hand slowly.

"Niki, Niki. I didn't mean to—"

"It's all right. It's quite all right," she said, standing up slowly. "Most of the sun is gone. Give me a chance to change and then we'll have a drink."

She was gone before I could tell her that she had told me everything I wanted to know and there was no point in my staying.

Bess came out and collected the lotion, the towel and the blanket. I noticed that she kept glancing at me, as though she were hesitant about something. She paused in the doorway and said, "Mr. Dean, do you remember my mother? Allie Dowson?"

I couldn't have remembered Allie's last name. She had been with us for years. We'd had to let her go during the worst of the depression. Later, we couldn't get her back, because she had married a man with a small store and she had to help him.

"Of course I remember her. How is she?"

"She's dead, Mr. Dean. She was run over. She used to talk about you and your brother a lot."

"I'm—sorry to hear it," I said; and then: "Have you worked here long, Bess?"

"Five months, almost."

"The murder must have been quite a shock, then."

She seemed to be listening for sounds within the house. She moistened her lips. "No, sir. It wasn't such a shock."

That answer startled me. My voice was harsh as I asked her what she meant.

"I had the feeling something was going to happen to him, Mr. Dean. I didn't know what. He acted like a man that—something was going to happen to."

"Do you mean that he was unhappy?"

She moved two steps closer to me and lowered her voice. "Twice I heard him. He thought he was alone, but I was in the house. I'm not noisy. Crying out loud, he was, like a little kid. It's a terrible sound when a man does that. I shouldn't have said anything to you, but—it's not like you were a stranger. Please don't . . ."

I knew what she meant. I nodded in

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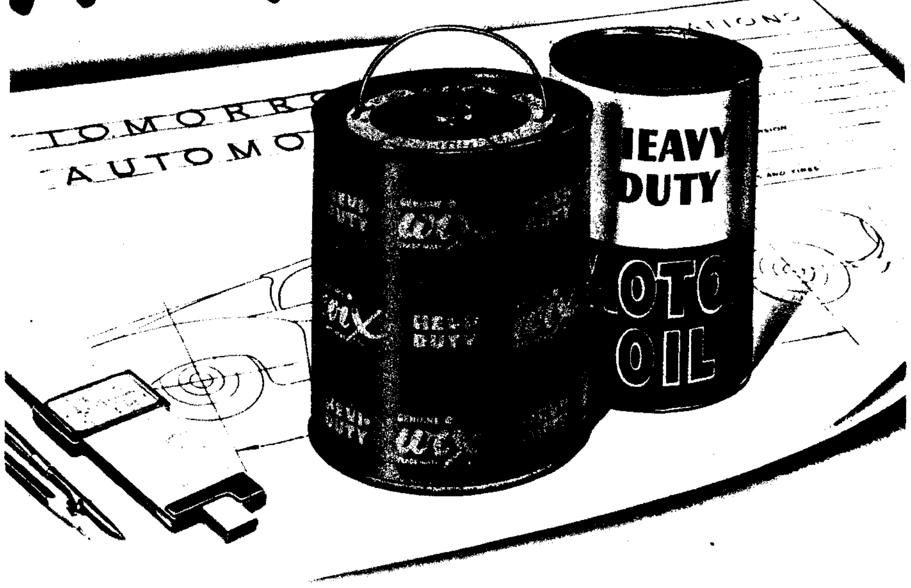

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agreement. She was gone before I could ask another question.

Niki came out onto the patio, wearing a sheer blouse, a gaudy, flaring, hand-painted skirt and Mexican sandals, five minutes after Bess had disappeared. Bess followed her, carrying a small tray table with glasses, ice and a shaker.

"Right over there, please, Bess." Niki turned to me. "I must have gotten more sun than I realized. I'm positively glowing."

She filled two cocktail glasses, and handed me mine with a smile and a mock curtsy. We touched glasses. Her shower had dampened the ends of the spilled-ink hair, curling them. She stood, perfumed, tall, so much of a woman, so oddly primal. We were imprisoned in one long moment until Bess came out and freed us.

Bess was wearing a pale and pretty gray suit, severely tailored, and a hat with a small veil, and she carried a big purse. "I hope I won't be too late, Mrs. Dean."

"It doesn't matter. I won't need you again this evening, Bess."

"Thank you, ma'am." She left.

Niki said, "I don't know what I'd do without her. I let the cook go the other day. Bess and I get along. I think I'll take her with me when I go. She's devoted, and bright as a dollar. Ken knew her family, I think."

IT WAS casual, pleasant conversation, and at the same time she was telling me that we were quite alone in the house. The stillness of Lime Ridge was around us. At times I could hear the faint, distant blare of a car horn on the highway at the foot of Lime Ridge. Shadows were long on the lawn. A hummingbird investigated the early blooms near the terrace.

I sat in the chair and she sat on the low wall, facing me, her drink beside her, her hands braced on the wall.

She said, "In the movies, when they want to show time going by, sometimes they have a calendar with a wind blowing the pages off. We ought to have one that works backward, Gev."

"Turn backward, turn backward?"

"Make me a child again, just for tonight. Oh, Gev, how can I make you believe in me again?"

"Seeing is believing."

"You know what I mean. You ought to help, instead of just sitting there and looking so grave and so reserved and so darn' cautious. Look, I'm Niki. Remember me?"

I remembered her, all the magic of her, remembered the awareness. Slowly and carefully, she was reconstructing that awareness. I didn't want to fight it. I wanted things to be as they were four years ago.

"You haven't told me what you've been doing for four years, Gev. I've wondered a lot. All that energy of yours. You couldn't have just stopped."

"I had a makework campaign. Odd jobs. Helped some kids get set up to do custom-body alterations on stock cars in St. Pete. Laid out some programming charts for a fellow with too many orange groves. Put in a ratio system at a cigar outfit in Tampa and did a cost survey for a string of motels. But I slowed down, Niki."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't. You have enough money, Gev. It would be silly to keep on knocking yourself out. There's a lot more to the world than production schedules and sales conferences and collective bargaining."

There was no point in trying to tell her that when I was running the firm, I woke up each morning with that same feeling I had when I was a kid and it was Saturday. I begrudged the time it took to eat and sleep. It would have been just the same if my salary had been one tenth its size. There seems to be some unwritten rule that you should gripe about the job. I had loved it.

"Gev," she said softly, "is it going to turn out to be too late for us?" All of the April sun was gone and the dusk was a deep blue.

I had dreamed of how, someday, she would say just that. Ask for forgiveness. And I would take her in my arms.

"I—don't know, Niki."

"Find out, dear. Find out soon. There's four long years gone."

"And maybe something else is gone, too."

She frowned. "I know you were hurt; your pride was hurt. And I guess that it's a temptation to be a sort of—tragic figure. You know. Love is gone forever. But is pride worth that much? I have no pride, Gevan. Not a bit. If I had any, I couldn't say this to you. Next week I'm going away. Give me just a little time. Two months, three. Then I'll wire you, Gev, and you come running. As fast as ever you can. And we'll start all over again."

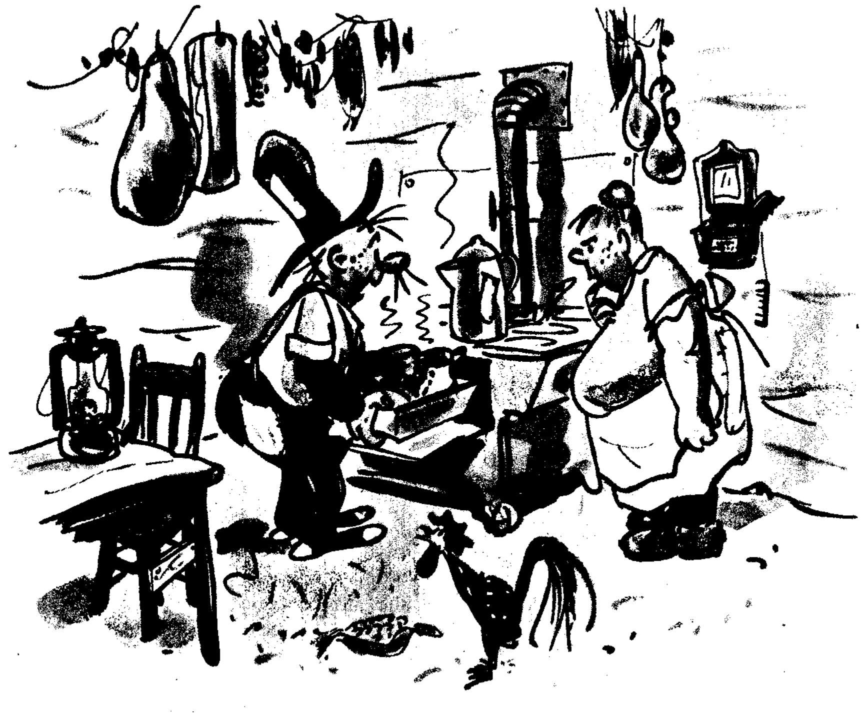
"Here?"

"I hate this house. I hate this town," she said hotly.

"I see. We'll be new members of the international set, or something?"

"Why not? There's all the money we'll

KENNESAW



"I'm bakin' some new soles on my shoes with that cake batter that was left over, Bessie"

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ever need. We could get a decent boat. Do a little traveling. The two of us, Gev."

"How about these responsibilities of yours? You told me that Mottling had decided you should take an active interest in the firm."

"I've thought that over. It seems a little silly, really. I think he was giving me something to do. I couldn't contribute anything. And with Stanley here looking out for your interests and mine, Gev, we wouldn't ever have to come back here if we didn't want to."

I could see a thousand scenes in the years ahead. Niki, tanned, barefoot, braced against the rise and dip of the ground swell; Niki laughing with excitement at the hard strike of an albacore. Things to show her; things to teach her.

"It will be a good life, Gevan, because you love me."

So simple, I thought. Now you kiss her and live happily ever after, and in a few years you can even speak fondly of good old Ken, and back here in Arland good old Stanley will be seeing to it that those good old checks are mailed out with the proper frequency.

She seemed to sense my doubts. She stood up quickly. "Let's walk."

We went out across the wide lawns through the blue shadows, hearing the first night songs of the birds.

"I'll make it all up to you, Gevan," she said. "Every minute of the four years."

It was a good thing to hear. I wanted to turn and take her in my arms and hold her tightly. I couldn't quite free myself of all the tiny reservations. And, too, there was something just faintly unclean about it. This was my brother's widow, and the funeral flowers were not yet wilted.

She stopped and faced me. It was getting too dark to see her expression.

"I'll tell you something about yourself, Gevan. You've brooded for four years. I don't blame you. But you've got to see, now, that the four years are over. I'm here, and all you have to do is reach out. I know you want to hurt me. In some funny way, you want to get even. This business of trying to upset Ken's plans for the company is one way of getting even. You'll just have to stop being childish and hurt and moody. Don't you see? We've found each other again. Nothing else matters."

"Voting against Mottling comes under the heading of being childish?"

"Of course. Can't you see that? You have no real objection to him. You're identifying him with me, and trying to hurt me."

"And if he doesn't seem to be quite believable to me? If I object to his personnel policies and to the way he's handling the firm?"

"Those are little rationalizations. You dream those up so you can't accuse yourself of making a purely emotional decision."

"What difference does it make to you, anyway? Suppose I want him out of there. And Granby in. What is it to you, Niki?"

WE WALKED on, and it was quite a long time before she answered me. "I'm trying to think clearly, Gevan. It *is* important to me that you back Stanley. And there are two reasons. For one, I have certain loyalties to Ken. He was going to step down and see that Stanley took over. That was his judgment of the situation, and I respect that judgment. Secondly, I do not feel that we two could make a good life together if you persist in this desire to hurt me. It could come out in other ways, too."

"That's almost an ultimatum, Niki. Either vote for Mottling or off you go."

"Darling, we're both strong and stubborn people. Let's not get in one of those traps where we start fighting each other. Because neither of us will win."

"I still don't see how it should matter to you one little bit. And I don't think I'm being emotional when I feel that Mottling doesn't quite ring true."

"We aren't getting anywhere, are we?"

From where we stood, I could look down toward the gates. Ken had died there. I glanced at Niki. Her face was pallid in the faint remaining light. Mottling didn't ring true, and neither did Niki. It made me remember what Uncle Alfred had said about twisted motivations. The Lime Ridge house, in what light was left, seemed to be a trap. Ken had built it and found he had built a trap. Inside that house he had been broken in some secret, merciless way. Everyone was too plausible. Everyone was pressuring me. The night was closing in, making me feel smothered.

I lied to her about having an appointment and left, quickly. As I turned the car around, I looked back at her. I felt as though, for four years, I had mourned the loss of a person who no longer existed. There was an odd aura of evil here that made the decadence of my Florida friends seem like the naughtiness of children.

JOAN PERRIT was waiting for me at the hotel. She seemed to be under considerable strain. She called to me as I was walking toward the elevators. "Mr. Dean, I—"

"I thought it was supposed to be Gevan, Perry. And you look all wound up. What's the trouble?"

"Gevan, there's someone I want you to talk to. In private. She's over in the drugstore, waiting. Could we come up in a few minutes? What's the number of your room?"

I told her and she smiled her thanks and hurried off. I went up, and they came along in less than five minutes. I had seen the girl in Captain Corning's office. She was a fluffy blonde with a childish mouth and exaggerated breasts. She looked frightened, furtive and rebellious. "Mr. Dean, this is Alma Bradey. She works in the Army Inspector's office. She's civil service, employed by Colonel Dolson as a clerk-bookkeeper. Now tell him, Alma."

The blonde bit her lip. "I don't think I want to," she said in a thin, immature voice.

Perry advanced on her, flexing her fingers. "Now, you see here! You promised."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Both of you sit down and behave."

Alma hesitated, then went over to a chair with a sulky strut. She sat down and crossed her legs, patted her skirt, and dug in her bag for cigarettes. I took her a light.

I said to Perry, "Suppose you fill in a little background here so we know where we are."

"I met Alma going to work. She rents a room near my house and we wait at the same bus stop, so we got friendly. She prepares the vouchers that Colonel Dolson handles through Mr. Granby's office as charges against the cost-plus contract."

"I don't want to get in any trouble," the Bradey girl said in her immature voice.

"I file our copies of the vouchers," Perry went on. "And it just seemed to me that there was an awful lot of stuff being purchased as a charge against the D4D contract. So a couple of months ago I asked Alma about it, and she sort of laughed and passed it off, didn't you?"

"It wasn't any of your business what the colonel bought, Perry," Alma said nastily.

"You made it my business by coming to me today."

"There's a lot of difference between telling you and telling him."

Perry looked at me and gave a helpless shrug. Alma sucked on her cigarette and looked pointedly, stubbornly out the window. She exhaled through her nostrils, looking like an evil-tempered little dragon.

I pulled my chair closer to Alma's and said, "The last thing I want to do is get you in any sort of trouble, Miss Bradey. I'd like you to trust me."

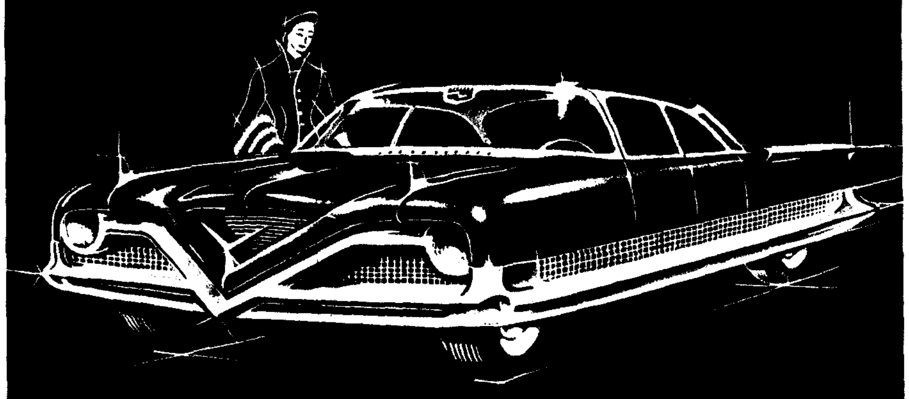
"You say," she said in a remote voice.

"I have no official position with the firm. If Perry thought you should tell me, I think you should take her advice. Her judgment is excellent."

Alma looked at her cigarette and then at me. "The thing is, I want to stay out of it."

"I promise to keep you out of it."

I could almost hear the wheels going around in her head. "All right. I guess I have to trust somebody. I want somebody to catch up with Colonel Dolson and fix him



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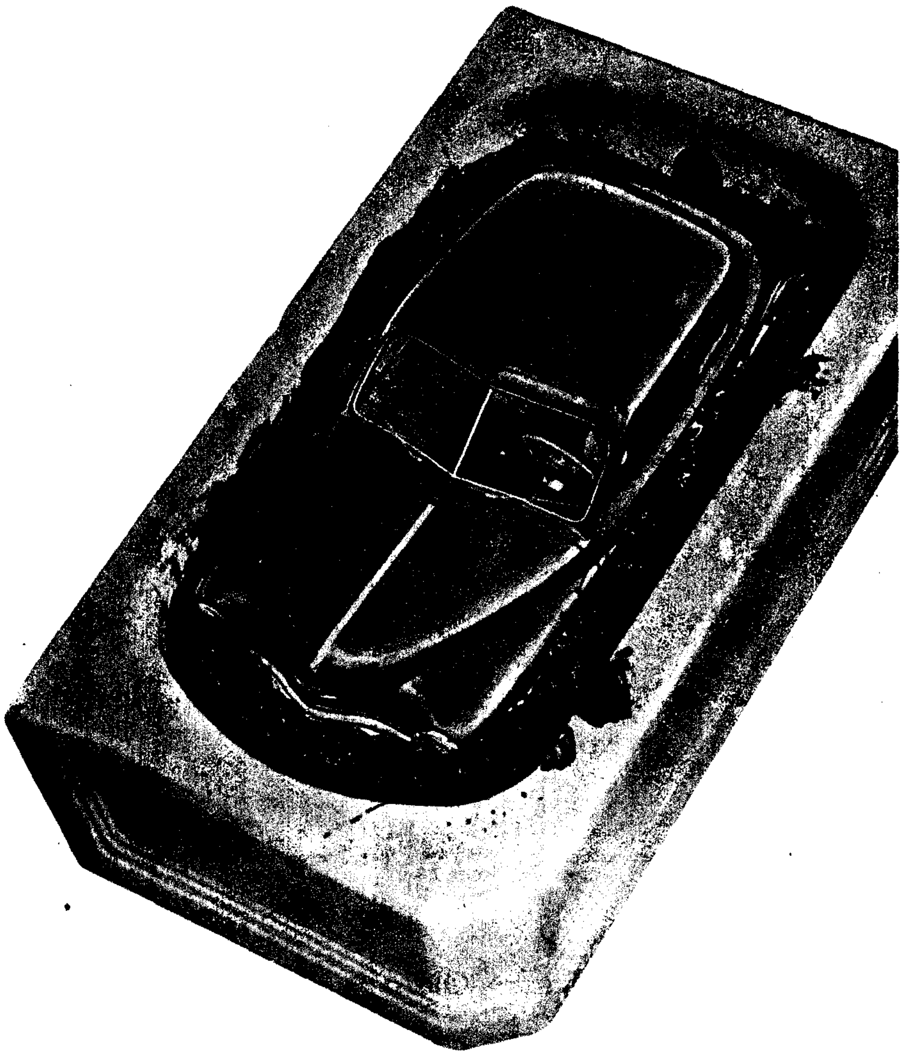

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good. It started about Christmastime. They'd just transferred me here from Washington. He was terribly nice to me. I was lonesome. You know, Christmas and all. Sort of fatherly. And then after a while I found out he certainly wasn't interested in acting like a father. I guess I've—been pretty dumb. I used to come here to the hotel to see him."

ALMA gave a mirthless, tragic laugh. "When you've been stupid, you go around thinking up all sorts of excuses for yourself. He's a louse. Well, he got me a civil service promotion, and he'd give me little presents, and we had some fun, and I guess I more than half believed him when he talked sort of indirect about marriage. Well, at that time, he wasn't getting along with that Mottling character, not worth a damn. Then, in January, they got thick as thieves. All of a sudden. And Curt Dolson began to take a real interest in vouchers we fixed up. On account of limited storage space, he got permission to rent some warehouse space in town, near the station. He started having more money to throw around all of a sudden. That was all right with me, because he gave me nicer things.

"Well, when Perry asked about the items on some of those vouchers, I got to wondering, and I began checking our purchase order file and the shipping instructions. Dolson was ordering in stuff on the cost-plus contract, and a lot of it was coming out to the plant and a lot of it wasn't. It wasn't any of my business, I decided, but it made me kind of nervous to be working right there in the office and typing out those things. I kept wondering and I began trying to find out how much was involved. It comes to a lot of money, I think."

"What sort of items, Miss Bradey?"

"Well, machine tool items, for one. Gauges and so on. Relieving attachments for lathes. One order came to forty thousand dollars, and, as near as I can find out, about half the items finally got out to Dean Products. And office equipment, too. Office machines. You see, with Colonel Dolson responsible for inventories, and also for the ordering, he can rig the inventory to show what's supposed to be on hand, or cut down the order file to agree with the inventory."

"And what happens to the stuff?"

"I wondered about that, too. And then I found out that he was ordering duplicate stuff from something called Acme Supply, right here in Arland. Their office is at 56 River Street, and that's pretty close to the warehouse space the colonel rented. Letters from Acme Supply are signed by some man named LeFay. So it seems to me that this LeFay is in with Dolson, and Dolson is buying the same items twice, or maybe three times, in some cases, and they split the money. But I can't prove anything. Except, as I said, Colonel Dolson seems to have a lot of money all the time, and what we order doesn't jibe with what we get."

"Why did you tell Perry all this, Miss Bradey?"

"On account of that smug Curt Dolson. Now he treats me like dirt. He's got no more use for me. He's crazy over the girl that sings here. Hildy something. As far as I know, she hasn't given him the time of day yet, but he's in there pitching. I tried to talk to him yesterday. He gave me the big sneer and asked me what I was kicking about. I'd gotten my promotion, hadn't I? I want to see that gentleman get just what he's got coming. But remember. Leave me out of it."

She turned back to the window, her childish mouth set and hard. I believed her. And I wondered just how Mottling fitted into the picture. It didn't make sense for him to involve himself with such a dangerous sort of situation just for the sake of the money, even though it could add up to some impressive figures. I couldn't see Stanley Mottling as a man motivated by greed. He would have a power motive.

"Alma," I said, "I want to thank you for telling us. Suppose you run along and forget that you told us. Just do your work. Does Dolson have any idea that you might suspect he's crooked?"

"He doesn't give me credit for being bright enough." She stood up.

"Can you stay a few moments, Perry?" I asked. She nodded. I let Alma out. I watched her walk down toward the elevators, her blonde head high, walking with an oddly pathetic jauntiness. I closed the door.

"Now what?" Perry asked.

"We've got to assume that at the least hint of suspicion, Dolson will take steps to cover himself as completely as possible. You'd have dupes of the vouchers that went through for payment to Acme, wouldn't you?"

"I could dig them out and make a list of the items and the totals."

I paced the floor. "We'll need that. Do it as inconspicuously as you can. I think the hard way would be to check back all orders against materials received. And the

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easy way will be to take a look at this Acme outfit. Then I know what the next step is. A phone call to Washington, to the office of the Inspector General. They can move some men in here fast. And if they do it right, maybe we can hope for some connection between Mottling and Dolson showing up."

"I've been wondering about that," Perry said. There was a pretty frown of concentration on her face, and her gray eyes were narrowed. She sat with her chin on her fist. "I just don't see what Mr. Mottling would get out of such a relationship."

"Maybe he doesn't even know about it."

"I have the feeling that he does. Once they were both coming out of Mr. Granby's office. Colonel Dolson was telling Mr. Mottling that there were some drawings he'd have to have immediately. And Mr. Mottling told him that he'd send the drawings over to Dolson's office when he was damn' well ready to release them. And Colonel Dolson took it without a murmur. He just said okay. It didn't seem to me that Colonel Dolson is the sort of man to take that sort of thing, unless Mr. Mottling had some control over him."

"That isn't much to go on."

"I know it."

"Could you make a guess about the amount of the government checks that have been cleared for Acme?"

"It doesn't work that way. Acme gets Dean Products checks, applicable against the cost-plus, and the government reimburses us. Offhand, it may come to two hundred thousand dollars."

I whistled softly. "A very nice little package! Perry, why did you bring her to me?"

She gave me a long look, then turned away. "Habit, maybe. I could guess how you'd react. I couldn't guess how Mr. Granby would react."

"Do you think my brother may have stumbled onto this?"

Her eyes widened. "Oh, no! Ever since Mr. Mottling has been here, your brother stayed in his office, and nothing was routed to him, and he just didn't seem to take any interest in what was going on."

"Will you have dinner with me?"

She took a quick look at her watch. "I better call Mother and see how far she's gotten with dinner at home."

"There's the phone."

She made the call, then hung up and said, "It's okay with her, Mr. Dean."

"Gevan."

"I just can't get used to calling you that. I'm sorry."

WE HAD a pleasant dinner in the grillroom. It seemed impossible that this was only my third evening in Arland. Too much was happening too fast. There was a candle on our table, and Perry's face was quite lovely in the flame light. Too lovely. Too young and fresh and sweet. In the back of my mind was a smeared memory of Niki, and a dusk-lit patio.

When I drove Perry home and parked in front of her house, she turned to me and said, "I really brought Alma to you because I thought it would involve you in the company in such a way that you'll have to stay and see it cleared up."

"That won't take long."

"It might take longer than you think, Gevan." The car door slammed shut behind her and she ran up her sidewalk, her heels clacking.

I drove back to the hotel, put the car in the garage and went down to the Copper Lounge. Hildy Devereaux was standing at the bar, chatting with the two Air Force captains in their postman suits. She recognized me and gave me a quick smile. I gestured toward a table, earning myself a scowl from both captains. I went over and sat down and ordered a drink. Hildy came over in a few moments. I stood up and said, "Can you spare a minute?"

"Why, sure."

"We had an interesting talk the last time. You were the one who started me wondering about Ken's death. I've poked around just enough so that I'm convinced that Shennary didn't kill him. I think Shennary was cleverly framed. I think Ken was killed for some other reason, and I don't know what it was."

She thought that over. She nodded. "The way it happened seemed—too pat."

"Exactly. Now I'm onto something that may have a very remote connection with it. Probably not. What do you think of Colonel Dolson, Hildy?"

She gave a little start. "That's an abrupt change of subject. What do I think of him? He's in my hair, that's all. My God, what an ego! He can't understand why I'm not flinging myself into his arms. Brother, I have listened to more propositions from that guy. Some of them complete with emeralds, and cruises to the South Seas. How corny can you get?"

"He seems well off for a chicken colonel, doesn't he?"

"Oh, he's got a profitable business of his own. The smug fool. He keeps sticking his chin out so he won't have two chins. He uses male perfume and goes around smelling like tweed and saddle leather and a fire in the heather. Wears a corset, too, if I'm any judge. Just a big boy at heart."

"I guess there's no chance of his hitting on the right proposition."

"I hope to hell that can be classified as a joke. If not, you're sitting here alone."

"Joke it was."

SHE imitated Dolson's baritone. "You can do your singing, just for me, my dear. No more of this nasty night-club life." She went back to her normal tone. "I love this nasty life, and if I was going to give it up, it certainly wouldn't be for him."

I looked beyond her. "Speak of the devil," I said.

"Chin up, Hildy," she told herself.

Dolson came parade-grounding up. He smiled at me with his lips, and scowled with his eyes. "Ah, there, Mr. Dean. Evening, Hildy, my dear. Is this chair taken?"

"It is now," Hildy said glumly.

"Great little kidder," Dolson explained to me, sitting down with his back as straight as a plumb line.

"We were just discussing you, Colonel," I said.

He couldn't quite decide whether to beam or be upset. "Nothing good, I hope."

"I was wondering," I said, "why a man of your obvious means happens to be on active duty."

"Reserve, you know. I could have ducked it, I suppose. But I wouldn't have felt right about it. Every man who has enough training to help out with this industrial mobilization picture ought to be on the job."

I sensed the criticism. He sat erect, smelling of Scotch and pine and Russian leather. His manicured nails were gleaming and polished. His face glowed pink and healthy. It was as though Dolson had laboriously erected a façade so as to make it more difficult to see the man behind it. Unlike Lester of the shifting masks, Dolson had only one acquired character: the brusque, hearty military man. I wondered if he had been active in politics in his home town. I wondered how much affability, how much snap and sirring it had cost him to get that little Legion of Merit ribbon.

"Colonel," I said, "I've been thinking along those same lines. I ought to put myself where I can do some good."

"You'll feel better for it, Dean."

"Granby would withdraw in my favor. And with Karch's backing, I could take over where Ken left off."

He goggled at me. His posture sagged and the padded shoulders of the tunic rode up a little. He licked his lips. He suddenly looked like a very worried, very unmilitary little man.

"Uh—I can understand you wanting to do your bit. But—uh—that would be like me trying to take over an infantry regiment, Dean. Not enough training for the job. You see, I might be a hindrance rather than a help. You do see what I mean?"

"I've run the company before."

"Yes, but—Mottling is known all over the country. Astonishing record. Maybe he could place you somewhere in the firm

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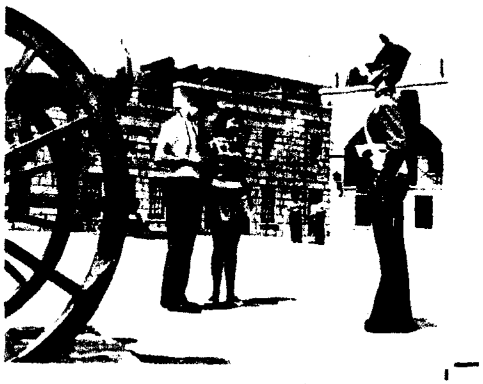

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where you could feel you were doing your bit, old boy."

"I see what you mean, Colonel."

His confidence came back. He had brought his drink to the table. He straightened his shoulders again, and beamed at me. But the glass trembled a bit as he raised it.

"There's such a thing as trying to do too much," he said. "Glad you see that."

"I guess I'll reconsider taking over, Colonel. I'll let Granby run the outfit and see how things go."

He set his drink down. "Granby! Good Lord!"

"I'm backing him, Colonel. I have more confidence in him than I have in Mottling."

I knew it had been a cruel way to do it, to get him off balance with one idea, and then give him the other one while he was still shaky.

"Old boy," he blustered, "you can't look at the world through a peashooter. Granby is just not suitable."

"He'll have his chance to handle the firm."

"And do irreparable damage?"

"I doubt that. Walter is shrewd."

"That's your decision, eh? Nothing can change it?"

"I'm afraid not, Colonel." It was not my decision, but it came so close to my hunch that I could state it so calmly he couldn't help but believe me.

He seemed to forget the two of us. He looked down at the tabletop, quite motionless. I suddenly had the idea that this pseudohearty little man was not as ridiculous as he seemed. Cornered creatures fight. And they often have sharp teeth.

He looked up at me with a vague smile. "Well, Dean, it's your stock, and I suppose you can't be restrained from playing the fool if you want to. Too bad, though. Please excuse me, people. Be back in a bit, Hildy."

"I'll restrain my impatience, Colonel."

He patted her shoulder in an absentminded way. "Great little kidder," he murmured.

I watched him go. He went out the side door of the Copper Lounge, the one that opened onto the flight of stairs that led to the lobby. "Give me strength," Hildy muttered. She pursed her lips and tilted her head to the side. "You upset the colonel, Gevan. You made him very unhappy."

"And I have a hunch he's going to make a phone call to someone to tell them just how unhappy he is. I think he'll make the call from his room. Do you get along with the switchboard girls?"

"They love me," she said, getting to her feet. She went off, smiling back at me in a conspiratorial way. The lilt of her walk made her long, soft, brown hair bounce gently against her shoulders.

It took her five minutes. She came back with a slip of paper. 88-7171. It meant nothing.

"Now I sing again," she said. "And don't go away. Curiosity gives me goose bumps."

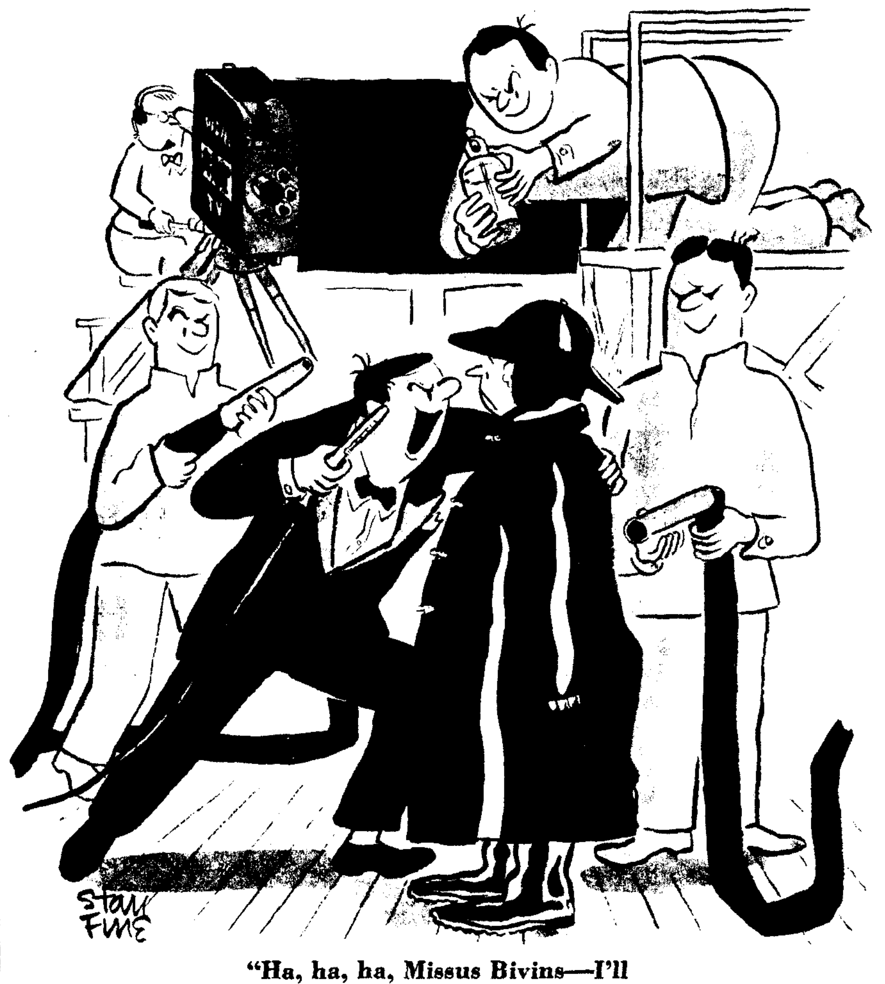
I TOOK the slip to the lobby and went over to the phone-book rack. It wasn't the number for the Arland Athletic Club, nor the number for Niki. I shut myself in a booth and dialed the number. The line was busy. I lighted a cigarette, waited a half minute, and tried again. The phone rang once and then it was answered. "Yes?"

I hung up, dropped my cigarette, and twisted my foot on it. The colonel had phoned his scoop to someone I should have thought of. Lester Fitch. The resonant noble voice had been unmistakable. I looked in the book again and found out that it was Lester's home phone.

That left me with nothing to tell Hildy, yet. Obviously, Dolson had believed me. It had set something in motion. I didn't know what. The mixture was becoming more complex. An ingredient named LeFay had been added. LeFay of Acme Supply. And yet nothing fitted too well yet. If Ken had stumbled on Dolson's peculations; it would have been no great problem to handle it. He would have reacted as I did. He wouldn't have gone in for solitary weeping.

And on this same evening, at dusk, the snook had been feeding around the jetties. Place a plug just right, retrieve it with short fast runs, and then feel the blast of the strike, the reel-whine, and try to keep him away from the piling. Simple savagery that is easier to combat than that civilized variety which hides its teeth behind a smile.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

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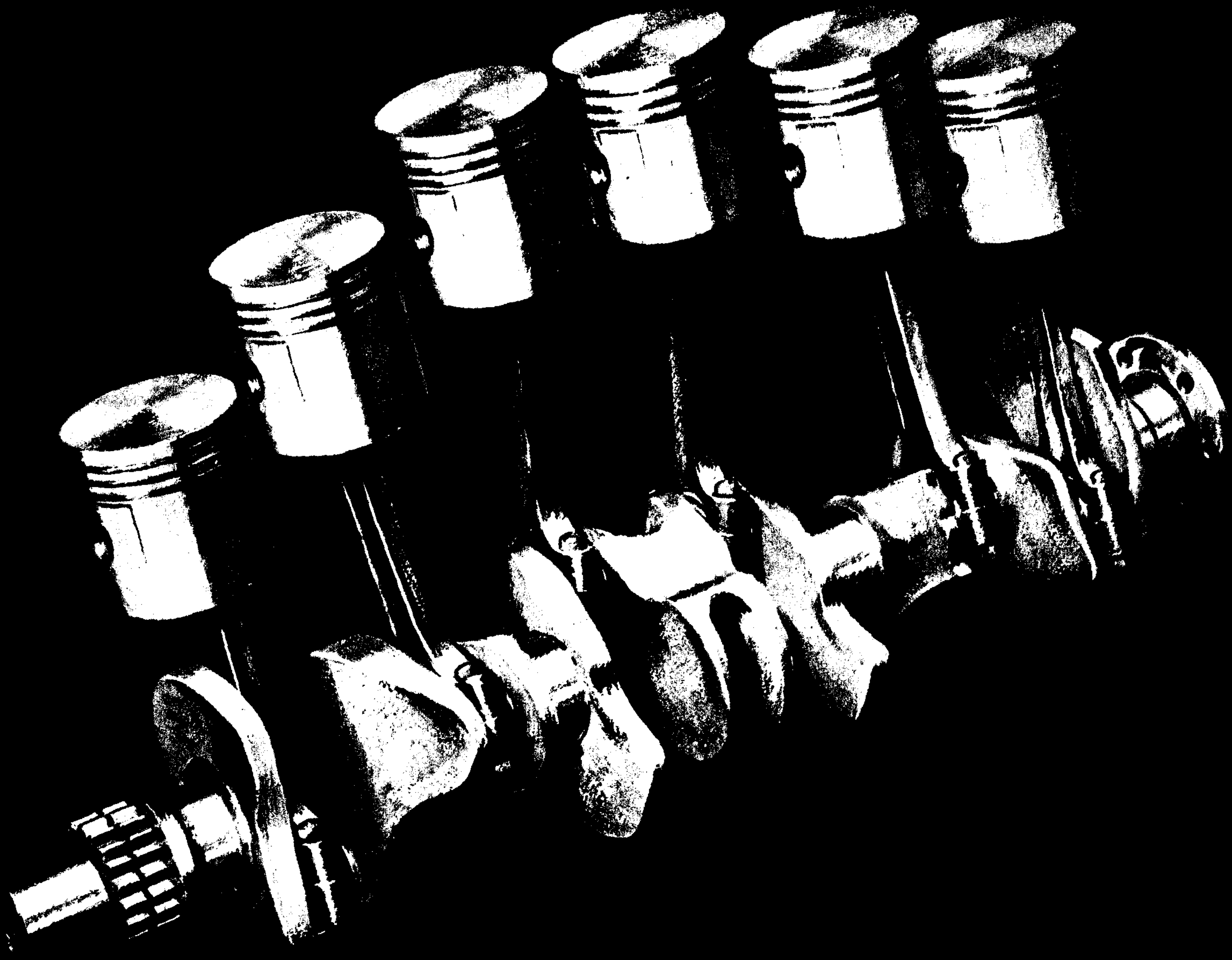

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Stopover in Tokyo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

of stuff. Anyway, these MPs were the kind that stand so stiff you hope a fly will light on their nose to see what they will do.

Right around the corner we came to the war correspondents' club, where I'm supposed to stay for a couple of days. They treated me real nice in there. They have a bar and I was invited to belly up and have one, right alongside a newsreel man and an Air Force lieutenant in public relations. You know, Willie, war correspondents carry a sort of honorary rank of captain, even us ex-dogfaces, so I wasn't crashing any parties, I was drinking with my peers.

* * *

There's a Japanese boy behind the bar and the way you get his attention is by hollering BOY-SAN! at the top of your lungs. Just crooking your finger or pointing at your glass is no good, even if he's two feet away looking at you. You have got to holler BOY-SAN! Either he's deaf from the taxi horns or else the management just wants to keep a check on how much everybody drinks by counting how many times each different voice sounds off.

War correspondents sure can put it away. A bunch of them had some drinks on me because I had just arrived, and when they asked me where I was headed and I said Korea, I had some drinks on them while they explained to me that Korea is not the garden spot of the Orient. All these reporters had just come back from Korea, and the way they talked I began to figure that if war correspondents have such a rugged time doing *their* work over there, the soldiers in the line must be in pretty bad shape.

One of the reporters, a friendly type who had been in this part of the country for a long time and could BOY-SAN! twice to everybody else's once—by the way, Willie, you say Girl-san too, when it's a waitress or something, only you don't holler at them—anyway, this fellow asked me if I had seen any of Japan yet, and I said not much except the taxi ride. I did mention that the people seem built pretty close to the ground and asked him if this was because of the earthquakes. I thought maybe a low center of gravity helps when the ground heaves.

He said no, that isn't the reason, but earthquakes have something to do with it.

"You've noticed the houses here have got paper walls," he told me. "Well, if you look close you'll see that the roofs are fairly solid. A big earthquake shakes the walls right out from under the roof, and if your ancestors had been having roofs fall on them for thousands of years you would be built close to the ground too."

I could see this man was up on his Japanese lore, and I wanted to know more about the earthquakes. I'd heard there were little ones all the time. He looked at his watch.

"Order a cup of coffee," he said. "Old twenty-three is due in about a minute."

Boy-san brought some coffee to the bar while I tried to puzzle this out.

"You use sugar, don't you?" said this war correspondent. "Put in a spoonful, but don't stir it."

I began to catch on, but I can take a rib as good as the next man. We stood there for a minute without saying anything.

"Right on time," the reporter said, looking at that watch again.

"I didn't feel anything," I said.

"Drink your coffee," he said.

I did, and, Willie, it was all stirred.

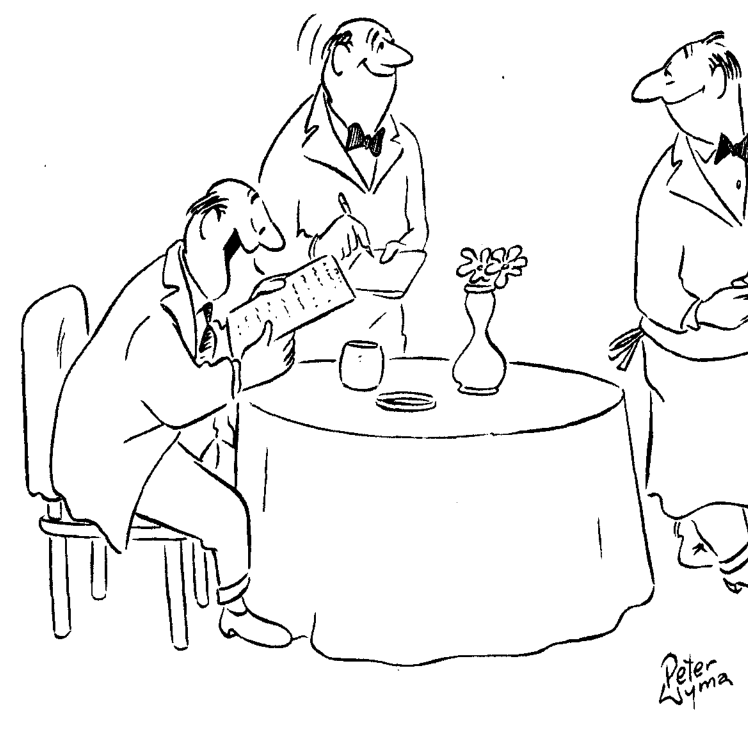
* * *

This reporter said it was nice I took such an interest in the country and the people here. He said it is all too common for Americans abroad to stick to their own company and their own customs, and not only be ignorant of the place they're in, but even to sneer at its ways. "Why, do you know," he told me, "a lot of Americans out here even sit on chairs to eat?"

He asked if there was anything special I would like to see that he could show me while I was here, and I said sure, I had always wondered what a geisha house looked like.

"That's the spirit," he said. "Get out among the people." And he took me in town.

Willie, I tell you this war correspondent business gives you a chance to see things you miss when you're soldiering. I hadn't even shaken the dust of the U.S.A. off my shoes and here I was taking them off in the doorway of a geisha house. There's a little platform at the door for this purpose



COLLIER'S "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!" PETER WYMA

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and you check your shoes just like you would a hat. Wearing shoes in a Japanese residence is about as vulgar as wearing them to bed. It's the same, in fact, because they sleep on these floors, and eat on them, too, and nobody wants to put a nice clean doily on a footprint.

* * *

By the way, Willie, don't get any wrong ideas about this place. There are some low-down dives that call themselves geisha houses, but if you write home to your wife that you've been in a real high-class geisha house, and she knows about these things, she won't mind, probably. It takes seven years of hard training to make a real geisha girl, and her profession is just to provide some innocent fun and company for a tired businessman who can afford the price and who spent a hard day at the office with a plain-faced secretary his wife picked out for him. Why a Japanese wife would mind a pretty secretary and not mind a geisha house, even though it costs so much more, is something I can't answer, but that's the East for you. Speaking of cost, I'm going to have a fine time working *this* item into my expense account.

Anyway, this reporter and I padded across the floor in our sock feet, and you've never seen anything prettier than a floor made of nice wood and polished by nothing but sock feet. You wouldn't think you could get pleasure from just looking at a wood floor, but that's about all there is in a Japanese room, and so they make it artistic. They'll be rubbing with pumice for the next 20 years to smooth out marks made by shoes in occupation buildings.

All you see in a room is a low table in a corner with flowers on it and maybe a cabinet where bedding and stuff is kept during the day. If you live in a house like that, I guess you spend a lot of time looking at bare surfaces, so these folks make bare places nice to look at, and it's a fact, you can walk into a room with nothing in it but this little table and you don't feel at all lonesome in it. I don't know how the Japanese do it. I guess they've had a few years to learn how.

Well, we got taken in hand by a Mama-san type all dressed up in ceremonial clothes—I guess she was a sort of hostess—and she took us through some rooms to the nicest one I'd seen yet, with some soft mats built into the floor, which were easy on the sock feet and warmer than the wood, and this was welcome because it was cold in there with nothing but those flimsy walls between us and the weather. The lady bowed out, leaving us alone, and I asked my friend if I ought to knock on the radiator for some heat.

"It's my fault," this war correspondent said. "I should have told you to wear your long johns. I always wear mine to a geisha house in the winter. They haven't got furnaces."

There was a big heavy quilt spread out in the middle of the floor, and he told me we would all sit around the quilt and stick our feet under the edge. My feet being the coldest part of me, I didn't ask any questions, I just got them under there in a hurry, and then let out an awful whoop. I thought the crocodiles had me.

"I should have warned you," this reporter said while I nursed my left foot. "You burned yourself on the Hibachi."

"There's beginning to be a lot of things you forgot to tell me about," I said to him. "What's a Hibachi?"

He pulled up the quilt and showed me a little hole full of hot coals.

"This is the elegant type," he said. "It's sunk in the floor so the quilt can cover it without catching fire. The ordinary kind is just a pot full of charcoal. It's all they have got for heat in Japanese houses. In the winter you wear all the clothes you can put on and you warm your hands and feet at the Hibachi."

The first sign I had that there was company was a sort of low respectful rustle in the doorway, and there was this girl down on her knees. I thought she had tripped on the doorstep, and she seemed to be in pain, all hunched up with her head down. I started to get up and give her a hand, but my friend grabbed me.

"This is a custom," he said. "She's showing her respect."

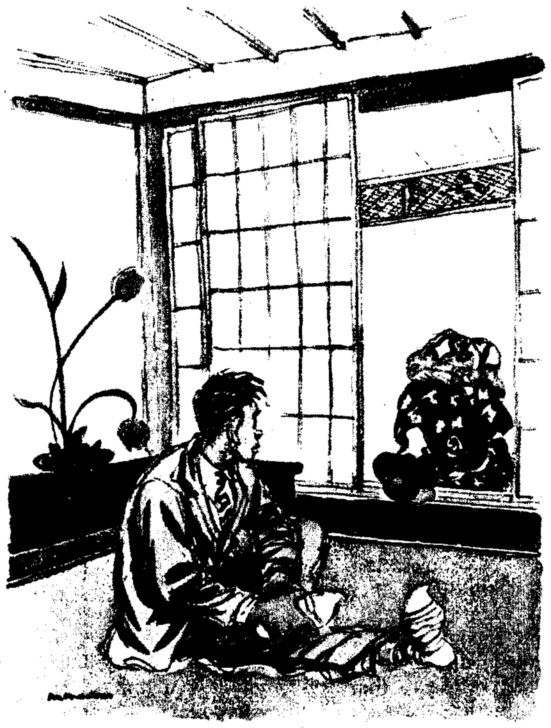
"For who?" I asked.

"For men," he told me. "They teach them to respect men."

"Well, hell, are you just going to leave her there?" I asked him. "How much respect do you need?"

"She knows when to get up," he said. "I want you to observe her neck."

I did, and that was about all you could see, the back of her neck, with her head down like that. She wore this outfit with about a thousand different colors which covered her right down to her toes, and a sort of pack on her back, a high bustle, I guess.



"There was this girl down on her knees. I thought she'd tripped on the doorstep"

"A neck is a very attractive thing to a Japanese man," my friend said. "Much more so than legs. In fact, he doesn't care a hoot for legs."

* * *

Well, we gave this geisha the nod that it was all right to disturb us and come in, and nobody could blame us for that because her looks wouldn't curdle any milk. She even asked our permission to share the Hibachi under one corner of the quilt, smiling at us all the time to show how grateful she was that two such mighty specimens of manhood should have come to liven up her poor dreary life.

And then the other one came in and went through the same routine. She was about as pretty as the first one, only she had a longer neck, and it had goose-pimples from the cold.

Well, there we sat, on four sides of the Hibachi, a regular bundling party as far as our feet were concerned, only there was no funny business, not even toe tickling. It was more like a respectable little cocktail-type party, only here you start on the floor instead of ending there, and there wasn't anything to drink but a pot of tea. The air was so cold we were blowing steam with every word, and your back froze up while your feet scorched. It was like ice skating in July, only opposite.

My friend carried the ball conversationally, telling one joke after another in Japanese, and the girls would titter away, always being very polite and grinning at me to include me in. Those girls had probably heard every one of those jokes 1,000 times, but they made him think he was the greatest wit that ever lived. Once I could tell by the motions he was making that he was talking about me getting singed on the Hibachi, and laughing his fool head off, but the girls were too polite to act like this was funny in front of me, though I bet they giggled plenty when I was gone.

With all this talk beyond me, I kept myself busy for a while just looking around the room. One of those low tables, about three inches high, ran from wall to wall at one end of the room. It had a bright vase with only three or four flowers in it, but arranged in such a way that they seemed to fill the whole wall. Part of every geisha's basic training is arranging flowers. These people make a few simple objects go a long way. Gimbel's would starve to death.

Anyway, it was a great experience, but when you run out of things to look at and you don't talk the language and your interest in necks is as limited as mine is, and if you are as cold as I was getting, it's time to go, and I said so, getting up and feeling a blast of that icy air on my sock feet. Willie, you'd have thought the house was going to fall down. The girls set up a howl and Mama-san came in and got all worked up.

"Listen," this war correspondent said, "they think you're leaving because you don't like the girls. You bail out now and they'll lose face."

"If I stick around I'll lose my health," I told him. "You inform them I've got pneumonia."

He did this, and Mama-san and both girls charged at me, cooing and fussing over me like they thought they heard the death rattle in my throat.

"Tell them if they will just let me go I'll thaw out all right," I said.

Mama-san chattered something at my friend.

"She says she can make an incantation over you or give you some aspirin," he reported. "Also, the girls want to play the samisen for you. It's a three-string mandolin. They have got a song called Kankan Musume they are just itching to sing to you."

Well, it took me ten minutes standing there in my sock feet to tell them that these were the most delicious, entertaining, gifted, lively, fun-loving females I had ever seen, and then I really fixed it. I said they had the best necks in seven counties. You should have seen their eyes light up. Now that I had saved all this face for everybody, they agreed to let me go, even though they made it plain it was killing them because they knew such a fine man as me would never come into their lives again. The reporter said he was going to stick around for some samisen music and he stayed snugged right in under that quilt. As for me, I was halfway across a paved courtyard to where my friend said the taxis were, before Mama-san hollered and came running with my shoes. My feet were so numb, I hadn't noticed the difference.

* * *

Well, Willie, I would tell you more about Japan, but this morning the other reporters told me a war correspondent is supposed to go see a war once in a while, just on the principle of the thing, and I went down to the quartermaster to draw some cold-weather gear. It's the same old quartermaster, don't let anybody kid you. I pulled out a list of stuff I had been told to get at this place, and asked for a parka. "I understand you need them in Korea," I said.

"That's right," this quartermaster said. "We ain't got them."

I went on down the list and came across "sleeping bag," and so I asked him about that.

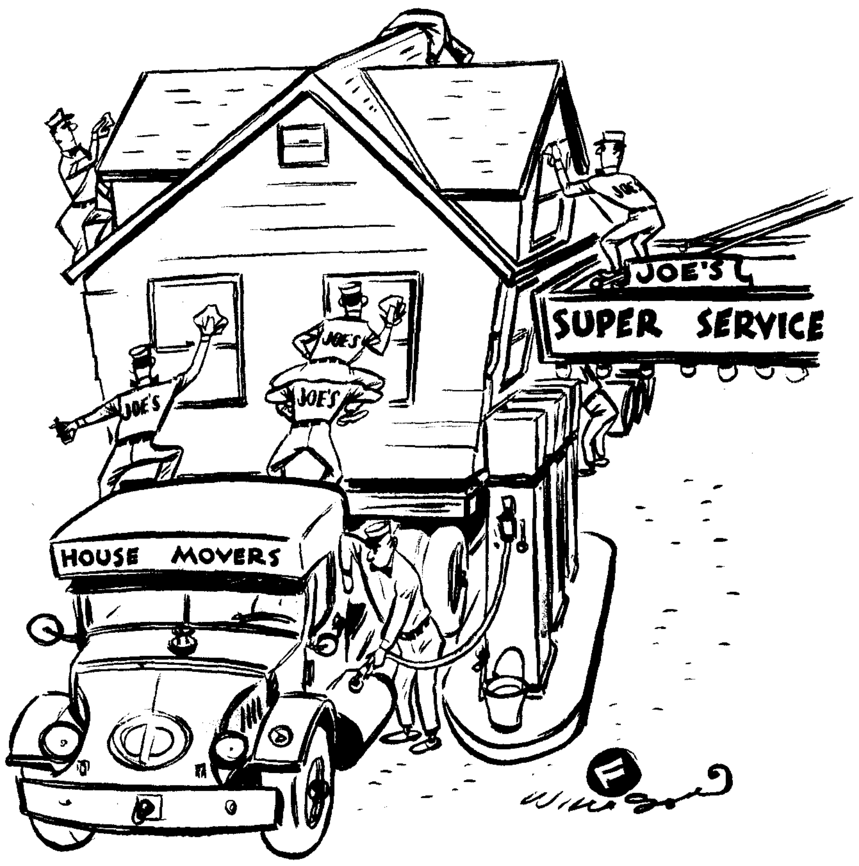
"Yes," he said. "We ain't got any."

That boy has gone native.

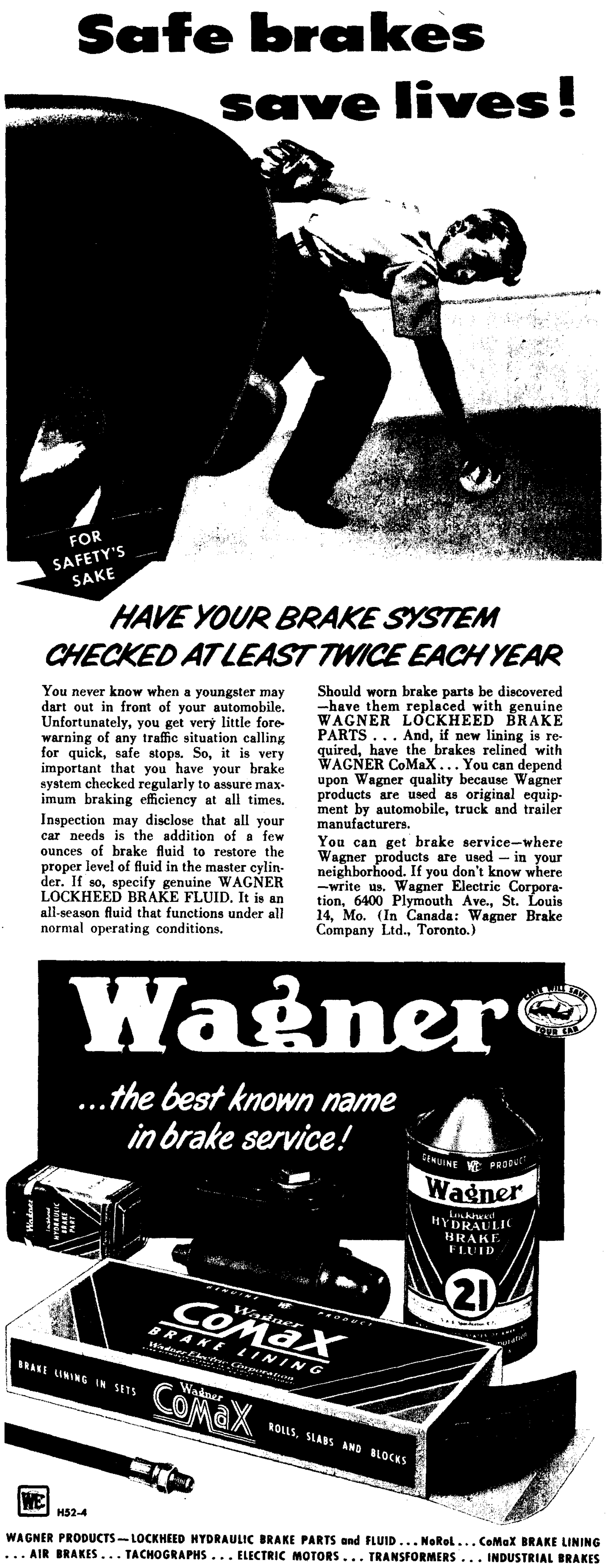
I'll write you again from Korea, if I get time off from reporting big important news events for the editorial page.

Your friend,
Joe

This is one of a series of drawing-board-and-typewriter sketches by Bill Mauldin. The next one, written from Korea, will appear in an early issue



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON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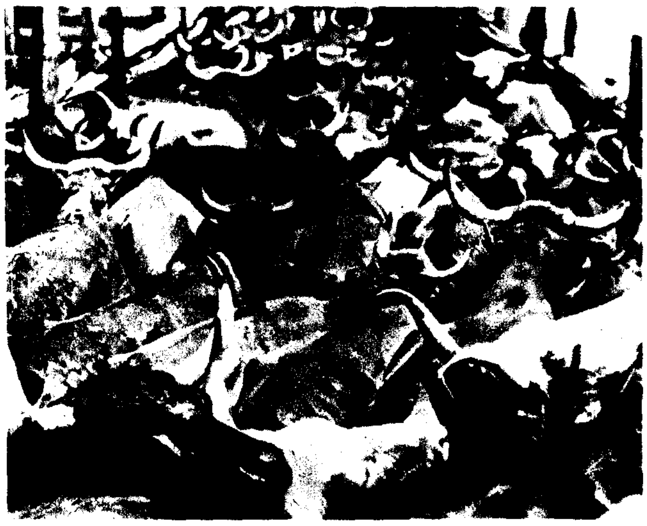
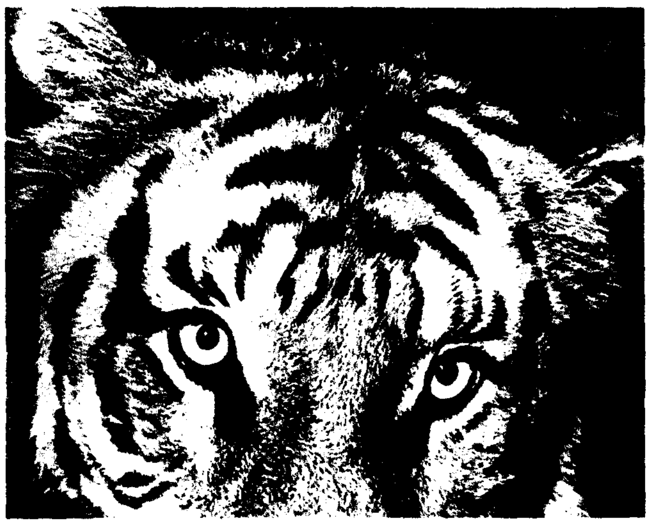
POLITICAL ZOO

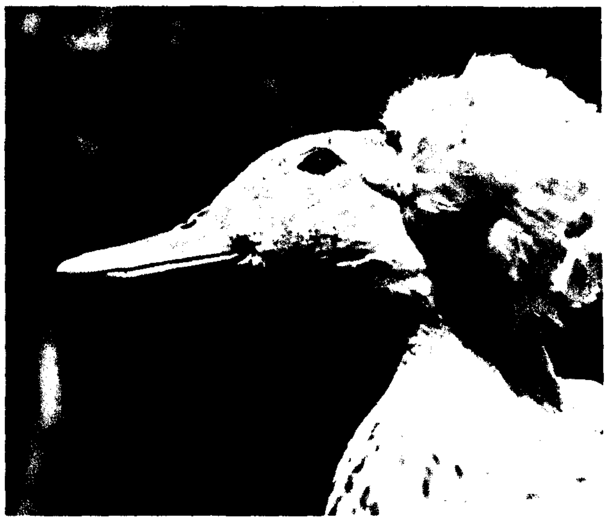
The author of three famous Zoo books gives you a preview of the forthcoming political conventions



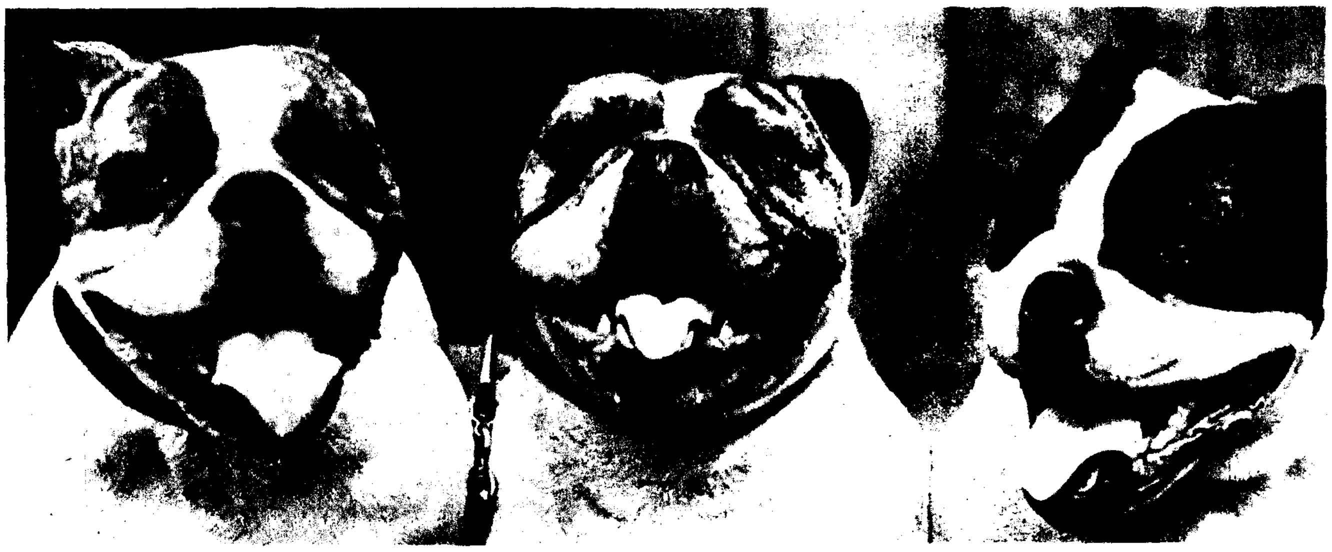
"Now we take you back to Convention Hall"



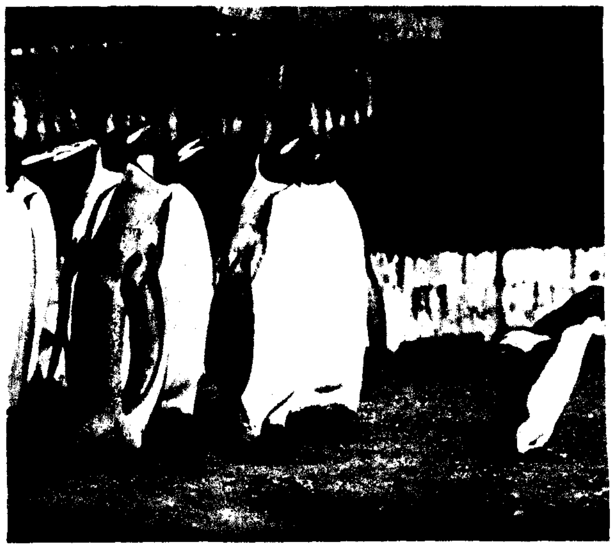
New York delegation



"Now tell me all about your plans, General"

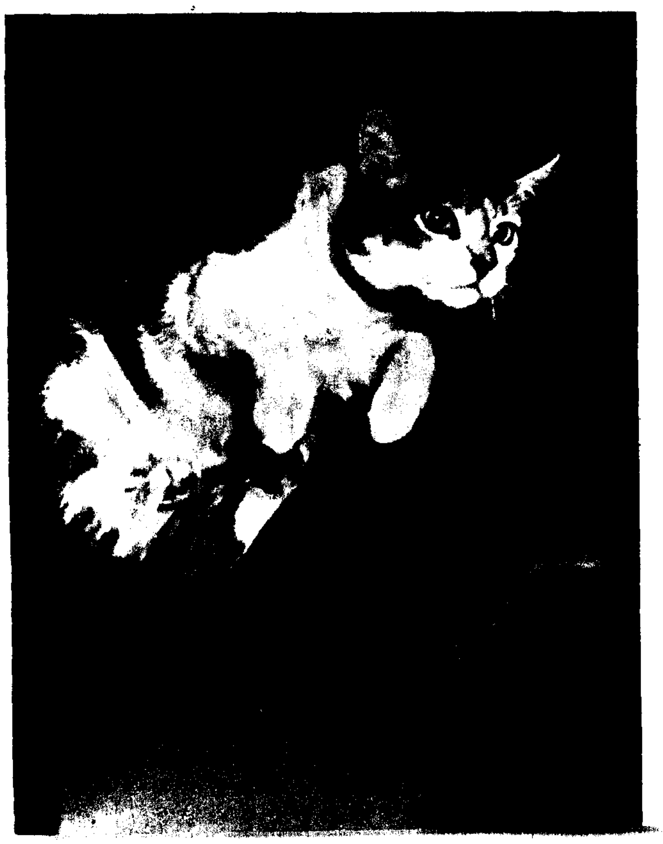


Last-minute predictions of victory

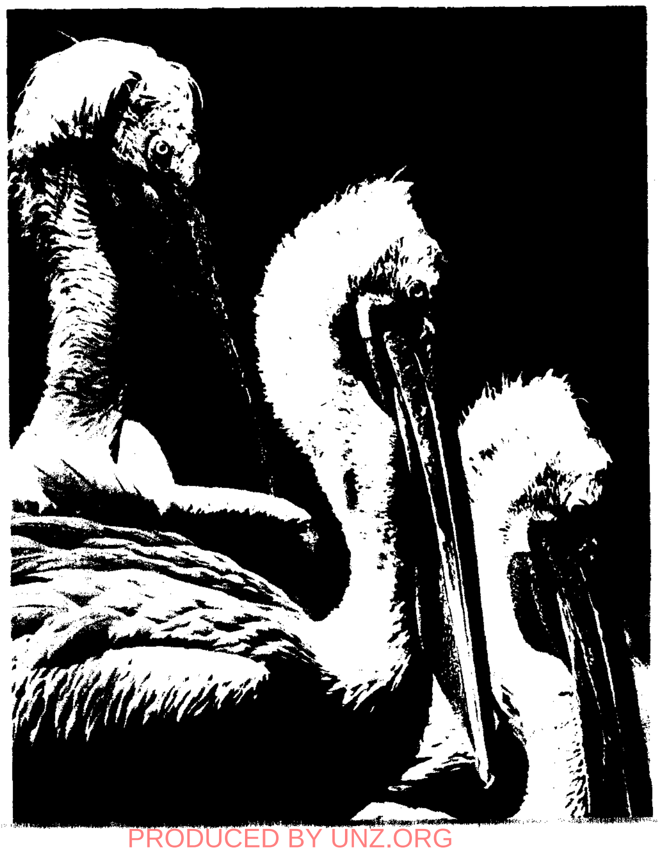


Delegate who bolted

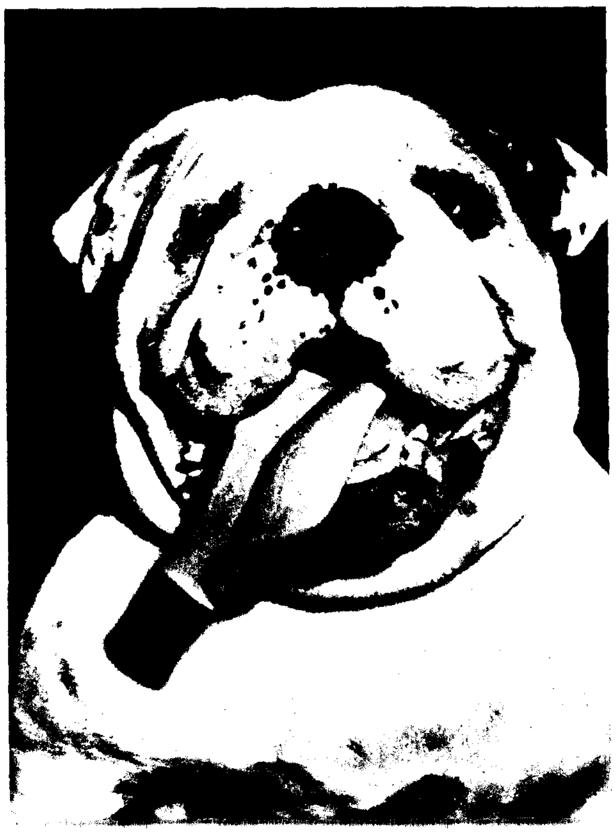
"Lemme on that band wagon!"



Suffragettes who claimed there'd be no more corruption when women got the vote



"Send up some cracked ice"

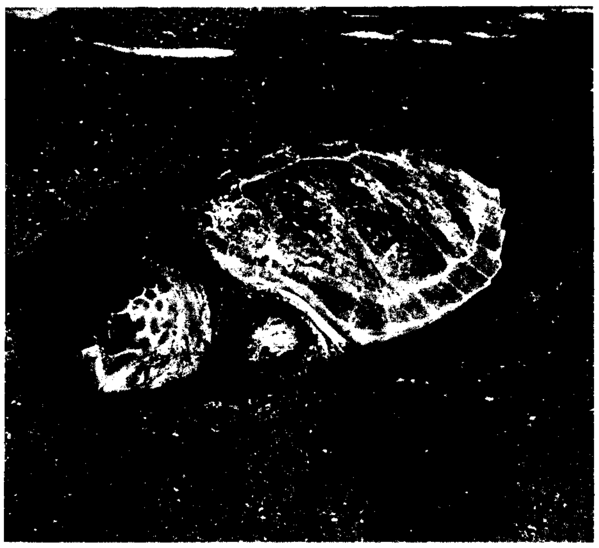


By CLARE BARNES, JR.

From the book of the same name to be published April 1, by Doubleday & Co.

Not committed

"She's the one that got the mink coat"



Missed the band wagon

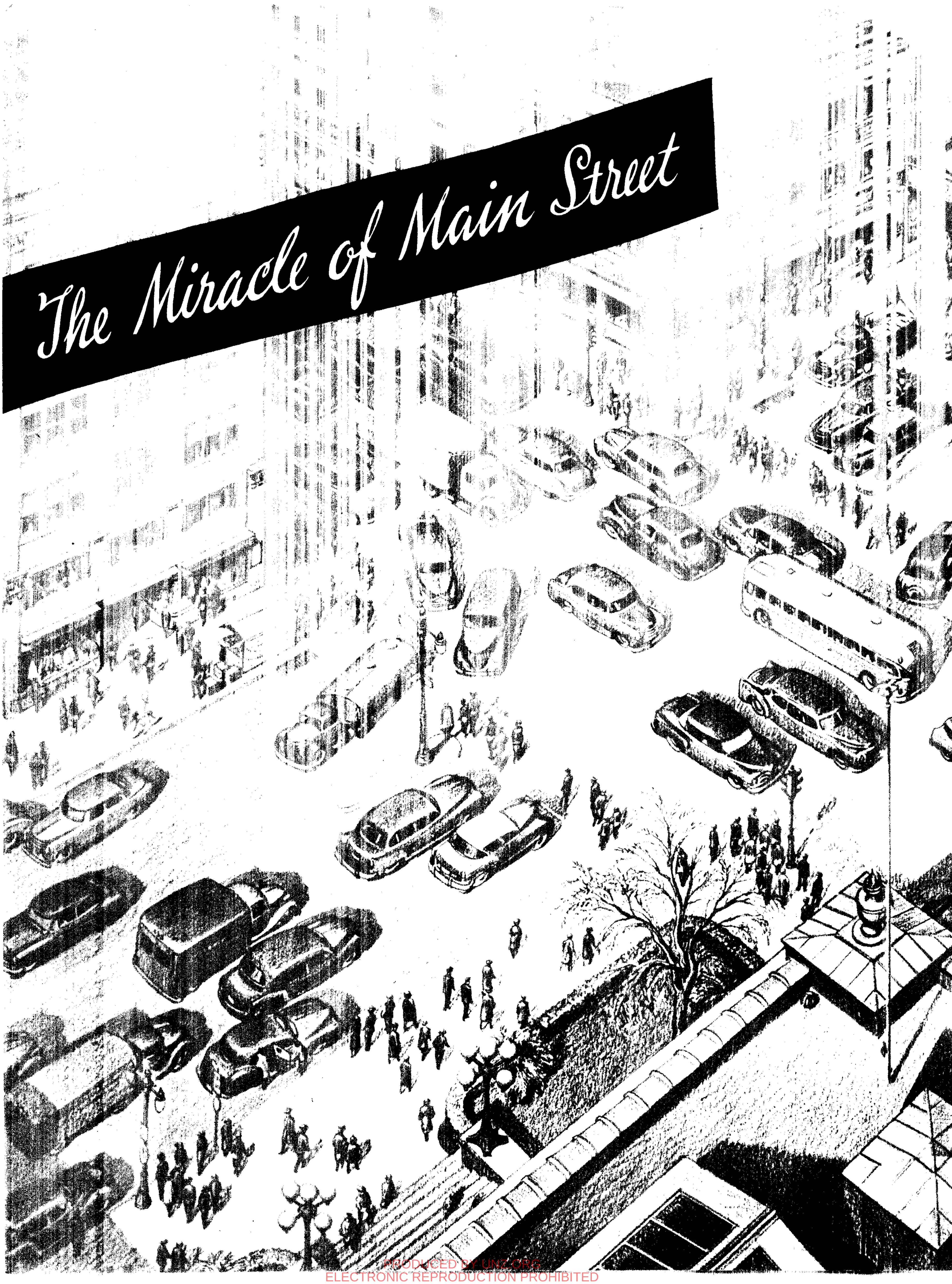
Dixiecrat

Keynoter

"Hope I'm doing the right thing"

"Hey, Chief! He just conceded!"

The Miracle of Main Street



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Sluggish Engine. Check ignition system thoroughly. Have your Generator, Voltage Regulator and Battery checked. Clean and adjust spark plugs, or replace, if necessary. Be sure your carburetor is clean and free from gums. Check compression, distributor points, ignition and battery cables. If you need new piston rings, get them now. You may be wasting oil.

Bad Brakes. Check brake lining by removing a wheel. Check hydraulic system. Replace worn parts and add fluid, if necessary. Check spring leaves and shock absorbers. Check steering.

Worn Tires. Repair or replace them. They are a menace to you, yours and your fellowmen. Have alignment and wheel balance checked to save destructive wear on tires. Watch your tire pressure.

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The Town That Remembered

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

of seen him. He was always at Hicks' Pool Hall, shooting snooker with his new pal, Jake Hollis, the bum. In the two weeks since he come home, about all my brother did was shoot pool; and drink beer with nothing guys like Jake, and act sour at the world. I could of told Miss Wilson that stuff, but I didn't.

"Does his wound bother him much, David?" she asked me then. "Do you know if he plans to go back to the university and get his degree in journalism?" He didn't say, I told her. "I suppose you're wondering why I'm asking so many questions about Allan?"

I hadn't give it no thought. Everybody asked about Allan.

Miss Wilson laughed, sort of. "Allan and I used to be—special friends. I suppose a girl is always curious about old flames."

Okay, I thought. But I still got seventy-three papers to throw.

WHEN we got in front of the Chronicle office, Jake Hollis come out of the hamburger joint next door, picking his teeth. Miss Wilson groaned. I didn't blame her much. He had a tough reputation; he drank too much and gambled and was always fighting. And once when he was younger he did a year in prison for stealing a car. But what I didn't like about him, he reminded me of Tuffy Hicks some way.

When I got out of the car, Jake grinned at Miss Wilson. "Well, this is a break," he said. "I been wondering what kind of pie you're fixin' for me to eat at the pie supper Saturday night, Nita."

"Arsenic," she said, "if *you're* going to eat it, Jake Hollis."

I had to laugh, but it didn't strike Jake funny. He scowled as she drove away, and then he looked at me with his slitty black eyes. "Beat it, punk," he told me.

"Listen who's calling anybody a punk," I said, and I beat it into the Chronicle office. Mr. Ellis was sitting in his swivel chair, smoking a pipe. "Ah, there, Speed," he said. He always calls me Speed. "Mighty pretty chauffeur," he said. "Do you inherit Allan's ex-girl friends?"

"She just give me a lift," I said.

"Then it's no gossip column item, blast it," he said. He's old, with a bald head and thick glasses. "Allan," he said slowly. "I am beginning to doubt the existence of Allan, as I doubt that there are leprechauns. He hasn't come in to renew our friendship yet. And my reliable sources tell me he seems to be wearing a gadget on his shoulder which closely resembles a chip, Speed." He raised his eyebrows at me.

"Well, he acts funny, all right," I said.

"Not funny!" Mr. Ellis grumbled. "Nobody is laughing. Peculiar, odd, antisocial—yes. But not funny. I'd give a lot to know what's gnawing on him. Of course, he's seen considerable death and misery in Korea, but he saw it in Italy and France before he came home in forty-six, and it didn't do *this* to him, as I recall."

In nineteen forty-six, I was seven years old. Don't ask me.

Mr. Ellis sighed and shrugged. "Well, I have another problem, Speed. How to squirm out of being auctioneer at the pie supper. Have you got any notions? Any suggestions, outside of dropping dead?"

"Nope," I said. "I guess you're stuck, Mr. Ellis."

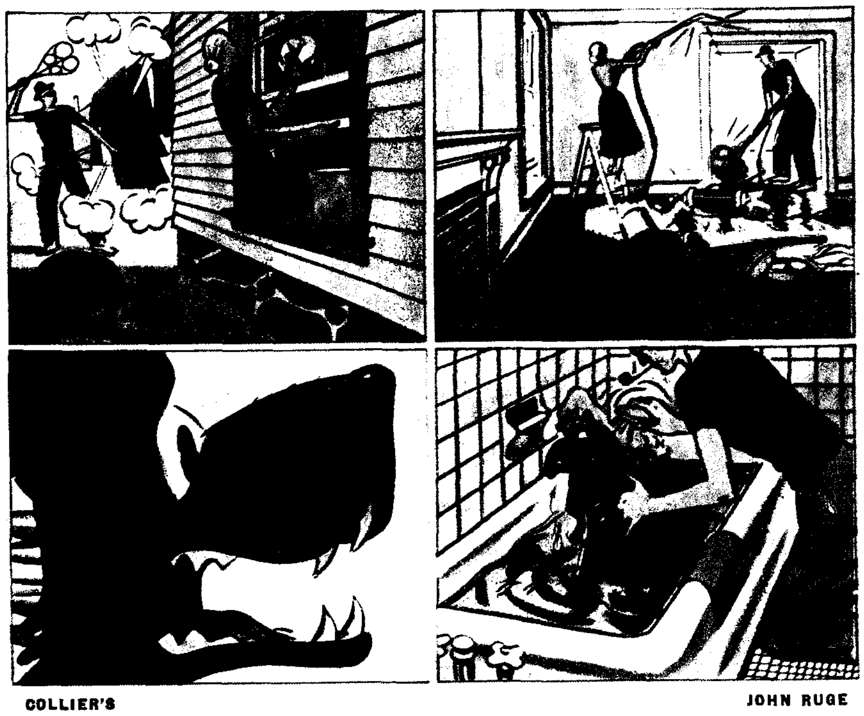
"So that's your attitude, is it?" he said, jabbing the pipe at me. "Very well, Kelly. If you can't help a feeble old man, I'll thank you to get the hell out of my warm office. Go freeze your tail."

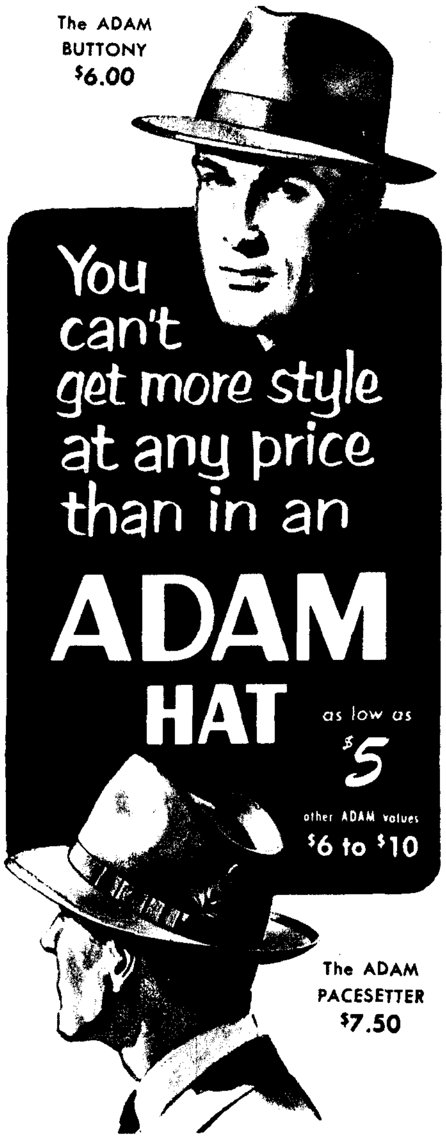
Boy, I never know what to expect from that man. I went into the back room and got the two canvas bags and put thirty-seven Chronicles in one and thirty-six in the other, and went out onto the street. I mean to tell you it was cold out there. I delivered the north side of Main Street and crossed over to the other side, and there in front of Hicks' Pool Hall was Ranger, Allan's dog, just sitting there on the cold sidewalk, shivering and watching the door anxiously. While Allan was in Korea, Ranger followed me everywhere. Not any more. He didn't know me any more. I patted him, and he wagged his tail just to be polite, but I could tell he didn't want me wasting his time. So I went on inside.

Allan was shooting snooker with Jake Hollis, both of them drinking beer, and Tuffy Hicks was leaning on the wall, juggling a rack. Not yet fourteen, and his old man lets him hang around the pool hall, racking balls. I gave Mr. Hicks his paper and walked on back there.

Allan looked at me. "Hi, kid," he said. My brother. Twenty-seven, big and tall, with brown hair and blue eyes and a tight look around his mouth. Like a stranger. Once we used to do things together. Fish and hunt and go swimming and stuff. No more. Since he come home from Korea, it was like he didn't know any of us very well

CLANCY





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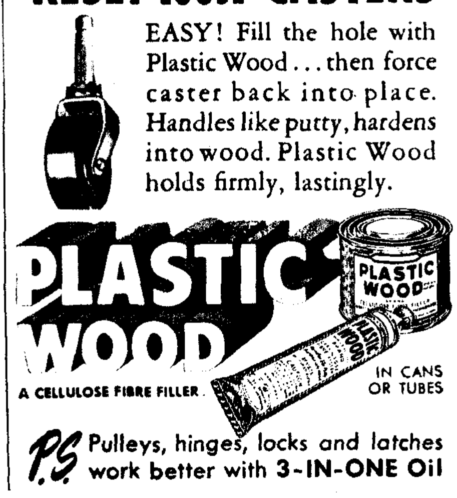
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any more. Okay, I thought. Let him know Jake Hollis, then.

"Listen," I said. "Ain't Ranger good enough to come in here?"

Tuffy had to wise off. "We don't allow no dogs in here, Junior."

"Who pulled *your* chain?" I asked him. "Allan, he's out there freezing on the sidewalk," I said, and Allan shrugged and said: "Take him home and thaw him out. You heard the man. No dogs allowed in here."

"No minors, either," Jake Hollis said. "Blow, kid."

"Who're you?" I asked him, "the spittoon cleaner?"

"Why, you—" He jerked around and scowled at Allan. "Kelly, when I got dough on a game, I don't like wise punks sweatin' me," he said. "Give this punk the word."

Allan looked at me. "The word," he said, "is scram, Dave."

"Is he your boss?" I said.

Jake had turned his back, pretending to line up a shot, but he wasn't lining up no shot. All at once he stepped backwards, bumping me, and I lost my balance and fell down. Jake looked around at me like he found a mouse in his beer or something.

I just sat there and waited. Boy, wait until Allan got through with Mr. Jake Hollis, I thought. Allan's face went all tight, and his eyes flashed fire, and I thought: Poor Jake. But then Allan relaxed. He lit a cigarette and puffed on it, looking at Jake, and pretty soon he said, awful quiet: "It's your shot, Jake."

Jake kept looking at him. "Everything all right, Kelly?"

"Everything's fine," Allan said. "And it's still your shot."

Tuffy was grinning all over his face when I got up. I said, "Some brother!" And I got out of there.

I let the door slam behind me, and there was Ranger, waiting. He acted disappointed when he seen it was just me. "Come on, boy," I said. "He don't care if we live or die." I started down the street, calling him, but when I looked back he hadn't budged an inch. I went back and shoved the door open. "All right," I said. "Go on in, you jerk." He went in, and I turned around and started running down Main Street, with the paper bags banging against my legs. Some deal—a guy with still about sixty papers to deliver, crying.

WELL, I had a long walk to calm down in, and by the time I finished the route I was all right. I went home, and Dad was in the living room, reading the paper.

"It's getting colder out," I said, and he said: "That checks with my information, Dave." Dad works for the railroad and looks a lot like Allan, only getting bald on top. "See Allan downtown?" he asked me.

I told him Allan was drinking beer and playing snooker with Jake Hollis, and Dad sighed and said, "That checks, too."

In the kitchen, Mom was taking a pan of hot rolls out of the oven. Mom is plump, like me, except she doesn't seem to mind. And nobody calls her Blubber-gut, either. Not that I heard, anyhow.

"What smells so good out here?" I asked her, and she smiled and said, "Chicken and noodles. Allan's favorite."

Okay, I thought. Knock yourself out, see what it buys you. I got the coal buckets and went out to the shed and filled them. Boy, I thought, I hope it snows tonight. We hadn't had a decent snow all winter. I thought about going rabbit hunting in about five inches, like me and Allan used to do. I quit thinking about Allan, quick. I went inside, and pretty soon Mom said no use waiting dinner any longer.

The chicken and noodles were so good I forgot I was on a kind of diet. I was just started good when Mom got up all of a sudden, catching her breath in a funny way. Then she was crying, and Dad started to get up, and she turned and beat it into their bedroom. Dad just stood there, looking sadly at the closed door, and said, like to himself: "That was one of her best laying hens. She kills the fatted calf, and the prodigal son is on a liquid diet. Reckon you can manage the dishes, Dave?"

"I guess so," I said. Everybody knew I hated to do dishes; it wasn't no secret. But he wasn't asking; he was telling me. So when I got finished eating I cleared the table and washed the dishes. Then I went on upstairs to my room and hit the sack.

I DON'T know what time Allan came home, but it was late, and it woke me up. I heard his door bang across the hall and heard him stumbling around. And right away I heard Dad come upstairs. "Allan, you all right?" he said.

I could hear Allan coming to the door. "I'm perfectly dandy, General," he mumbled. Boy, he was really plastered.

"You're drunk," Dad said.

"Right!" Allan said. "Give that man a seegar."

"I suppose you got in this condition with Jake Hollis?"

"Give that man another seegar!" Allan said. "You got any more questions, General, or is bed check finished?"

Dad's voice wasn't loud, but it crackled, kind of. "Allan," he said, "how long does this sorehead routine go on? How long do you plan to continue snubbing your friends? Don't you think—?"

"Friends?" Allan said. "That's an ugly word, Colonel. I got no friends. An' that includes George Ellis, the esteemed editor, too. He was supposed to be the callboy for the public conscience, an' he let 'er sleep—so Mart died. Ol' man Ellis, the sage of Cedar Hill—one of the towns that forgot. One of the many, many towns that forgot."

"What are you talking about, Allan? Who's this Mart?" Dad asked.

"One at a time, General," Allan said. "I am tryin' to say I wouldn't spit on America if its guts were on fire. I am all through bein' fall guy for my friends an' countrymen who spent the war hoardin' blood. General, in Korea we were hemorrhagin', bleedin'. We had to have refills. Mart couldn't get a refill, so he's dead. We didn't get the news regular, but we heard how you Stateside Joes let our blood supply run short. We got the word."

"Lower your voice, son," Dad said. "No need waking your mother."

"So sorry, General." Allan said with a kind of dignity. "But don't change the subject. I don't think my ol' friends got blood in their veins; I think it's ice water they got. An' I think Cedar Hill, an' the great state of Oklahoma, and the res' of the country, were strictly neutral in the war, or at leas' they weren't on our side—mine an' Mart's."

"So that's it!" Dad said. "That's what's been eating you, son."

"The wonderful sunshine patriots," Allan said thickly, "of my native land. I keep rememberin' Mart, bes' platoon sergeant any army ever had. John Q. Public didn't kick in with blood, an' Mart was the fall guy. What was the trouble back here, General? Not enough money?"

It came to me all at once that Allan was crying.

"Easy, son," Dad said. "Get some sleep."

"Sleep!" Allan sobbed. "Goddammit, who sleeps? Listen, you know who Mart was, the guy that saved my bacon? His name was Martin Hollis. He jus' happen' to be Jake's older brother. A guy I wouldn't spit on couple years ago. Mart died, and he bought me a ticket back to my stinkin' home town, where every time you turn around, some trained seal on the radio is tryin' to talk people into sacrificin' a pint of blood. To very small avail, General. Very small avail. An' you say George Ellis to me, an' I say where was *he* all this time? What was *he* doin'? Rantin' at the administration, prob'ly. Knocking higher taxes on the poor stay-home Joes. I want you to know, Gen'ral, I'm disenchanted with that ol' man, the top ostrich."

"All right," Dad said. "But look, Allan, don't take it out on your mother. She fixed a nice supper tonight, and it broke her heart when you didn't come home."

"Sorry about that," Allan said. "Don't

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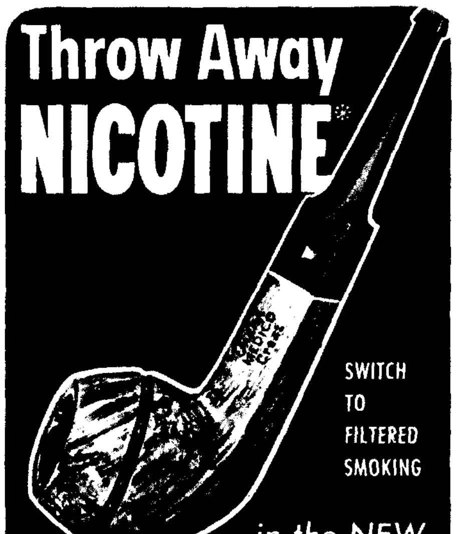

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

mean to make it tough on Mom. Or you, either. I'm jus' so— It's so— Oh, hell!"

"Good night, son," Dad said.

He closed the door and went downstairs, and I laid there and thought about blood, remembered how for the last three or four months all the radio shows plugged blood donations. I guess a lot of people were scared of it, afraid it would hurt. Or maybe they just didn't have time to bother with it.

FRIDAY morning I didn't want to wake up, on account of Tuffy. Then I remembered I was going to change seats, and that helped some. After breakfast I went down to the Chronicle office to leave off the paper bags, and Mr. Ellis was sitting at his desk, drinking coffee out of a thermos. He asked me if I wanted some, and I told him I was in a hurry to get to school.

"There is nought so insincere as a boy hurrying to school," he said, lighting his pipe. "Speed, I had a bad night, worrying about Allan. You know, he was as close to me as the son I never had, and it rankles to think that he now regards me as a finished episode. Perhaps he has heard some malicious truth about me." He shook his head and looked sad. "Is he, I keep asking myself, or is he not, going to come back someday and take over the editorship of this yellow journal, so that I may retire to the well-deserved loafing I dream of?" He got up and started pacing. "I wish I knew what the trouble is, Speed."

"I know what it is," I said, and then I let him worm it out of me. When I got through, he stared at the floor and rubbed his bald head.

"So!" he said. "The truth is, we're not entirely clean of the charge he hurls at us. *But then, maybe we're not as black guilty* as he believes, either." He started pacing again. "But I still don't think that's the whole story. Anita Wilson—she's in it somewhere. They were in love, Speed—and you don't suddenly stop being in love."

Love! Nuts to love! I had to get to school and move my stuff to another desk, and that didn't have nothing to do with love. I told Mr. Ellis I was going, and he didn't even hear me.

I found an empty desk three rows away from Tuffy's desk, and I moved my stuff and carved my initials in the desk.

All morning, Tuffy kept giving me tough looks. At noon I wasn't hungry, but I didn't want no trouble with Mom and Dad, so I went home to lunch. Anyhow, with a guy like Tuffy you don't have to worry about the noon hour so much. It's after four o'clock you got to watch out for the Tuffies of this world.

The afternoon was just like the morning, only worse. Tuffy made a fist and showed it to me. I didn't want to see nothing like that. We got through arithmetic and English and penmanship and Huckleberry Finn, and the first thing you know it was four o'clock—the zero hour.

"Have a nice week end, kids," Miss Wilson said. "And don't forget the pie supper tomorrow night."

I tell you, I got pretty panicky when that bell rang. I decided I'd just spend the night where I was. After all the other kids left, I was still sitting there. I guess I was a little pale. I *felt* pale.

"Why, David," Miss Wilson said. "Are you ill?"

Boy, was I ill! "I don't feel so good," I told her.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I'd better drive you home."

That was the best idea anybody had all day. When we went outside, Tuffy was hanging around with some of his jerk pals. They sure looked disappointed when they seen me get in Miss Wilson's car. Yeah, you jerks! I thought. But I wasn't feeling too proud of myself, some way.

When Miss Wilson let me out, she kept looking at our house. "How is your mother?" she asked me, and I said okay, and she said: "Give her my love, David." Okay, I said. When I got to the porch, she was still looking at our house with a kind of hungry, sad expression.

Saturday morning, the first thing I thought of was Tuffy. The second thing was did it snow yet, and I got up and looked, and it hadn't. I ate breakfast, and then I headed for the gym where they were getting ready for the pie supper. It took guts. I figured Tuffy was at the pool hall, earning dough racking balls, but with a guy like that you can't be sure about anything. So I went up to the gym, and the first guy I saw was Mr. Ernest Tuffy Hicks—a lamebrain with muscles.

Our gym is a combination basketball court and auditorium with bleacher seats along the sides and a stage at the end. When they first decided to have the pie supper for the community chest, they must have decided to see how corny they could make it. They were going to decorate the gym with cornstalks and crepe paper and bales of hay and junk like that, so it would look like a barn. Who ever saw a barn with crepe paper in it? Some of the teachers even wanted to get live horses and cows in there for atmosphere, but the janitor said over his bloody carcass, so they dropped the idea. Anyhow, when I got there they were hard at it.

And, like I said, Tuffy was the first guy I identified. He wasn't being no help; he was just straw-bossing the job. I wished I'd stayed home, but it was too late now, so I walked on up and got hold of a bale of hay with Tommy Reck, figuring if I got inside with it I'd be okay for a while.

"Hi, yellerbelly," Tuffy said. I acted like I never heard him. "Hey, Blubbergut!" he said. "I'm talking to you."

I looked at him with contempt. "You speaking to me, Ernest?"

He spit on the ground and grinned. "Wanta ask you a *question*, Tub. Does *it* run in the family—bein' yeller? And who's yellerest, you or your big brother Allan?"

I let go the bale of hay. "That's a dirty, stinking lie," I said.

I guess that's what he hoped I'd say. *He stopped grinning and come walking* at me, looking plenty tough. "You got about two seconds to live if you don't call back what you just said," he told me.

Mr. Wilson, Miss Wilson's father, came around the truck. "Here, now," he said.

"*He called me a liar,*" Tuffy said. "Nobody calls me a liar."

"You called Allan yellow," I said.

TUFFY spit on the ground. "It shouldn't be no news to you, Fatso. You were there. You seen it when he backed down from Jake Hollis."

"He didn't neither," I said, but weak. I felt sick. Sure, I'd seen it. And I bet Tuffy had told it all over town by now. "He *didn't!*" I said.

"All right, spread out, you banty roosters," Mr. Wilson said. "Dave, go inside. Hicks, if you're allergic to work, go away."

Tuffy gave him a smart-aleck look, and spit on the ground again. I don't know where he was getting all that saliva. *I* couldn't spit.

"I'll get to your case later, Lard-belly," he told me.

"Any old time, boy," I said, watching him strut away. I went on in the gym, feeling shaky.

Mr. Ellis was leaning on the stage, smoking his pipe. "Are you the technical adviser, Speed?" he asked me, and I said heck, no, I was just a spectator, and he said, "You feel like engaging in a hot game of checkers?"

I said I did and he said come on, then, and we went out and got in his old car. And as we were driving away, I saw Tuffy looking around the corner of the gym, scowling. I guess he was getting pretty fed up with always seeing me make a getaway in somebody's car like that.

Mr. Ellis drove down to the City Drugstore. When Allan was his delivery boy, and then his sports editor, they used to always play checkers on Saturday afternoon. Sometimes, now, we did. Sometimes we didn't, too. I guess I wasn't as good at checkers as Allan used to be.

While I got the board and put it on the

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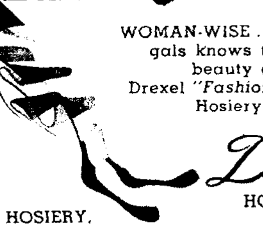

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table in the back of the City Drugstore, and started setting up the men, Mr. Ellis leaned back in his chair and smoked his pipe. "Speed," he said, "I'm going to do some thinking out loud. Don't interrupt or comment unless urged to do so." I said okay, and he said: "I'm an old man. in spite of my youthful and jaunty appearance, and the Chronicle is beginning to reflect the fact. The paper needs a young editor, and I can't wait for you to grow up, Speed. I've had my orders from Doc Herrin to get out of business and take it easy. So if I can't arrange some way to bring Allan out of his funk and restore his enthusiasm for the newspaper business, I'll simply have to sell out."

There goes my job, I thought. That's life, boy.

MR. ELLIS continued: "Allan has a mad on. Not wholly unjustified, but if I could get through the curtain of his apathy, I believe I could convince him that we're not all Benedict Arnolds. But I can't accept his antisocial attitude as entirely the result of what he deems our patriotic defections. I keep coming back to Anita Wilson." He was cleaning his pipe. What he should of done is throw it away and get a new one. "Speed, man to man, if you had loved Anita and lost, could you put her out of your mind?"

"I never give it no thought," I told him.

He grunted. "Well, she strikes me as being the hard-to-forget kind, and I seriously doubt that Allan has forgotten her. From all I can learn, their bust-up was one of those silly things that happen to young Romeos and Juliets. When they were both going to summer school at O.U., before he got his orders, he saw her having between-classes coffee with some guy. Allan reacted in a jealous fashion. Anita said, 'I'll drink coffee with whomever I please.' Allan said, 'Oh, yeah?' Anita said, 'Oh, yeah!' First thing you know, they aren't speaking. Second thing you know, Allan's back in the Army, and Anita's back here at home, teaching. Stalemate."

I shrugged. When were we going to play checkers, I wondered.

Mr. Ellis sighed. "Well, I have a natural aversion to playing God, but now, for reasons partly altruistic, though mostly selfish, I feel I must try to arrange to throw Allan and Anita together and see what occurs, hoping, naturally, that no blood is let. How do we pry Allan out of the pool emporium and effect this touching reunion? The crowbar nearest at hand seems to be the pie supper. But I don't suppose Allan will attend, being an apprentice misanthrope. That's going to be the hard part. As for his conviction that we're hoarding our corpuscles, I phoned my friend who is the regional director of the Red Cross last night, and maybe that angle is taken care of." He leaned over the table and looked at the checkerboard, and I thought we were fixing to get started, but I was wrong. He leaned back again.

"So how do we detach the lad from his pool stick long enough—" He stopped talking, and his eyebrows shot up, and he was staring over my head at something. "Ah, gnome of coincidence, thank you!" he said, and raised his voice. "Allan Kelly, you scoundrel, come here at once!"

I looked, and there was Allan at the fountain. He didn't seem too happy about bumping into us, but he finished his Alka-Seltzer and came on back. "Hello," he said. "How are you, Mr. Ellis?" Kind of stiff.

"Glad you asked me that," Mr. Ellis said. "Matter of fact, Allan, I'm sad. A friend of mine has returned after a long absence, and he seems to be avoiding me."

Allan acted uncomfortable. "You know how it is," he mumbled.

"I do not," Mr. Ellis said. "Supposing you tell me how it is—and take Speed's chair; I'll skin you at checkers while you alibi."

Allan shrugged and sat down in my chair. "Well, just one game."

They started playing, and Mr. Ellis acted astonished.

"All able-bodied men go to pie suppers," he said. "Do you figure you've discharged your obligations to society by merely giving the best years of your life fighting in two wars? Why, boy, we expect every citizen to be there tonight to help raise money for the community chest. We'll be gleaning gold for charity and blood for the Red Cross."

"Blood?" Allan said, kind of freezing. "You did say blood?"

"You bet," Mr. Ellis said. "We not only want the suckers' money, we want blood, too. We're going to have a mobile blood bank from the Red Cross on hand."

Allan gave him a funny look. "That's news to me."

It was the first I heard about it, too.

"Why, yes," Mr. Ellis said. "We expect to drain off a bumper crop of hemoglobin tonight. They'll need a tank truck to haul it away."

"That I'll have to see," Allan said sourly.

"Good!" Mr. Ellis said. "You'll be there, then. And, by the way, you can do me a great personal favor tonight, Allan."

"Oh?" Allan said suspiciously. "Like what, for instance?"

THEY weren't playing checkers any more. Mr. Ellis polished his glasses. "Like helping an old friend," he said. "Against my judgment, I've been persuaded to officiate as auctioneer, and even the most eloquent and compelling spieler requires a shill in the audience to insure brisk bidding. You can be my shill, Allan."

"Oh, no, not me!" Allan said. "Count me out."

Well, you should of heard that argument. You should of heard Mr. Ellis trying to talk Allan into shilling, and Allan saying no soap. I mean you should of heard it instead of me. Boy, I got tired of it before they quit.

"Oh, hell-fire!" Allan said after a while. "All right, I owe you favors, so I'll be your stooge tonight." He sounded sore about it.

"Splendid," Mr. Ellis said. And they started playing checkers again. I got tired of kibitzing and said I guessed I'd go home. I had to say it twice before Mr. Ellis took the hint and gave me my week's pay.

We had Spanish rice for supper, and Allan said it was good, and Mom glowed about it. Boy, it don't take much to make some people happy. After supper Dad asked Allan if he was going pie-suppering, and Allan said no, he'd decided he wasn't hungry for pie after all. And I thought: What do you expect? A welsher. Allan went out the front door just as I come in from the kitchen, and he was dressed up. He's got a drinking date with Jake Hollis, I bet, I thought.

When I got to the gym, it looked like half the town was already there. Mr. Townsend was playing hoedowns on his fiddle, with Paul Reck and René Hitchcock chording their banjo and guitar, and peo-

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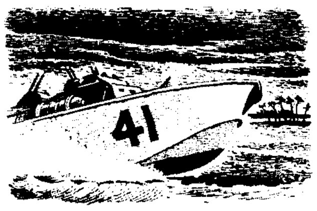

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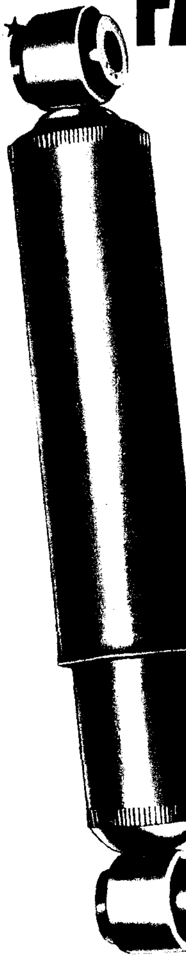

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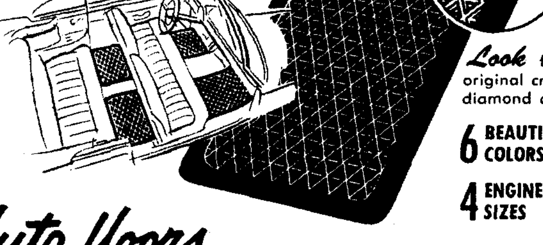

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ple were milling around. Over in a back corner of the gym the Blood Bank was set up, with half a dozen cots and three or four doctors and nurses in white uniforms, and some people were donating already. I watched a while, and then I looked for where I was going to sit, and I saw Tuffy roughhousing in the west bleachers, so I went to the east bleachers and sat where I could see all over the gym. That's how I come to see Allan when he walked in the front door. It surprised me. I sure didn't expect to see him there.

THE string band stopped playing, and Mr. Ellis got on the stage and said before he started peddling pies he wanted to introduce Mr. Blake Purdy, something or another in the Red Cross. Then a tall, skinny man got up and made a speech. I didn't pay too much attention at first. He said that in wartime, soldiers who performed some outstanding service were recognized, decorated, et cetera, but a civilian seldom received any commendation. He said some people gave a pint of blood and figured they'd done their duty, while others, who recognized the continuing need for blood donations, gave not once, not twice, but time and again. And it was of these latter he wished to speak tonight, and he had a list of these latter who were deserving of public thanks, which he would read.

He read it, and I don't remember all the names, but Dad was on it, and Miss Wilson, and some others I knew, and a guy named Jacob Hollis that I remember thinking: Hey, that sure can't be *Jake* Hollis. While I was listening to it, Miss Wilson and another teacher, Miss Turner, came over and sat right in front of me. They didn't see me. Then everybody was clapping for the Red Cross man, and right away Mr. Ellis started selling pies.

The very first pie, he made a couple jokes, and then he looked back toward Allan and kind of nodded and said, "Well, folks, what am I bid on this be-yootiful bit of confection," and Allan said: "Five bucks." It finally went to Judge Heffeler for eleven dollars. And down below me Miss Turner was saying: "What is it, Anita? You look positively *green!*" And Miss Wilson said she felt faint, probably it was all that talk about blood, or something.

Well, Mr. Ellis kept selling pies and making jokes, and every so often he'd nod back at Allan and Allan would bid to bring the price up, and Miss Wilson would sort of turn around and try to see who was that that said five bucks. And then Mr. Ellis held up a pie wrapped in white paper with a green ribbon, and he said, "We're running late, folks. Let's hurry it up; I need my beauty sleep. What am I bid on this one?" He nodded and Allan said, "Five dollars," and Mr. Ellis said, "Sold, for five dollars. Let's move these pies along, folks."

I was looking at Allan, and he acted surprised, and then he acted sore and started scowling. Below me, Miss Turner said something, and Miss Wilson said, "Oh, golly, never mind. I'm all right, honest."

"Hey, maybe I get it!" Miss Turner said. "Was that your pie?"

I didn't hear what Miss Wilson said, because right then I noticed Tuffy, and I stopped noticing anything else. He was about twenty feet away, sitting backwards on a chair, just looking at me and chewing gum. With no expression. Just looking. It give me a creepy feeling. He never moved anything except his jaws. I got to worrying. Every time I looked around, there he was, chewing gum and staring at me like a snake. Creepers! I guess I was kind of hypnotized, because the next thing you know the pie selling was finished, and guys were going around with their pies, looking for whose name was on it, and here come Allan through the crowd. I felt relieved. Tuffy wouldn't start anything around Allan.

Allan had the pie he got stung with, and he walked up to Miss Wilson, kind of stiff and dignified. "I believe this is your pie," he said, and she said, "Yes," in a kind of scared voice. Allan just stood there looking awkward.

"I don't know what to say," Miss Wilson said. "I'm embarrassed."

"I know what you mean," Allan said. "Foxy Grandpa Ellis kinda slipped one over on me. On us, I mean."

"Uh-huh," Miss Wilson said, looking at her hands. "I'm afraid you were swindled. It's just an old lemon chiffon pie."

Allan started to say something, but Jake Hollis came shoving through the crowd, making a commotion. He grabbed Allan's arm and swung him around, and Allan said, "Down, boy!"

"Pretty smart, huh?" Jake said. "Rigged it up with old man Ellis so nobody else could bid on that pie, huh? After me givin' that wise Hicks punk four bits for finding out which pie was hers."

Allan got out fifty cents and shoved it at Jake. "Here's four bits, Jake. You didn't lose a nickel on the deal. Now, shove off."

"Shove off, huh?" Jake said, and Allan said, "You're tight."

"Who's tight?" Jake said, and all of a sudden he swung on Allan, and my big brother ducked and backed away fast, holding the pie.

"No, Jake!" he said. "Cut it out, Jake!"

I want you to know I was real proud of my big brother. Jake made another lunge, and Allan side-stepped and Jake tripped and went sprawling over a bale of hay, and people were beginning to crowd around.

"Stop that fight, men!" Mr. Ellis yelled. "No brawls in here!"

Darrell Gosnell and a couple of other guys grabbed Jake, and Allan turned his back and started toward Miss Wilson, grinning. He walked right by me without seeing me. And something else he didn't see was Jake getting loose from those guys and charging after him.

Well, I don't know why I did it. Maybe I just couldn't stand the thought of Allan humiliating the rest of us Kellys any more. Anyway, when Jake come chugging by me I jumped on his back and started in kicking and scratching. I'm pretty heavy, and he fell down, and for a crazy second or two I was on top of him, whaling away. But then he threw me off, and I went skidding in some hay, and I got up just in time to see Allan cool him out with a sweet right cross. Old Jake went down like a gunny sack full of warm molasses. Allan looked at me.

"You all right, killer?"

"Heck, yes," I said. "He never hurt me a bit."

WELL, Jake was sitting there on the floor with the nosebleed; and Allan done a screwy thing. He helped him up and said, "Let's go see if we can stop that leak, chum." Jake muttered something, but he let Allan lead him toward the men's room. I followed them, and when I got there Allan had Jake leaning over a washbowl with a wet handkerchief on the back of his neck.

"Sure, Jake," Allan was saying, "we used to talk about you, me and Mart. Mart said you had a persecution complex or something, and it made you act tough all the time. He said as soon as the war was over he was going to come home and straighten you out. Still bleeding?"

"Yes," Jake said. "And cram that stuff about Mart."

Allan grinned. "Mart figured you had good stuff in you, chum. He said you needed a friend, among other things. That's me, Jake. I'll be your friend if it kills both of us."

"Go to hell!" Jake said. But not very loud.

"I've been taking abuse off you for two weeks," Allan said. "I thought that was the way to tackle the problem Mart dumped in my lap. Then I got the idea he'd been wrong; you were a lost cause. But tonight when Jacob Hollis was publicly thanked for donating so much blood, I knew Mart was right."

"An ex-con like me can't get in the Army any other way," Jake muttered, and Allan said, "Stow that ex-con crud. You're

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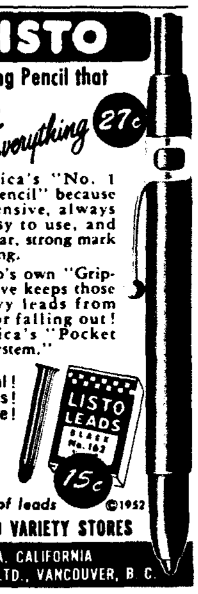

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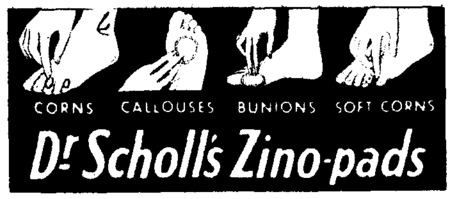

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like everybody else, except you're hard to get along with, you drink too much, and you shoot better snooker than most guys. Stop feeling different."

Jake straightened up. "It's stopped. Where's my hat?"

Allan handed him his hat. "Look, Jake, a guy can get awful fouled up in his thinking. I ought to know; I've been that way a long time. Until tonight, Jake—no hard feelings, right?" Jake just shrugged, and Allan said, "About the pie, you're right, it *was* rigged up—but I didn't have any hand in it. We'll run that pie through again, so you can bid against me, but you better be loaded, because I want that pie. I want what goes with it, Jake."

Jake looked at himself in the mirror. "I lost interest," he said. He turned around to leave, and Allan stuck out his hand, and Jake looked at it for a while and pretty soon he reached out and shook hands.

That was all, and I went on out. Everybody in the gym was sitting around eating pie, and it made me hungry, so I decided to go home. I buttoned my coat and went out into the cold, and I forgot all about Tuffy Hicks until he called my name. "Hey, Dave!" he said.

I didn't care. I was through running from that guy. I stopped and turned around, and he was coming at me in the dark, and I made a run at him and let him have one right in his big ugly face. And he fell down and I got on top of him. Boy, listen, suddenly I felt terrific.

He covered up, yelling, "Hey, lay off, you crazy saphead!"

"You wanted trouble," I panted. "You're getting it, boy."

"*Who* wanted trouble?" he said. "Jeez, Dave, you got me wrong!"

"Okay," I said, and I quit swinging. "Why did you waylay me then?"

"Where you get that stuff I waylaid you?" he said. "I just aimed to walk to the corner with you, is all. For cripes' sake!"

I was getting confused. "Well, anyhow, you called me yellow."

"Okay, okay, so a guy can be wrong. I knew better when I seen you climb on old Jake Hollis in there. Jeez! Wasn't you scared?"

That's a silly feeling, sitting on a guy in the dark, carrying on a conversation. "No," I said. "What about all them spitballs?"

"Gleepers! You got a chip on your shoulder, or somethin'? Heck, *everybody* spitballs. You were just the guy in front of me, is all."

I got off him. "Don't never spitball me no more, see," I told him. "And no more calling me Blubber-gut and stuff. Call me Dave, see?"

"Boy, are you touchy!" he said. "Boy, talk about *sensitive!*"

So we walked to the corner. If he wanted to be friendly, okay. Who needs enemies? I don't know, he wasn't such a bad guy, maybe. When we got to the corner, he said good night, and I said good night, and I went my way, and he went his, and then pretty soon I heard something behind me. I whirled around—and it was Ranger. He rubbed against my leg, and I thought: Okay, *you* can be friends with me, too. I said, "You're fickle, but come on, anyhow." We went on home.

I GUESS that could be the end, but something happened the next morning that seemed pretty important to me. Allan woke me up, grinning, and downstairs I could hear Mom singing. I noticed it because she hadn't sung like that in I don't know when.

"Roll out," Allan said. "Get a load of the world outside, killer."

I looked out the window, and there must of been a foot of snow all over everything with the sun shining on it bright. Holy crow!

"Mom's fixing buckwheat cakes and sausage," Allan said. "We got a lot of rabbit hunting to do out south of town, killer."

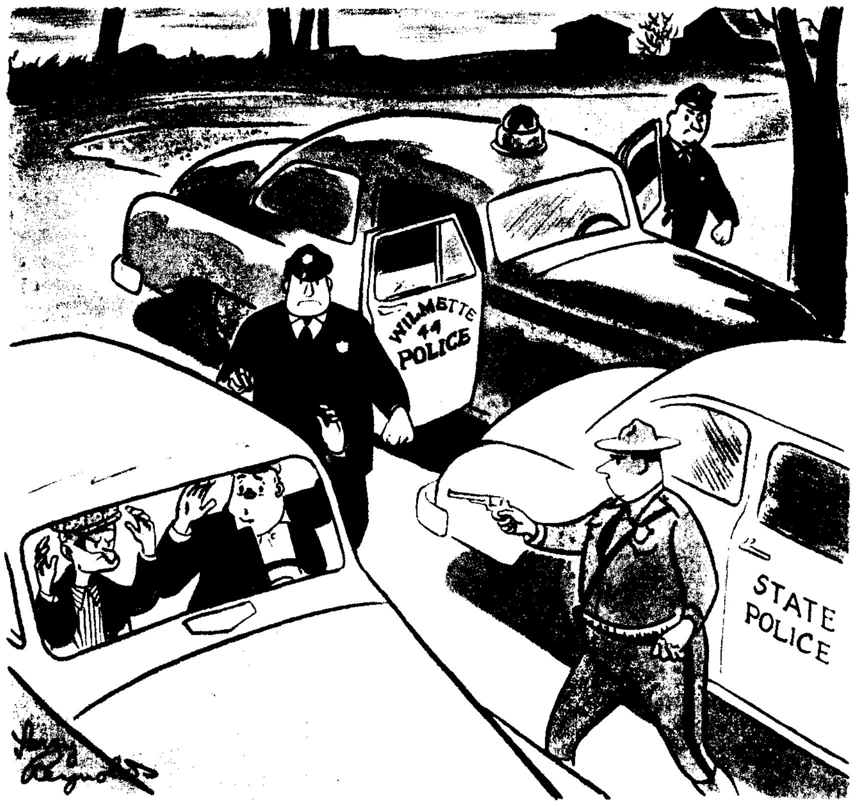
I was wide awake now. "You mean north of town," I said. "That's where we always got the most rabbits, Allan. North along the river."

"South, killer," he said. "Down the railroad tracks."

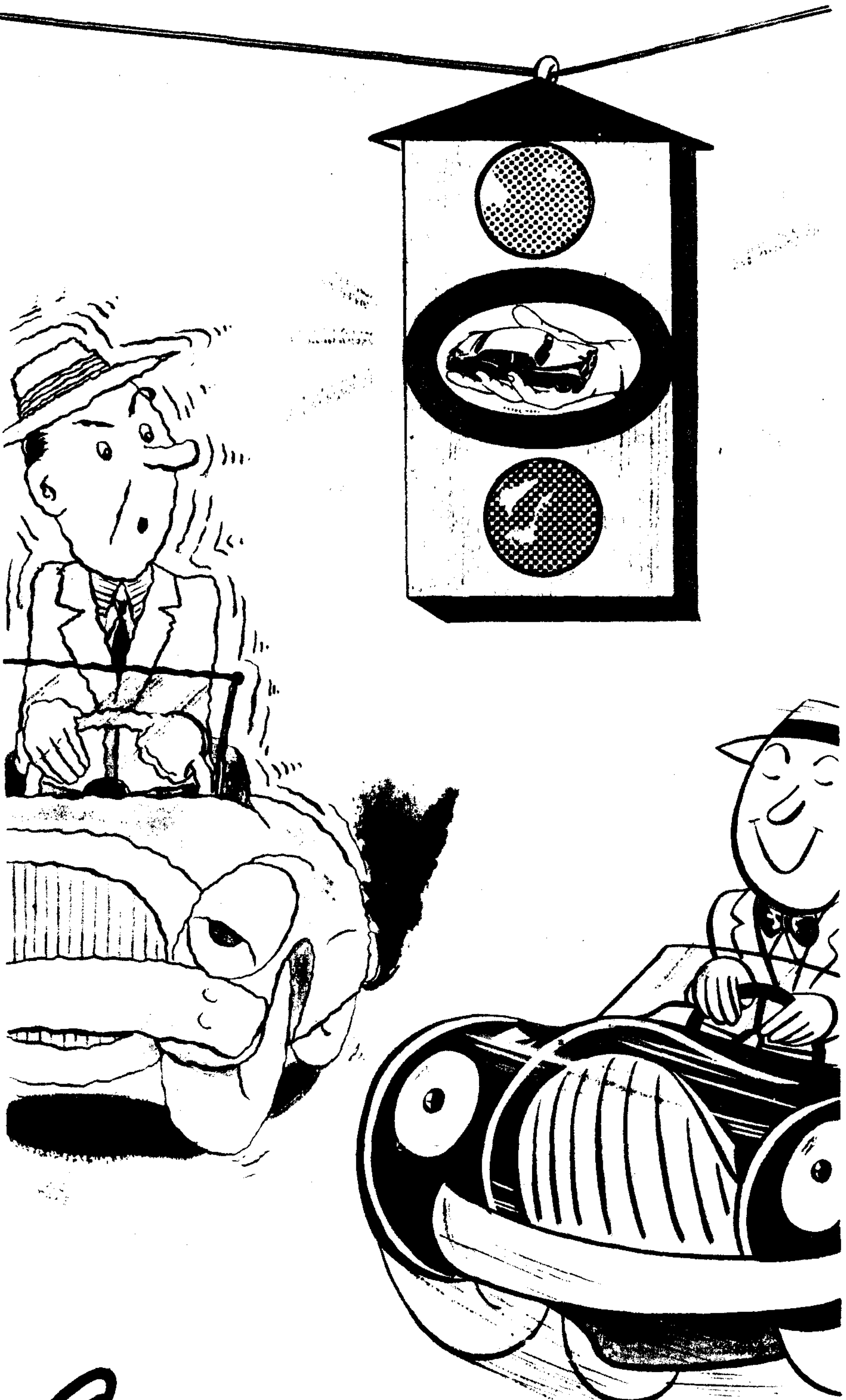
Then I remembered that Miss Wilson lives two miles south, close to the railroad, and I thought: Well, what the heck, just so we go rabbit hunting. And maybe she's got some of that lemon chiffon pie left.

Down in the kitchen Mom was singing like a canary, like she figured it was a pretty good world after all. And you know something, boy? I figure she was right. THE END

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "I hope there won't be no bickerin' over who caught us. I hate scenes" LARRY REYNOLDS



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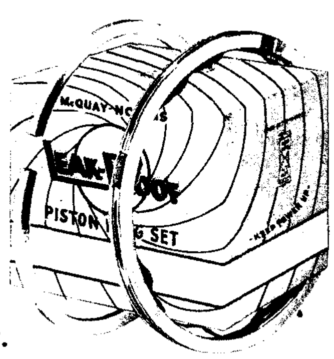

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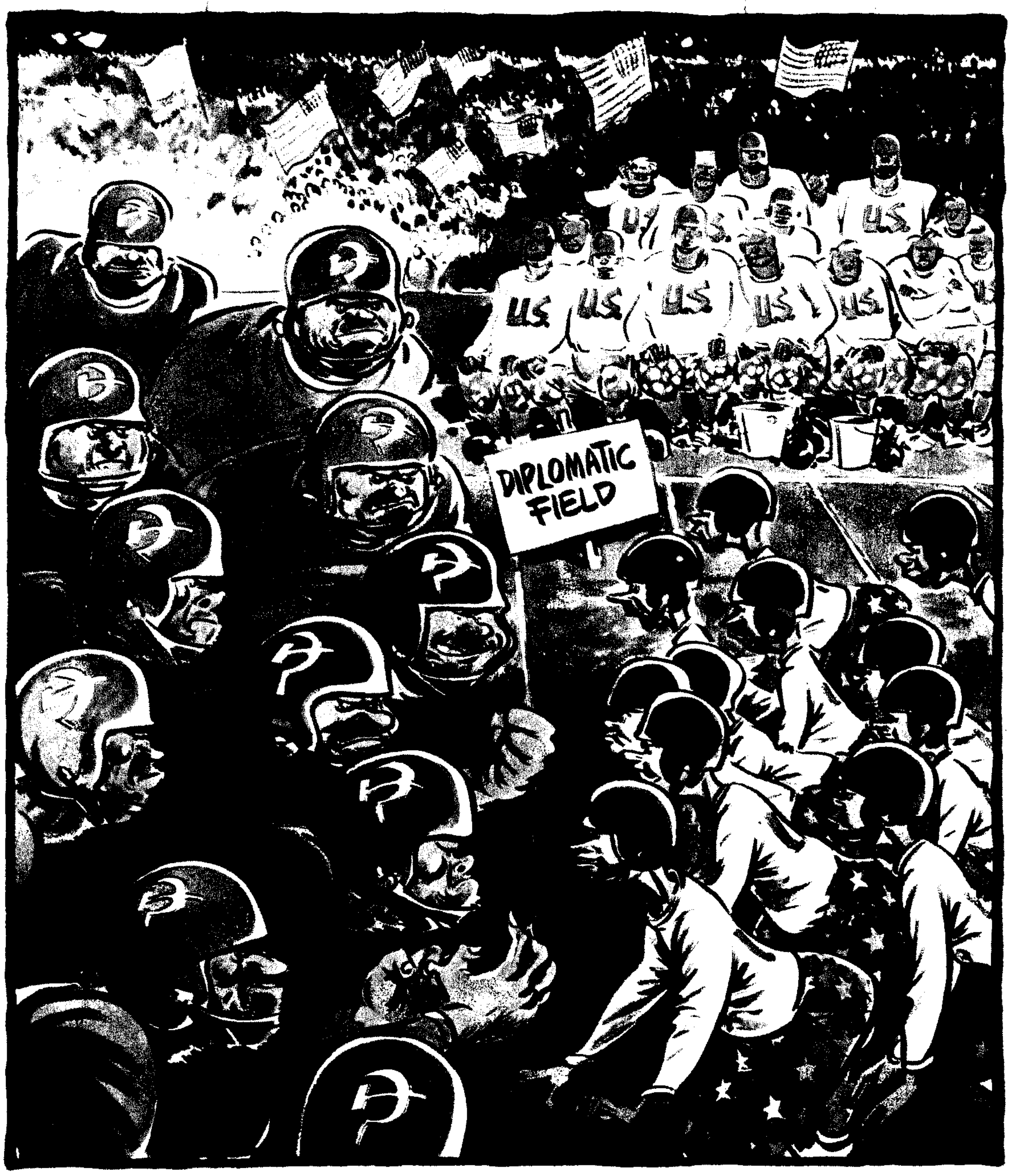

DORMAN H. SMITH

The Campaign Issues

Put In the First Team

THE SHOWDOWN in one of history's greatest gambles will come, in all likelihood, during the administration of the next President of the United States. Unless a major world crisis develops in the next 10 months, it will be in this next President's term that the United States will find itself "over the hump," as Mr. Truman has put it. Sometime in 1953 or 1954 this country and its allies should have achieved the goal of rearmament which will allow them to negotiate from strength with the Soviet government.

When that time comes, the free nations must have a diplomatic policy as strong as their military strength. And the new President, as head of the government which is the source of most of the free world's strength, will necessarily be the chief architect of that policy. It will not be his sole responsibility, of course, but he will have to take the initiative.

As this is being written, President Truman has not announced his decision regarding another term. But we are convinced, on his administration's record, that Mr. Truman and those who advise him on foreign policy are not the team that should be entrusted with the fateful task of trying to reach a stable and lasting agreement with the Soviet government.

The principal reason for our opinion is that the Truman administration's foreign policy never lands the first diplomatic blow. It is always counterpunching. Some of the counterpunches have landed solidly, others have missed, but none of them seems to be part of a positive, prearranged plan of attack calculated to keep the adversary off balance and force him to do the second-guessing.

The Soviet government, like any dictatorship, has some obvious and superficial advantages in mapping a diplomatic plan of attack. The Kremlin is responsible only to itself. It has no opposition party. It has no Congress to question its decisions and investigate their consequences. It has no force of free public opinion to approve or quarrel with its policies. Yet these advantages count only if they are used intelligently. So far, the Kremlin has been smart as well as ruthless. Hitler, equally ruthless and with equal advantages, brought about the ruin of his Third Reich largely through his own stupidity.

There are advantages on the American side, too—governmental, industrial, moral and spiritual advantages. But these also presuppose an intelligent use. And we think that they have been nullified too often in the past seven years by a negative and frequently inept direction of top government policy. Even the most successful results of that policy, such as the program of aid for Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, with its joint program of military and economic aid, were forced into being by Soviet or Soviet-directed actions.

We might go over a list of those negations and ineptitudes once more, from Yalta to the present. But it seems to us that our point can be made as well by summing up a report from our European correspondents on the performance of the American delegation at the recent UN General Assembly meeting in Paris. Here are some of their findings:

The United States does not have, except at General Eisenhower's SHAPE headquarters, leaders who are willing to take the responsibility of their country's natural leadership in international affairs.

The American delegation is inclined to approach UN problems timidly, with much hemming and hawing. This is particularly true of some "aging New Dealers," who are so afraid of sounding like Senator McCarthy that they are mincing and apologetic in their attitude, even though they are genuinely anti-Communist.

There is a lack of co-ordination—or at least there was at Paris, and we doubt that this was a unique example—which sometimes makes the American position ridiculous. On one occasion, two sections of our embassy were working on the same problem, and each sent a cable back to the State Department. The advice they got from Washington may be considered typical—two conflicting cables on an identical subject.

Friends as well as foes found the American delegation's operations somewhat less than inspiring. One delegate from the Big Three said he was baffled by the American reaction to Soviet tirades. "When Vishinsky pours out his poison," he commented, "your people sit there even after he's finished, watching him with the dread fascination that a rabbit has for a snake."

The estimate which a number of seasoned diplomats expressed of the Foreign Service representing the world's greatest country was far from flattering. And the reason for this clearly is the fact that the United States is using the third team with third-class plays against the opposition's diplomatic varsity.

This is dangerous now, and it could prove fatally dangerous later. The purpose of the whole great rearmament program of the free nations is to come to an eventual agreement with the Soviet Union that will preserve peace and freedom. Life-or-death decisions lie ahead. And this country can no longer risk those decisions to the fumbling, confused, apologetic people who now dominate its foreign policy and its Foreign Service. It is time that the American people elected a President who can put the first team on the field, and devise for them a set of clear, positive, powerful first-team signals.

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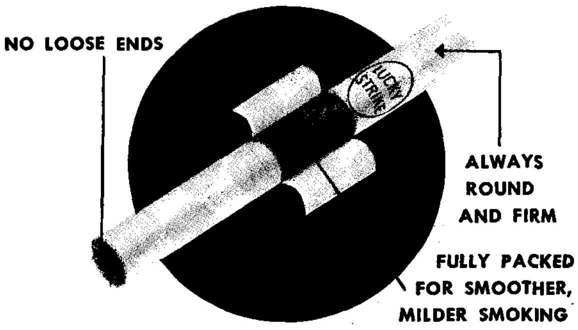
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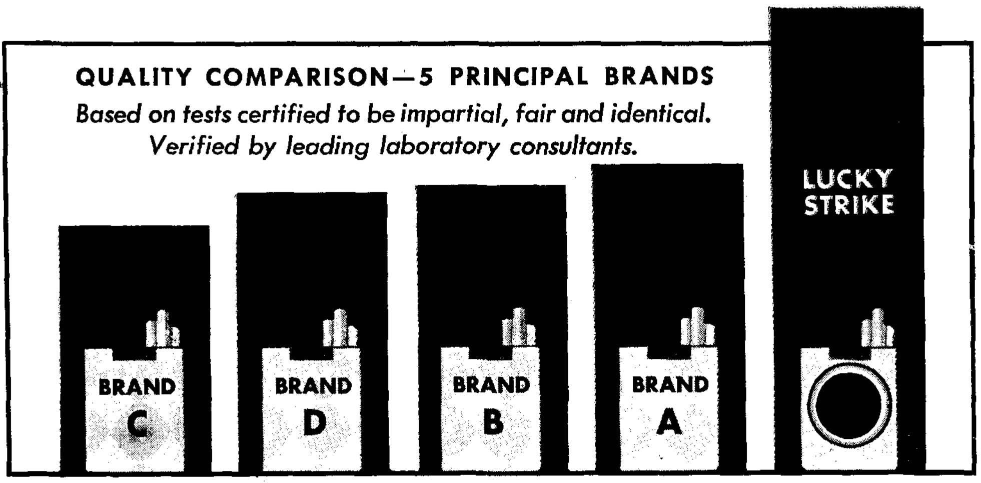

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